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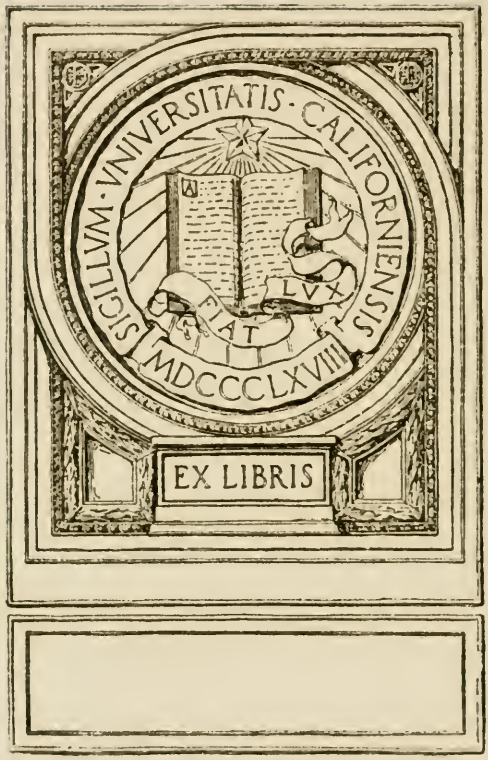
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Cambrian Archæological Association

TOURS IN WALES

(1804–1813)

BY

RICHARD FENTON

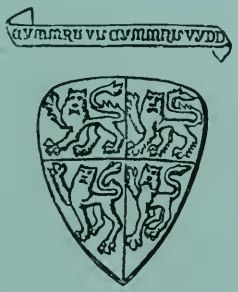
EDITED

FROM HIS MS. JOURNALS IN THE CARDIFF FREE LIBRARY

BY

JOHN FISHER, B.D.,

PREBENDARY OF ST. ASAPH, GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE ASSOCIATION.



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Cambrian Archæological Association.

ESTABLISHED 1846

In order to Examine, Preserve, and Illustrate the Ancient Monuments and Remains of the History, Language, Manners, Customs, and Arts of Wales and the Marches.

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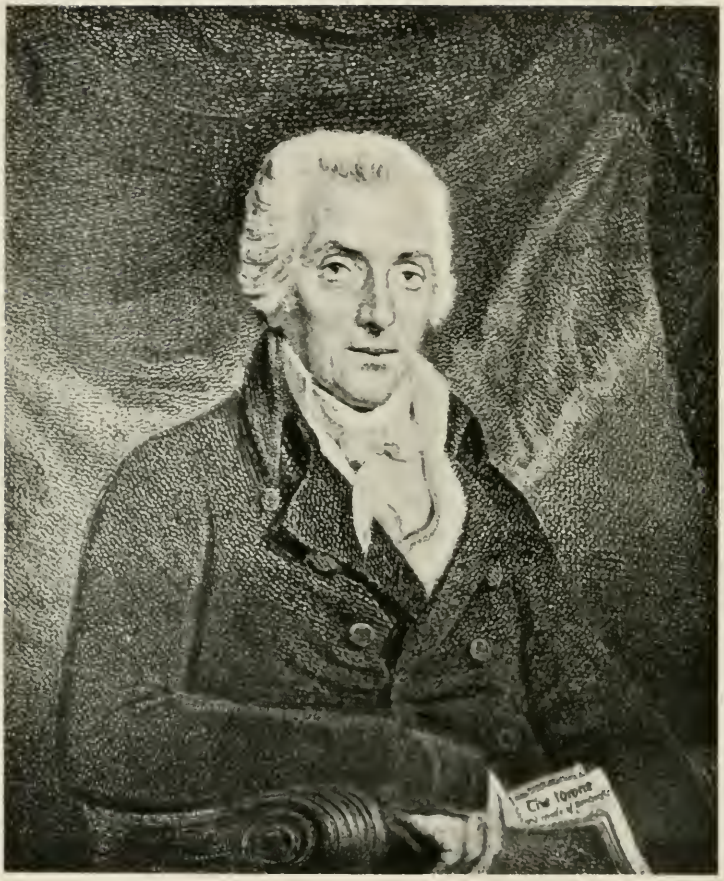


Richard Fenton.

INTRODUCTION.

The selection of Fenton's "Tours in Wales" as a Supplement was primarily suggested by the War; it was felt desirable, if possible, that members should, in some small way, be compensated for the unavoidable postponement for the time being of the annual excursions, and Fenton's unpublished work seemed appropriate, as it covered both North and South Wales in its scope, though not entirely; and there was, besides, the intrinsic topographical and historical value of the work itself. There was nothing "profound" to be expected from its publication; but it recorded much that we did not know, and much, too, that we shall never know or see anything of again—objects that have since disappeared. No apology is needed for its publication; it will abide by its merits.

Before we proceed to any editorial details, something must be said about the author. But we are compelled to be brief, and we suggest that those who may desire fuller information should read the lengthy biography by his grandson, Mr. Ferrar Fenton, prefixed to the reprint of the "Tour through Pembrokeshire," 1903; also the article in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

Richard Fenton was born in 1747, and died in 1821. He was a descendant of Baron Ricard le Fentone, who came over with the Conqueror, a branch of whose family settled in Pembrokeshire during the Commonwealth. Fenton was born at St. David's in January, 1747. He received his early education at the Cathedral School and Haverfordwest Grammar School, and thence proceeded to Magdalen College, Oxford; but he does not seem to have taken a degree. At an early age he secured a post in London at the Custom House; and whilst there he

wrote a very satirical poem in which he pilloried some of the heads of the Government Department with which he was connected. But the Civil Service was not his natural career; he was admitted to the Middle Temple in 1774, and called to the Bar in January, 1783. He attended the Welsh Circuits for a number of years, but devoted the latter part of his life to literary pursuits.

He married Eloise, the beautiful daughter of Baron Pillet de Moudon, the personal friend of the second Duke of Marlborough, and by her had three sons—John, Richard, and Samuel.

During his residence in London he became acquainted with most of the literary and dramatic celebrities of his day. He knew something of Dr. Johnson, Edmund Burke, and Sir Joshua Reynolds (who painted miniatures of him and of his wife); but he was particularly intimate with Oliver Goldsmith and David Garrick. His greatest and most intimate friend in later life was, undoubtedly, Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart. (1758–1838). who accompanied him in his "Tours" practically throughout, and to whom he dedicated his "Pembrokeshire" (1811)—"recollecting the numerous journeys in which we have traced together the vestiges of antiquity; the many hours of my existence which your conversation has informed and cheered . . . the friend of my fortunes and of my life." He also reckoned among his friends William Owen, better known as Dr. W. Owen Pughe.

To enable him to become the better acquainted with Welsh history and antiquities generally, as also to follow his profession on the Welsh Circuits, he took a house near Machynlleth, and it was here, in 1788, that his second son was born. After some years he retired to his native county, residing at Fishguard; but soon built for himself a fine house, Glynamel, in the Gwaun Valley, in that neighbourhood. Here he lived for the last twenty years of his life, and here he died, in November, 1821, in his 75th year. He was buried at the parish church of Manorowen.

He was a cultured, well-read man, a good Greek, Latin, and French scholar, and by the circle in which he turned regarded as possessed of the best information on almost any subject.

He was a man of ample means, of indefatigable industry, and gentlemanly, fascinating manners. He wrote a good deal of poetry; and he may be described, in few words, as barrister, topographer, antiquary, poet, and scholar. He was an F.S.A.

The following is a list of his published works :—

"Poems," London, 1773, 4° (contains the satire); 2 vols., 1790, 12°.

"A Historical Tour through Pembrokeshire," London, 1811, 4°. This work was censured by Bishop Burgess in "Bishops and Benefactors of St. David's vindicated from the misrepresentations of a recent publication," 1812. Fenton's caustic reply to the Bishop's strictures remains in MS. The work was reprinted, Brecon, 1903, 4°, with a biography by his grandson; "to which are now added the notes made for a second edition by Richard and John Fenton." A useful index to the volume was compiled by Dr. Henry Owen, of Poyston, and published in 1894.

"A Tour in quest of Genealogy, through several parts of Wales, Somersetshire and Wiltshire. . . . by a Barrister." London, 1811, 8°.

"Memoirs of an Old Wig," London, 1815, 8°; a humorous work, published anonymously.

He wrote a good deal besides. His verse translation of Owen Cyfeiliog's "Englynion i gylchau Cymru" ("Myv. Arch." p. 192) is given in Stephens' "Literature of the Kymry," 1876, pp. 32–6. He left in MS. a translation of the "Deipnosophistæ" ("Doctors at Dinner," or "The Banquet of the Learned") of Athenæus; also some Comedies.

He at one time thought of publishing an enlarged edition of Pennant's "Tours in Wales," with "a new set of drawings" by Sir Richard C. Hoare; but the idea ultimately fell through, owing to Pennant's son objecting to his method of editing (see Pennant's "Tours," ed. 1883, iii. 413–15).

He edited George Owen's "Description of Pembrokeshire" in the "Cambrian Register"—his account of the game of Knappan in the volume for 1795, pp. 168–76, and the "Description" in that for the following year, pp. 53–230.

But it was the great ambition of his life, which he tried to carry out when he had passed its meridian, to write a History of Wales, in the form of a series of County Histories, founded on original research. Of this project the first and only volume published is his "Pembrokeshire." He had conceived the idea too late in life; and it was much too ambitious an undertaking, to do like the "Pembrokeshire," even if he had started on it early in life. He had, however, amassed a great quantity of material for the purpose, as the shelves at the Cardiff Library show.

A good many of these MSS. are the Journals of his "Tours," containing the information he had collected at first hand; others are note-books into which he had read the historical and antiquarian material for his scheme, which have not been used by us, except those incorporated in the APPENDIX.

It will be seen on reference to the Index to Counties what proportion of the various counties he managed to "tour." Carnarvonshire certainly holds the premier place, occupying considerably more than one-half of the "Tours." We have ventured to give the volume the title of "Tours in Wales," which correctly describes it, though, unfortunately, this is also the title of Pennant's work; but, rightly, his should have been "Tours in *North* Wales."

The great collector, Sir Thomas Phillipps, Bart., of Middle Hill, acquired Fenton's MSS. from his son, Samuel, in 1858; and these were purchased, as part and parcel of the Phillipps collection, by the Cardiff Library in 1896. The Fenton MSS. comprise about sixty volumes.

The MSS. have thrice undergone numbering; like, for instance, the Montgomeryshire Journal—originally, Fenton MSS., No. 47; then, Phillipps, 14,456; and now, Cardiff, 2.56.

Eighteen MSS. were used in the compilation of this volume. With few exceptions, these are the size of note-books of about $7\frac{3}{4}$ in. $\times$ $4\frac{1}{2}$ in., *i.e.*, crown octavo, and in boards. As Journals of his Tours, these would be of a convenient size for the pocket. The exceptions are:—MS. 1.22, somewhat oblong, $7\frac{3}{4}$ in. $\times$ $6\frac{1}{2}$ in.,

written opened with the back upwards; MS. 4.49, 12 in. × 7¼ in., quarto; and MS. 5.12, folio.

Many of the others relate in some way or another to his great County Histories plan. The Journals of his Pembrokeshire Tour are not found among the collection; but MSS. 1.42, 2.63, 2.65, 2.127, 3.20, 5.66, and possibly others, contain a large amount of extracts, documents, letters, etc., for his purpose.

The folio MS. 5.12 was, clearly, Fenton's "fair copy" for press. At the end has been inserted a folio (No. 349) of his "Pembrokeshire," exactly the same as regards size and style as this. There is an appendix of documents from Dugdale's "Monasticon." The MS. covers, in an extended form, portions of MS. 2.55; and to avoid repetitions, certain sections of the latter, duly noted, have been omitted. This MS. has been written with great care, and is much more legible than the Journals generally.

The History of Beaumaris (MS. 4.49) was written by William Williams, Master of the Beaumaris School, about 1669. It was at one time in the possession of Paul Panton, of Plas Gwyn, Anglesey, but it is not found among the Panton MSS. as reported on by Dr. Gwenogvryn Evans. Richard Llwyd in the notes to his poem, "Beaumaris Bay," drew upon it. See his "Poetical Works," 1837, pp. lxix, 8, 17, 52 (the statement on p. 57 is incorrect as found on comparison); also a pamphlet, "History of Beaumaris School," 1864, p. 20.

MSS. 2.48 and 2.52 contain extracts from two MSS. by William Williams, of Llandegai (1738–1817), the originals of which are now in the possession of Mr. J. E. Griffith, Bryn Dinas, Bangor. Williams was a native of Trefdraeth, Anglesey, and was the author, especially, of "Observations on the Snowdon Mountains, with some account of the Customs and Manners of the Inhabitants," 1802—in several respects a valuable work. MS. 2.52 (Carnarvonshire) gave considerable trouble, owing to Fenton having, evidently, made his extracts on more than one occasion, writing, in the first instance, on the right-hand page only; afterwards filling in on the opposite page, usually with but little

regard to what he had already copied—thus often involving repetition. We did the best we could with it.

MS. 2.59 is entitled "Miscellaneous Memoranda of Wales out of E. Lhwyd's MSS., the Panton Collection, &c., &c." Part of the "Lhuydiana" had been copied for Fenton by someone, who, it is clear, did not understand Welsh. There is nothing of greater value in all this volume, in our estimation, than the "Lhuydiana" herein rescued and published for the first time. Not a scrap of it will be found in the "Parochialia" published by the Association, in three parts, 1909–11. We wish there was more of it.

As to MS. 2.58, the Rug MSS. were removed to Peniarth in 1859, and now form part of that great collection in the National Library of Wales.

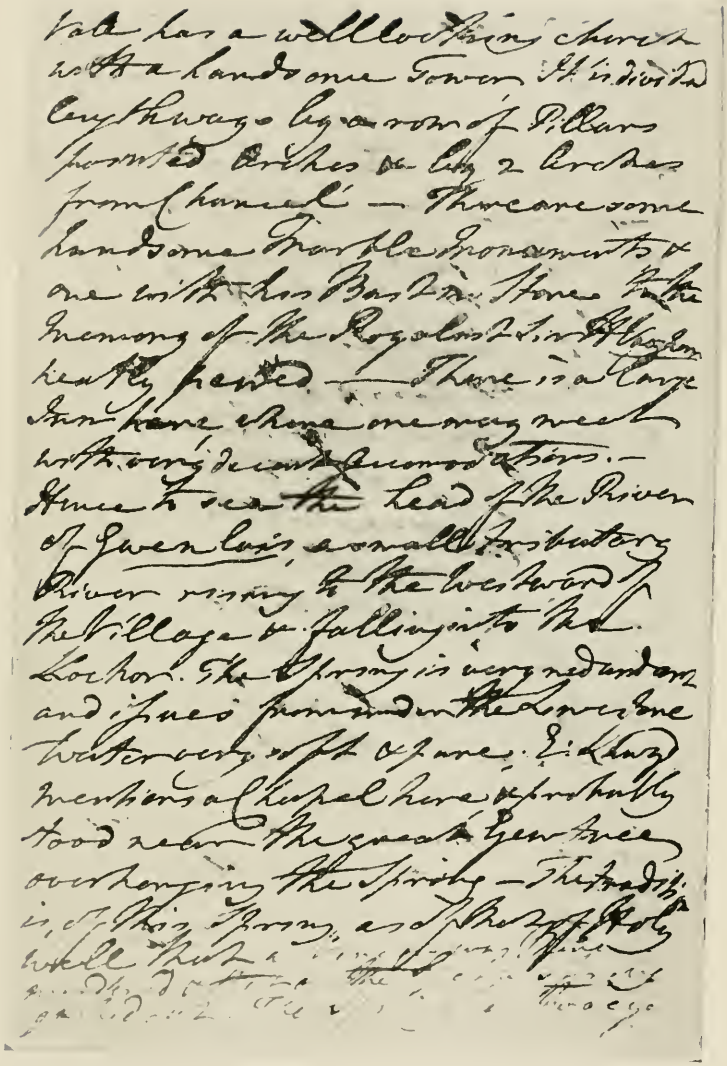
MS. 2.61 is in Sir Richard C. Hoare's autograph, containing, besides extracts, "My own remarks on Neath Abbey." We thought it well to include the little it contains pertaining to our purpose.

The other MSS. used do not seem to call for special mention.

Fenton wrote rather a provoking hand—always, it would appear, with a quill. He seems to have written up his Journals regularly daily: amplification and excision would come at the proper time, when he wrote out his "fair copy" (see, *e.g.*, p. 238). In the editing of this volume no liberties—or very little—have been taken with his script beyond extending the ever-recurring "&", and occasional rearranging of the text.

We append a table showing the MS. source of each section, successively, of the volume, which, in case of necessity, will be of service.

Pages of Vol.	*MSS.*
1–18	1.22 (Phillipps 14,442), Carmarthens., Cardigans., Brecons.
18–53	2.64 (Phillipps 14,464), Radnors., Brecons., Herefords., Montgoms., Merion., Carnarvons.
54–77	2.57 (Phillipps 14,457), Carmarthens.
78–83	2.56 (Phillipps 14,456), Montgoms. (also pp. 131–3).
83–133	2.51 (Phillipps 14,451), Montgoms., Merioneth.



Photographed page of MS. 2.57.
(See p. 60.)

Pages of Vol.	*MSS.*
134–157 ...	2.54 (Phillipps 14,452), Denbighs., Flints.
158–183 ...	5.12 (Phillipps 14,412–13), Carnarvons.
183–206 ...	2.55 (Phillipps 14,455), Carnarvons., No. 1.
206–232 ...	2.50 (Phillipps 14,450), Carnarvons., No. 2 (No. 3 is missing).
232–254 ...	2.49 (Phillipps 14,449), Carnarvons., No. 4.
255–268 ...	2.53 (Phillipps 14,453), Anglesey.
	APPENDIX.
269–275 ...	2.48 (Phillipps 14,448), Williams's Anglesey (also pp. 89–91, 122–3).
275–306 ...	4.49 (Phillipps 14,478), History of Beaumaris.
307–331 ...	2.52 (Phillipps 14,452), Williams's Carnarvonshire.
332–349 ...	2.59 (Phillipps 14,459), Edward Lhuyd, Panton, &c. (also p. 353).
349–355 ...	2.58 (Phillipps 14,458), Rug MSS. Extracts, and 2.59.
	2.61 (Phillipps 14,461), Brecons., Glam. (pp. 352, 354–5).

Very little use has ever been made of Fenton's MSS. herein contained. Those forming the APPENDIX have, like the "Tours," never been published. Some extracts were made by the Royal Commission on Ancient Monuments for their Carmarthenshire Inventory, 1917; and an excerpt relating to Llanddwyn (pp. 269–70) from Williams's MS. has appeared in *Arch. Camb.*, 1898, pp. 371–2.

The "touring" was done by Fenton and Sir Richard on horse-back, and they accompanied each other for practically the whole time. There is a reference on pp. 90–1 to a time before they had become such fast friends. Sir Richard supplied the views for the "Pembrokeshire," and no doubt it was intended that he should do likewise for the next (probably Carnarvonshire) and subsequent "Tours."

The period covered by these "Tours" is from 1804 to 1813, though on p. 131 we find the date 1816—five years before Fenton's death. The order in which the MSS. have here been placed follows, as far as it was practicable, his dates, and working

from South Wales northwards. Fenton, as a native, had seen a good deal of Wales, including North Wales, before he penned a line of the "Tours." He had been, for instance, in the Vale of Clwyd seven years before he "toured" it (p. 144); and he had seen the Cain and Mawddach Falls twenty-two years before, *i.e.*, in 1791 (pp. 128–9).

Fenton is, we think, the most literary of all the Welsh "Tourists," especially of those that went before him. He is a very descriptive writer, and his extensive knowledge of life, and men, and books is apparent everywhere. His sentences, however, are often much too long (*e.g.*, p. 98) and involved, and, as found in his handwriting, frequently difficult to make out the drift. As for punctuation, well—he was a lawyer! Certain words he has his own way of spelling; and he always affects a *k* after *c* in words like "publick," etc. His profuse use of capitals was characteristic of his day, and before. He was by no means correct, or even consistent, in his spelling of Welsh names; but no worse than the "official" spelling of to-day! His Welsh scholarship is that of his day. To him, Conway is Cynwy, "the chief or monarch water" (p. 158); the Lliw is the coloured (with blood) river (pp. 91, 130); Gwyddelan might be for Gwaith y Lleng (p. 189); and Gwydir derives from Gwy tir (p. 167), "without torturing a single letter"!

"It has been rather the fashion of late to look on Richard Fenton as an iconoclastic *gourmet*, who went through the land breaking up barrows and cracking cromlechs" (*Arch. Camb.*, 1895, p. 159). Undoubtedly he and Sir Richard (both culprits) did do a good deal of excavating, and did not do it as scientifically as most of their successors. But we believe the present volume sets Fenton in a somewhat different and better light, and will serve to correct the impression, if it does exist. It gives us a number of instances of barrows that they "broke up," and of cromlechs that they "cracked"; but it also tells us, in each case, what were the actual contents of these, or, at any rate, what they found. We have here a record as to who did the deed, and what the "spoil" amounted to. A good many

people since their day have occupied their leisure with "doing a little excavating," all over Wales, but were influenced by no considerations for posterity; they have left no record. These two men probably did the work as well as any of their day; and we can now only wish that they had been a little less active in this particular direction. No man's work is perfect. Time after time we find Fenton disagreeing with, and correcting, Pennant. Early in his "Tours" he makes the sage observation (p. 11), "Incredulity is essential to constitute a good Antiquary." The "good Antiquaries" of a generation or two hence will no doubt be found probing with their "incredulity" much of the "solid" work of our day. May it stand the test!

Attention must be drawn to the version or versions of the Legend of the Lady of Llyn y Fan Fach (Carmarthenshire) on p. 74, committed to writing by Fenton in June, 1809. This is, we believe, the earliest recorded relation of this beautiful legend, the next in point of time, that we have come across, being the one in the "Cambro-Briton" for March, 1821 (ii, pp. 313–15), communicated by a writer under an assumed name. The best known and most circumstantial version is that "collected from various sources in the year 1841," and written down "from oral recitations," by William Rees, of Tonn. It is found prefaced to the "Meddygon Myddfai," published in 1861, and, perhaps more accessibly, in Sir J. Rhys's "Celtic Folklore," 1901, i, pp. 2–12.

There remains for us the pleasant duty of tendering our very cordial thanks to the Committee of the Cardiff Library for allowing us the special privilege of having the eighteen MSS. composing this volume copied under the most favourable condition; and to Mr. Harry Farr, Librarian, and Mr. Ifano Jones, Librarian in charge of the Welsh Department, for their unfailing courtesy and kindness in this matter, as at all times. Our visits to this very fine Reference Library, now extending over many years, are always a pleasure.

The photographs of Fenton and a page of one of his Journals are by Freke, of Cardiff—the former from the portrait facing the Pembrokeshire Tour.

THE "BANGU."

There was formerly in Wales, as in England and elsewhere, a hand-bell rung at funerals, which, in the English Church Inventories (more especially), is met with under the names lich-bell, corpse-bell, or corse-bell. Fenton applies to this bell the name "bangu." He tells us that he saw, belonging to Llanwrda Church (pp. 72-3), "a most beautiful little Bangu Bell . . . lately used at Funerals," with a Dutch inscription. Elsewhere he applies the name to the old quadrangular bronze-cast Celtic bell shown him at Llangystennin (p. 202; *cf.* pp. 262, 265), which is now in the Powysland Club Museum, at Welshpool. This bell is 8 in. in height and $8\frac{3}{4}$ in. $\times$ $5\frac{3}{8}$ in. across the mouth.

"Bangu" for the lich-bell is, we believe, a misnomer, for which, it would appear, Sir Richard C. Hoare is responsible. The Bangu proper was the bell at Glascwm (St. David), Radnorshire, said to have belonged to St. David, which is mentioned by two contemporary writers of the late twelfth century, Giraldus Cambrensis and Gwynfardd Brycheiniog. Giraldus in his "Itinerarium Kambriæ," i, c. 1 ("Opera," vi, p. 18), says:—

> Apud Elvail autem, in ecclesia de Glascum, est campana bajula virtuosissina, quam proprio vocabulo Bangu vocant, quæ et Sancti David fuisse perhibetur.

Gwynfardd ("Myv. Arch.," p. 194) says that it was borne to Glascwm by St. David's two famous oxen, still popularly associated with Llanddewi Brefi:—

> Y hebrwg anrec yn redegawc
> Y lasgwm nyt oet trwm tri vrtassawc
> Edewid bangu gu gadwynawc
> Ar deu ereill ureisc y vrycheinyawc.
>
> [To convey a gift, on full speed,
> To Glascwm—three consecrated bells (they were not heavy).
> Bangu, the dear thing with its chain, was left there;
> And the two other large ones in Brycheiniog.]

The lich-bell was rung in front of the funeral procession from the house to the church; but Sir R. C. Hoare in a note on the Bangu to his translation of the "Itinerary" (1806, i, p. 22), identifies it with the lich-bell, ascribing to it the like function:—"This is a

hand bell kept in all the Welsh churches during the times of popery, which the clerk or sexton took to the house of the deceased on the day of the funeral," etc. According to him, Bangu, from being the specific name of St. David's bell at Glascwm, became the generic term in Welsh for a lich-bell. There is nothing in the account above to lead one to assume that it was used for that purpose. With the exception of one passage, no writer of earlier date than the beginning of last century seems anywhere to give this name to the lich-bell, and the few writers that do, appear to have taken it from this note, *e.g.*, Mackenzie Walcott, "Sacred Archæology," 1868, p. 458. The passage referred to is quoted by Silvan Evans in his Welsh-English Dictionary, p. 427, as from a Hengwrt MS.—"Bangu, clock law a genid rhag cyrff idd y llan," "Bangu, a hand-bell rung before corpses to church." The extract stands alone.

The Glascwm Bangu was, undoubtedly, one of those early quadrangular hand-bells, of iron or bronze, so much venerated and treasured by Christians in all Celtic lands, and which are continually referred to in the Lives of their Saints. Gildas was an expert bell-founder. Those still extant are most abundant in Ireland, where there are between 50 and 60. There are a few found in Wales—the Llangystennin (now at Welshpool), Llanrhuddlad (4 in. high), Llangwnadl (5 in. high, at Cardiff), Llanarmon (Carn.), Dolwyddelan (at Gwydir Castle), and Llangeneu (at Cardiff). Many of these had special names, other than the Saints', derived from their colour, tone, etc. Edward Lhuyd ("Parochialia," i, pp. 63–4) names the three Celtic bells found at Cwm—Cloch Felen y Cwm, Cloch Wen Abergele (*cf.* St. Maedoc's Finn-clocc), and Cloch Las Llanddulas (*cf.* St. Moenacan's Clog Glas). Bangu, possibly, means "the high-sounding dear one."

The lich-bell has a long history. Without going back to the pre-Christian Roman custom, in the Bayeux tapestry, where there is a representation of the funeral of Edward the Confessor, the corpse is accompanied by two boys each ringing hand-bells. Chaucer, in the "Pardoneres Tale," makes its tinklings scare some of the young wantons of his day. It is still rung in many places on the Continent. So at Oxford before the body of any University official; and at Aberystwyth, Machynlleth and Carnarvon, still, or recently. We have references to its use on the Welsh border. The attendance of the Chester City bell-man at the head of funerals survived far into

the eighteenth century; and in the Assembly Book of the Corporation, under 1540, are stated the "ffees and p'fetts" he is "to haue for goinge w'th the bell." The Ludlow Church Wardens in 1555–6 paid "Phelyp tynker for the mendynge of the corps belle—xij*d*."

The Reformers banned it—or attempted. Grindal in his Injunctions of 1571 ordered burials to be "without ringing of any hand-bells"; and Bishop Middleton of St. David's by his Injunctions of 1583 also tried to put a stop to it:—

"Item, that the Clark nor his deputie, do carie about the Towne, a little bell called the Sainctes bell before the Buriall, after the vse of Popishe superstition" (Appendix E to Second Report of the Royal Commission on Ritual, 1868, p. 427). But Archdeacon Tenison in his Visitation Returns, 1710, under Carmarthen (St. Peter's), could still say—"The day on which a corps is to be buried, a hand bell is rung about the streets to give notice of the burial, and afterwards 'tis rung before the corps to the churchyard door."

These bells are continually mentioned in the Church Terriers, oftenest as simply "a hand-bell," but others state its specific purpose. Llanfair Dyffryn Clwyd (Terrier 1729) had "a little Bell to be rung before the Corps," which is there still, with the date 1723. Llangynhafal (T. 1729) possessed "a Bier-bell," which is still there, and is probably the "little bell" for which the Church Wardens paid 7*s*. in 1676. Rhuddlan (T. 1749) had "one small bell to call in and another small Corps bell." Llangar (T. 1753) had "a small Bell wch was formerly rung before funerals all the way as they came from the House to the Church-yard." Caerwys has one dated 1703. Gwyddelwern had "a small hand bell" in 1685, and the Llandyrnog Wardens in 1688 paid 2*s*. 6*d*. for "a little bell." These are a sample from the Vale of Clwyd only. They are still found elsewhere; *e.g.*, the three Breconshire parishes, Llanfihangel Cwmdu (dated 1640), Crickhowell, and Llanveigan. The Rev. Lewis Morris, Vicar of Llansadwrn with Llanwrda, informs us that nothing is now known locally of either the "Bangu" or the custom.

No doubt after the Reformation, if not before, the sacring bell generally became the lich-bell. We know from Cardinal Pole's Articles of 1557 (Wilkins, "Concilia," iv, p. 170) that "a little sacring bell" was in use as the "visiting" or "houselling" bell, rung as the priest carried the Host to the sick. There were two bells, the sanctus (saints', saunce) and the sacring, which are

continually confused, owing to churches frequently possessing but one or other, which had to serve the purpose of both. But correctly the sanctus was the small bell hung in an external bell-cot over the chancel (or with the others); and the sacring bell, a small hand-bell (tintinnabulum) placed on the altar steps and rung inside at the Sacring or Elevation. The sanctus is still found in many a church tower in Wales, and known as the call or minute bell. In Welsh it is "y gloch fach," or "y gloch alw," but formerly it was also known as "crair" (Lhuyd, Parochialia," i, pp. 14, 82), and "canu crair" means to toll the passing-bell. From this the folk-lore "bell in the ear," or "death-bell," is called "y gloch fach" (N.W.), or "y gloch angladd" (S.W.).

The "small hand-bell" was put to other uses than that of a lich-bell. The Caerwys Wardens in 1677 paid 6*d.* "for ringing ye little bell before p'cession," *i.e.*, the Rogationtide perambulation; and the parish clerk used it when making his "proclamation" in the churchyard after morning service. But it was bathos when the "little Ting-tang Bell" (tintinnabulum) of the Kerry Church Inventory of 1765 was employed by the sexton to wake up sleepers during service, as Bishop Thirlwall tells us ("Letters Literary and Theological," pp. 185–6).

INDEX TO COUNTIES.

	Pages
Anglesey	255–275, 332–333, 349–350
History of Beaumaris	275–306
Brecknock	16–28, 352
Cardigan	6–12
Carmarthen	1–5, 12–16, 54–77, 336–346, 353–354
Carnarvon	45–50, 153–254, 307–331, 333–335, 351
Denbigh	... 134–157, 335–336, 351–352
Flint	140–150
Glamorgan	346–349, 354–355
Hereford	28–32
Merioneth	40–45, 50–53, 86–133, 352
Monmouth.	
Montgomery	33–40. 78–86
Pembroke [Published in 1811].	
Radnor	19–20

TOURS IN WALES.

Carmarthenshire
(1804).*

Estuary of Towy.

On one side are the Castles of Llanstephan, commanding the entrance; higher up, on the same side, the Ruins of Green Castle; and still nearer Carmarthen was the Castle of Rhyd y Gors, of which in the old Chronicles frequent mention is made, but of which very faint, if any, Vestiges now remain, a mansion house having been erected on the site, and perhaps built with the remains of the old Castle.

On the other side there seemed to have been a chain of small Forts or *Speculæ* commanding the different reaches of the River, such as that which stood near the spot which Towy Castle, the seat of the Revd Mr Evans, now occupies, in the Deeds relating thereto called Castell Gwithped, which Mr Evans very judiciously supposes to be a corruption of Castell Gwybiaid, viz., the Castle of the Spies.

On the Carmarthen side of the Peebwr there are evident remains of another, and some more might perhaps be traced.

When it took the name of Green Castle, and how it came by it, no mention is made anywhere. By what remains of it, it does not appear to have been a place of much strength or much of a castellated building.

Pensarn, the Causeway so called, leading to the Bridge of Carmarthen, evidently points out the Roman road between Leucarum—Loughor—and Maridunum. Wherever the name Sarn occurs you may look for a Roman road. Perhaps Trimsarn, which lies in that direction, may serve to point out its course.

Croes Ceiliog between Carmarthen and Kidwelly may be one of the four Crosses which bounded the Privileges of the Borough of Kidwelly, as mentioned in its Charter. Croes Askwrn is a corruption of Cors Eslum, it being a morassy spot.

* MS. 1.22.

Llandeilo.

Saw Dynefor Park and the Church of Llan Deveisant situated in a most beautiful nook of the Park, with two fine Yew Trees in the Churchyard. Dynefor House, and two or three more Houses in Llandeilo, make the whole of the Parish, a clear proof that the spot now occupied by the Park was covered by a large Town appendant to the Royal residence of the Princes of South Wales; and indeed the daily appearance of fragments of buildings dug up in almost every part confirms it.

Mr. Beynon the Clergyman, between the west end of the Church and the Wall of the Churchyard, fell on the remains of ancient buildings, and supposes the present Church built on the site of a Roman Temple, as it is probable the Romans had a station there; and indeed the part of a Roman road on Bettws Mountain, which seemed to lead from this place towards Neath, almost establishes the conjecture. That piece of road is called Milltir fain, the narrow Mile, but I rather think the Milltir faen, the Stone Mile, which exactly characterizes it. A Roman road appears running parallel to the present Turnpike road from Llandeilo to Carmarthen. Coins found there (at Llwyn y ffortun) in a pot. Another portion of road discovered between Llandeilo and Llandovery, near Llwyn y brain. A Farm near called Ystrad; Mr Beynon thinking with me that the name of Ystrad generally refers to a Stratum or paved Road.

At Llanfair ar y Bryn, Mr. Beynon told me, that Mr. Lewis, the late Vicar, looking for Materials to build with, fell on a heap of rubbish in a corner of his garden which proved to be a heap of Roman bricks. Some of them inscribed with the number of the Legion (Legio Secunda, I suppose) quartered there.

Saw a stone with a Roman inscription in a garden at Llandeilo, brought from Trecastle Mountain.

A place near Danyrallt called Llys Brychan, where nothing appears above ground but a Cottage; but on digging lately a great deal of very ancient masonry found, and a stone with a figure of a Lamb on it, which appeared to have been cast in some soft clay indurated by fire. Perhaps here Brychan Brycheiniog might have had a palace or some occasional residence.

Mr. Beynon shewed me a Coin (silver), very bold impression, found in the parish of Penboyr, near the Teivy Side, at a place called by the Welsh name of Red Breast; but he thinks it ought to be Bron Rhufain, which might account for the discovery of

Roman Coins there; where there might be a station, between Menapia—St. David's—and Loventium.

In Golden Grove Park a tree is shewn on which it is said Oliver Cromwell rested his Gun to kill a Buck for Dinner, the tradition being that in his way from Glamorganshire to besiege Pembroke, he with a Party came to Golden Grove to take Lord Carbery, a great Royalist; but he, having had notice of it, retired to a Tenant's house in the Mountains, leaving his Lady to entertain the Protector; and on her saying there was no Venison in the House, but that she would send out to have a Buck killed, he said he would go out and see the Diversion, and rested his piece on that tree.

Cradock, Lord of Nangle and Newton in Roos, was given the Castle of Rhyd y Gors and Derllys Hundred by Henry the 7th, who was killed and dispossessed of his Castle &c. by Gwgan ap Meyrick. A Son or Descendant of this man was Chief Justice of England.

One of Mr. David Edwards's Ancestors used to date his letters Rhyd y gors Castle, though no traces remain to this day.

Mrs. Saunders of Pentre, now living, near a Hundred, remembers Sir Rd Steele when she was a young girl at the boarding school, Carmarthen, which in those days was a very respectable one. She was once by, when Lady Steele, who was a very irritable high spirited woman, threw a glass of wine into the Knight's face, which wet his Cravat hanging down, as was the fashion; but he said no more than tell his servant John to bring him a fresh cravat.

Frood Water is a wonderful spring which issues from a Limestone Rock. The entrance to it is narrow, but widens as you go on. It turns a Mill for Corn and a Sawing Mill within 20 yards of its apparent Source, and two other Mills within the space of half a mile; never freezing in Winter or failing in Summer.

Saw a little above it, near the Ridge of Limestone Rocks running from East to West in the County of Carmarthen, the ruins of a very neat Chapel; the shell pretty entire, a neat Tower with Battlements, and a handsome Archway leading to the chancel. Called Capel Duddgen.

In the Vale visited Llangendeyrn Church, a respectable building in a neat village. In it several monuments of the Terracoed and Glyn and Gwempae Families, and of other Families of distinction of that Parish, which was so well inhabited in the memory of an old woman lately living that she remembers seven coaches there on a Sunday. The most remarkable thing

I saw there was the Stone Pulpit, an Excrescence from the South Wall, and entered into from a Stone Stair Case behind. In the Churchyard a Tombstone of the late Vicar, one Williams of Penyrheol, who boasts his descent from the great Warrior Sir James Williams, in Henry 8th's time, who was dubbed Knight Bannceret on the Field. Sir James Williams, who was of Pant Howel, near Meidrym, occurs as Sheriff very early on the list for Carmarthenshire as well as Pembrokeshire.

From Llandeilo to Carmarthen.

Looked minutely near Llwyn y ffortun for the remains of the Roman Road said to have been formerly seen there by Mr. Beynon, but discovered not the smallest trace of it *there*, yet thought it appeared for about 100 yards running parallel to the present Turnpike, but a little nearer the River, within three miles of Abergwili.

Priory. Carmarthen.

By the remains of the Walls surrounding the Precinct, it seems to have occupied a large space. Part of the Priory Church in and about a small House near the Lime Kiln at the lower end of the ground. I presume the building over the Gateway leading from Priory Street may be ascribed to the family of Leison, to whom it might have been granted at the Dissolution. One of that name, and of the Priory, occurs as High Sheriff for the Co. of Carmarthen prior to the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. On each side of the gateway there is in a niched Entablature a Coat of the Royal Arms with the Fleurs de lis the first coat, a circumstance that puzzles me to discover the meaning of. Observed stuck on a Wall of the Houses belonging to the Works at Whitland an Escutcheon of exactly the same pattern, with the bearing alike. There was on one side a Portcullis, on the other a Rose.

May 10th, 1804.—St Clear's Church. Nothing within worth observation but a Saxon Gateway of great antiquity leading to the Church. A monument of one Howell, Rector of St Clear's, who it says was in the year of trial, 1691, deprived of all that he could not with a safe Conscience hold—he being a Non-Juror.

May 11th.—From Carmarthen to Lampeter. Went to Pencader. Saw there a point of land, precipitous on every side, at

the foot of the Hill, with a very large mound at one end, and a Foss about it ; opposite to which, on a rocky projection, there appeared a sort of Intrenchment crowning the summit. A young man at the Village told me they had found Leaden Balls there (which I can hardly credit), and said most superstitiously that in the great Mound or Castellum there was a Gold Table. Could they be permitted to dig for it by the Proprietor, Mr. Hughes of Tregib ? Similar stories told of many old Castles, as of Wiston, in particular, where the tradition is that they had often attempted to dig, but that they had been prevented by violent thunder and lightning the instant they began. No Coins or Armour found ever.

Roman Road.

At the New Inn saw a bit of the Road which, from its bearing from S.W. to N.E., must have led from Maridunum—Carmarthen —to Loventium—Llannio—which appeared a faint ridge owing to its having been robbed of its stone—the Country not abounding with stones fit for building. In a Corn field saw the Ridge where it ran covered with small stones and small Pebbles and Gravel from the Bed of the river, evidently carried there. Observed it, as we went on, in several places ; but particularly in one grass field, where the ridge appeared more distinct. We heard of it as far as Pencarreg, by Gwrdy ; so that it is probable it kept the East side of the Teivy till it joined the Road leading from Loventium across Llanvair Mountain to Cayo. Likewise heard of it some miles to the S. West of the New Inn, and I make no doubt, on Enquiry, but it might be traced to Carmarthen.

New Inn.

A new house lately opened, belonging to a Mr. Saunders of [*blank*], who was a Taylor in York buildings, and has retired to a very neat house surrounded with young Plantations, and a highly cultivated Farm. In the village where the Inn is, which consists of only three or four Houses, there is a Country shop on a very large scale.

Pencarreg Church

has a singular West End, consisting of a sort of Steeple with two open Niches for Bells and a Porch. Seemed by a large Arched Gateway now stopped, on the North side, that there

had been an Aisle stretching out on that side. The Church is situated on a narrow rocky Ridge, to the S. West of which rises a beautiful conical Hill crowned with an old Encampment.

Below the Church, in the Valley to the North, is a beautiful Lake a mile round, but without Fish, which is a most surprising circumstance. I passed Dolgwm, a very retired old Mansion belonging to —— Vaughan; and after a most pleasant Day's ride reached Lampeter about a quarter before six, prepared for Dinner, tho' we had a damper of eggs and bacon at the New Inn, and a Draught of good ale.

May 12th [1804].—Set off early for Llannio Isa, the ancient Loventium, a farm once belonging to Mr. Johnes of Hafod, but lately sold to Smith, a Banker in London. Loventium occupied a gently rising projection in the Vale of Teivy, seemingly marked by a sloping boundary between it and the River and moory ground. All the fields, every hedge and pile of rubbish, pregnant with Bricks and Tiles of every kind, as likewise Cement and pieces of pottery. Several Inscriptions.*

A piece of the Roman Road pointed out as passing near, if not through, the City in a Northward direction, as if pointing to Penal in Merionethshire. As a proof of the consequence of the place formerly, all the neighbouring places are referred to Llannio, such as the Farm on the Hill, which is called Llannio Uchaf; a Mill near called Llannio Mill; nay, the Tumulus or Castellum on the road to, and within two miles of, Tregaron, is called Tomen Llannio, where was lately found by digging a very ancient Pickaxe, which I bought for a shilling, and bore in Triumph to Tregaron. On my road, a Man driving a Cart, after I had passed him about a hundred yards, called out to me, "Where did you find that Pickaxe? It is mine. I lost such a one on the road." An audacious claim of a thing perhaps 1,500 years old.

At Tregaron had a snap of Eggs and Bacon, and a draught of pleasant light ale. Met the Clergyman as I entered the Churchyard of Tregaron, but found him a low, stupid creature. On a stone inserted in the wall of the Southside, and evidently brought from Llannio or some more ancient place, found an

* See *Arch. Camb.*, 1873, pp. 115–6, and Westwood, *Lapidarium Walliæ*, pp. 142–3. Fenton here gives a rough sketch of the Llannio Isaf "Ennius" stone. This is figured and described in Westwood.—Ed

Inscription ; and nearer to the East end, the same side, another.* The Church has a large well built Tower, and is curiously situated on a little rising Knoll projecting into the River.

Hence we rode on the East side of Teifi to Llanddewi Brefi, the famous spot where the Synod was held for confuting the Pelagian Heresy. The Church is said to be built on the very spot which, with most miraculous throes, grew under St. David's feet. At the opening of a retired Vale environed with high barren hills, about quarter of a mile or less above the Church, is Foelallt, a mansion of some note in former days, but shewing nothing now of its pristine consequence.

The Church is a large shell only (for within it has nothing of sacred furniture besides the Pulpit), and once consisted of a double Nave separated by a range of columns, a Chancel, and a cross North Aisle. The Tower is large and well built. The few windows that are open have no glass or shutter ; and the whole inside exhibits a picture of the most scandalous neglect, disgraceful to a Christian Country.

At the West Entrance, on the right hand side, stands a stone seven feet high, inscribed on the outer side with a cross and some Characters. Over a Window, as a lintern,† another stone, removed of late years, I presume, with an Inscription. Another at the East entrance into the Churchyard.‡

Leaving Llanddewi Church and its very miserable village, rode as far as Llanfair Clydoge, a Mansion of high note about a century ago, but now in ruins, as well as the Church near, the Chancel Window of which seemed to have no glass in it. The whole Landscape round, being fairly stripped of its Woods, exhibited a most sterile and inhospitable appearance. Cross Llanfair Bridge, and, after a fatiguing ride through a narrow, bad road, reach Lampeter.

May 13th, Sunday.—Rode to Llannio. Saw a large mass of Roman Cement. Then went on to trace the Roman Road that

* The two stones have since been removed to Goodrich Court, near Ross. They read ENEVIRI and POTENINA MVLIIER, respectively. See *Arch. Camb.*, 1878, pp. 349 ; Rhys, *Welsh Philology*, 1879, pp. 204, 380 ; Westwood, *Lapid. Wall.* pp. 143–4. Fenton gives sketches of them, but Westwood has them in his plate facing p. 148.—ED.

† =Lintel. *Linterel*, *linton*, and *lintin* also occur ; but they are now all obsolete, except in the dialects. *Lintern* is the form common in Pembrokeshire (South), the author's native county.—ED.

‡ For the various inscribed and other stones at Llanddewi, see Westwood, *Lapid. Wall.*, pp. 139–42.—ED.

led Northward : but though my guide at setting out said he could shew it me in several places in the course of four miles, yet I found he measured by the old Welsh standard, and his four was eight ; so I turned back, and overtook a Mr. Jones of Llannio uchaf, who told me that at Taihirion Rhôs, near Lledrod, 500 yards of perfect causeway could be seen.

After dinner, in company with the Vicar of Lampeter, Mr. Williams, who dined with us, walked out to see the Roman Road, which evidently crossed the River somewhere near Pencarreg, taking its course across the Common to the East of Lampeter towards Loventium, and most satisfactorily discovered it, particularly for above a hundred yards, through a moory part of the Common, overrun everywhere with rushes but in the track of the Road, the stratum having rendered it too dry for rushes to grow on it. At the Bank of the River, worn off with the flood, saw its nature, which was a pavement of stones covered with a layer of about 5 inches of River Gravel. The River seemed to have altered its course, and made an interruption in its progress for some little way, but caught it again beyond here and there.

Finished our pursuit for that day. Returned to tea. Saw on my return from my morning Ride a curious encampment at a place called Olwyn, and a curious hollow on the East Side, which I am told will not hold any water.

Lampeter Castle consists of a double Entrenchment to the South West, and a Castellum or large Tumulus at the North East end. Armour said to have been dug up there about twenty years ago.

Mr. Williams presented Sir Richard Hoare with the impression of the Abbot of Strata Florida's seal, whose name was Walter.

May 14th.—Set out in company with the Vicar of Lampeter to Allt yr Odin. Near Llanwnnen Church, observe one of the Castellums (large Tumuli) which are more frequent in Cardiganshire than in any other part, and chiefly near the Teifi. Allt yr Odin is pleasantly situated in a very retired Valley watered by the Caledwr, commonly called Clettwr, on which stands the Castle—mentioned Page 170 of last Edition of Wynne's *History of Wales*.

Mr. Lloyd of Allt yr Odin received me very civilly. Shewed me several fragments, and Books of his genealogical Collection relating to Pembrokeshire, which he has kindly promised me the use of. Had some refreshment, and then, accompanied by the

Gentleman of the house, was shewn a most beautiful Tumulus situated on the South side of the River near a fordable place, called Tommen Rhyd Owen. Mr. Lloyd has planted it with silver fir. I longed to have had Mr. Cunnington there to have got into its Bowels.

Pursued our Journey towards Llandyssil to call on Doctor Stephenson, whom I often met in London and elsewhere about sixteen years ago. Passed by Pencoed y Foel, a vast Conical Hill crowned with an ancient circular Camp, which, from the New Inn, the opposite side of the River, at least five or six miles off, appears of an immense extent; but on approaching it, contracts to a compass infinitely smaller to the eye than it appeared from the distance I first saw it at. No account of it in any History by the name it now has; but I was informed by Mr. Lloyd that the district of the County in which the hill stands is called Gwenninog uch Cerdin,* and there is mention of Castell Gwenninog in Cerdin, which probably must have been this.

Wind down an intricate road into the Vale of Llandyssil where the Teifi takes. Many beautiful bends between Hills finely wooded, and frequently broken by rocky charms. Came to Llandyssil, and crossed the ford to Old Castle, formerly called Dôl Llan, the seat of Dr. Stephenson, who was from home. Left my name there, and rode across his Farm, which he seems to manage in the English manner, his wheat being planted in Drills, and a large field preparing for Lucern. His farmyard of great extent on the summit, and in the centre of his farm. Just above his house on a projecting Knoll appeared the Vestiges of an old Encampment, and from one end, the most entire, seemed to be of an oblong figure.

After leaving his farm, and passing a moory bit of ground, through which went a rising road, very like Roman, at the foot of a wild precipitous rocky Eminence overhanging the Teify and commanding up and down the vale, crowned with an encampment surrounded by Entrenchments of loose stones, seven or eight lines in some places on the river side. The Area on the Summit in circumference 468 paces. There was a well in the Centre stopped in the memory of man, which it is supposed was supplied by pipes from a Spring on an opposite Hill above Wern y Maccwy. It is called Castell Gwrtheyrn, and supposed to be the retreat of Vortigern.

* Correctly, Gwynionydd uch (uwch) Cerdin—*Llanstephan MS.* 116, p. 120.—Ed.

Left this sublime scenery for the softer one of the Vale leading through and at the foot of a most beautiful hanging wood of Birch and Oak, to the snug and neat Glebe House of the Revd Mr Williams, Vicar of Llanfihangel Eroth,* where Mrs. Williams, a very respectable Gentlewoman, pressed in a strain of Hospitality, rare now-a-days, to take some refreshment, and got us a Veal Cutlet nicely dressed, with cold Ham and Tenby pickled oysters; with the best table beer and finest ale I ever drank, but too strong. Mr. Williams was gone to a Court Lect, but was sent for home, and returned just as we had finished tea and were going to mount our horses. He insisted on our staying another half-hour, which we did. I found him a pleasant, sensible man. I gave him my prospectus, and he kindly invited me to take a bed there on my return. He told me of the Inscription at his Church, which is as follows . . . .†; a circumstance, together with Mr. Beynon's account of Coins having been found in the Parish of Penboyr, that induces me to think that if the Via Flandrica should prove to be Roman, it might have taken that direction onward towards Pencarreg, and fallen in with the Road crossing the River there, and united have gone to Loventium.

After leaving the hospitable Glebe, passed by the Church, and near it crossed a fordable part of the Teify under Waun Ifor, a seat of — Bowen, Esqr. Thence by way of High Mead, passing a Knoll close by the Teifi of a singular appearance, called Crug y Wiel. Called at High Mead on Mrs. Evans (a sister of Sir Watkin Lewes). Drank a glass of Wine and ate a biscuit there. Then on through her beautiful plantations, over a charming Road. to Lampeter, where I arrived, glad to rest myself, about 9 o'clock, where Sir Richard and I exchanged accounts of our day's Excursion.

* This parish-name is now usually written Ll. ar Arth, leading one to suppose that the Church is situated on the River Arth (*cf.* Llanddewi Aber Arth); but this is not so. The appellative possibly stands for Iorwerth; and the name is given as Ll. Iorwerth in *Panton MS.* 68, *Lhuydiana* in the Appendix, *Myv. Arch.*, p. 746, *Meddygon Myddfai*, 1861, p. 298, and elsewhere. The earliest known spelling is that in the *Taxatio* of 1291, p. 272—Lanvyhangel Orarth. This occurs also in *The Episcopal Registers of the Dio. of St. David's*, 1917, under the years 1401 and 1517 (pp. 240, 822), *Additional MS.* 14,871, fo. 366 *b* (1617), &c. In the *Episc. Reg.* under 1514 (p. 808) it is Yerrorth. The local pronunciation is Ieroth (frequently formerly the written form), or like it. The Glamorgan surname Yorath is usually regarded as representing Iorwerth.—Ed.

† Space, but no inscription. It reads HIC IACIT VLCAGNVS FIVS SENOMAGLI. Rhys, *Welsh Philology*, 1879, p. 387; *Arch. Camb.*, 1878, p. 345; Westwood, *Lapid. Wall.*, pp. 87-8.—Ed.

May 15th.—Sir Richard went afishing, and I mounted my horse, crossed the River Dulas at Millfield, and ascended the Summit of Mynydd Allt Goch. Examined the first Gaer, which in circuit measured 476 paces. Had one entrance to the South West, and another to the North East. A fine view from it of the Expansive Vale below Lampeter, and of the Vales each side of the ridge. I really think those singly entrenched circular camps were for to collect the women, children, and cattle into in times of alarm, as being placed on heights generally difficult of access, whilst the warriors kept the low grounds, as being most liable to the inroads of the enemy.

On my return was mortified to hear there was another Gaer further on the Ridge, but in a lower situation, represented by Mr Williams as having several small Tumuli and Carneddau round it.

In my way home passed that singular looking rising in the Vale that caught our eye on Saturday, and discovered that what appeared to have been some outwork of an Encampment was a Water Course, for the purpose of bringing water to a small triangular pond situated in the midst of a Knoll connected with Brook, formerly belonging to Millfield. So cautious persons should be with respect to what may be imagined to be very ancient from its distant appearance. Incredulity is essential to constitute a good Antiquary.

Examined a second time the entrenchment at Olwent, but after enquiry of the farmer, an old intelligent man, could get no material intelligence to ascertain its history or date. He said he had found a quern stone there, and that there was a tradition that Olwen, whose name the place bears, was a most celebrated beauty, daughter of a Prince of North Wales, and was carried off by a Prince of South Wales, and pursued to that spot, where a great battle was fought. The farmer likewise told me that at the foot of the Hill near his house there is a fine Spring called Ffynnon Geitho, which he remembers inclosed by three flags, one on each side, and the other above, inscribed with some characters, which were carried to Peterwell, the mansion of the Landlord.

After I alighted from my excursion I met the Vicar, and walked up with him to see a projecting point of a hill to the Northward of the Church, called, for what reason, Plâs y beddau.

Saw a singular semicircular mound of Earth at the back of the Church, which an ingenious Stranger, as I was told by the Vicar, suggested might have been a heathen theatre, to purge the abomination of which the present Church was founded on the Spot.

Entered the Church. Saw a curious Font, remains of a Rood Loft, and a singular arched niche in the Wall of the Chancel, with a round Wall under it, and a considerable hollow within, which I apprehend was for auricular Confession. The monuments have nothing in them ancient or elegant. Chiefly to the Millfield Family. A curious tablet to the memory of Daniel Evans of Peterwell, a Sequestrator in the Protector's time, and a great oppressor. The Church has no tower. In the Churchyard, which is large, there are a few very old yew trees. A very large Parish, including the small borough town of Lampeter; yet very few fresh graves, a sign of a healthy situation, yet lying low.

May 16th.—Set off from Lampeter in high spirits, the weather, contrary to our expectation, looking so fine, and ascended very high ground rarely the ridge between the Teifi and Dulas. Examined the Camp I did yesterday, and farther on the same ridge a much larger, with a double ditch, and divided through the middle by a high Rampart. Remains of walls near, as if there had been a farmhouse there in former days, the whole circuit appearing to have been under tillage.

Proceeded on our journey towards Llanfair Bridge, and to the Left, as we turned down, were struck with something like the appearance of the Roman Road we were in quest of, leading from Pencarreg towards Llannio, but did not then more minutely investigate it, leaving that for Mr Williams to do, who kindly promised his assistance for that purpose. As we approached Llanfair Bridge, we saw from the precipitousness of the hill, at the foot of which the Teifi runs, and the great bend it took to the East, on account of a high ridge, that it must have deserted the course of the river, and could not have taken any other direction than through the lane where we saw what looked very like it.

Crossed Llanfair Bridge, at which point it is probable the other road towards Cayo diverged, as on Llanfair mountain we saw it most distinctly for near a mile passing by Bwlch Blaen Twrch, and by a specula on which was pitched on end a stone about six feet high, that being common with the Romans as directors, particularly over mountains, where without such guides the Roads might be easily lost. And as a further proof of its being the old Roman Road, Sir Richard Hoare remarked each side numerous pits and excavations, similar to those in Wiltshire and elsewhere in the vicinity of Roman Roads, out of which they dug the stones to make the roads with. Besides, all

the peasants we asked knew perfectly the course of Sarn Helen, as they call it, a course the present road to Cayo principally follows.

At Cayo alighted, and saw a prodigious Cavern, out of which the Romans had dug minerals. The whole Hill for a great extent broke up and excavated, forming a most romantick picturesque scene.

The Vale there very beautiful where the Twrch empties itself into the Cothy. Dôl y Cothy, the seat of — Johnes, Esqr, stands pleasantly embosomed with pretty plantations, as does Brwynant, the seat of the Rev. Mr. Lloyd, backed by several singularly shaped hills.

Rain coming on we hurried to get shelter at the village of Cayo, situated in a most romantick little dingle about a mile from the Mines and watered by the Annell. The Church stands on a pretty projecting Knoll. It consists of a very handsome well built tower and a double Nave and a Chancel, but with a roof scandalously out of repair, and the inside exhibiting a most disgraceful appearance. In the Chancel a neat little Marble Monument to the memory of the Rev. Mr. Lloyd of Brynbran. His Escutcheon had the Millfield Arms on it.

Whilst we stopped at the hedge Ale House at Cayo, and ate each of us a mouthful of bread and a draught of beer, we found an intelligent man of the name of Davies, and were told by him that on fields in the Valley of Cothy, bricks had been found often, which was a clear evidence of there having been some Roman Station there for the purpose of the mines. Besides, Paulinus's Sepulchral Stone at Llanwrthwl is another proof of it, though from its having a *Hic Jacet* it savours of a later date than pure Roman.

Finding no likelihood of the weather growing better, we mounted and made the best of our way towards Llandovery, catching a peep to the right of numerous beautiful Vallies well wooded, and to the left of wild hills and mountains, and arrived at the Castle Inn, where everything promised comfort.

N.B.—In descending from Bwlch blaen Twrch we saw the river Twrch, from its name and from the appearance of its having shifted its course frequently and eaten away its sides, a most formidable and dangerous Mountain stream in Winter, as the Ford we crossed, though the River was very low, seemed deep.

Pass Llanygroes [Llanycrwys] Church at the Foot of the Mountains we passed, to the right amidst Yew Trees, with no

Chancel Window glazed, and greatly, if we might judge at that distance, out of repair.

The Roman Road we traced bore as nearly from S.W. to N.E. as possible, till we came to the Bwlch, and then it took a South South East course to Cayo.

May 17th.—At Llandovery. Breakfasted most sumptuously, the Bread and Butter being admirable. Saw Col. Lewis and Mrs. Lewis of Llanychaeron returning from Bath. He stopped his chaise politely to shew Sir Richard Hoare and me the new Map of Cardiganshire by Carey and surveyed by one Singer, who appears to have been much too sparing of his names. I was sorry to find it had not been surveyed by a Welshman. In short, it is a pretty map to the eye, the Mountains and Hills being finely shaded and marked. Several Rivers not specified, which I think a great fault, as no River ought to be left out of a Map which has a name.

We rode out as far as Llwyn y brain to see if we could discover anything of the Roman Road; but there could be no doubt of its taking the exact course of the present Turnpike. Quere, if the farm called Ystrad, close on the edge of the Road, indicates anything that may bear any Relation to Stratum or a paved way.* Returned the upper way to avoid Fords to Llandovery. Saw the beautiful situation of Llanfair ar y Bryn in various views, and all charming. A distant view of it, Sir Richard said, was best, as it would admit of a grander back ground.

When we alighted, Major Williams politely informed us that he had sent for the Clerk of the Church, the only man who could give us any information respecting what had been seen or discovered at the Roman Station of Llanfair ar y Bryn, adding that he knew the person who now had all the Museum which the Revd Mr. Lewis, late Vicar of Llanfair ar y Bryn, had collected, viz., a Brick inscribed with Leg. II Augusti, &c., &c., &c., which he promised to procure me by the time of the Assizes.

The old Clerk brought us to the Church to shew us a stone on the floor just at the entrance of the Church inscribed with some embossed Characters, but not legible. The Church of Llandingad consisted of a double Nave, Chancel, and Tower. Was clean within, but had no monument or tomb within of any kind. The door very old, having carved work fastened on the upper part

* *Ystrad*, O. Welsh *istrat*, the lowland along a river, a dale, which is cognate with Irish and Gaelic *srath*, and possibly English *strand*, is not directly related to Latin *stratum*, *strata*—whence Irish *stráth*, and English *street*—which would have yielded in Welsh *ystrawd*.—Ed.

of it, with two escutcheons, one fallen off, and the other of Oak carved, bearing the three Ravens within the Garter; so that it is probable the door was placed there at the expence of Sir Rhys ap Thomas. The old Clerk furnished us with very particular directions how to fall in with the remains of the Roman Road leading by Glan Brân towards Buellt, which I hope we shall live and be able to pursue tomorrow.

Walked into Llanfair ar y Bryn to examine that before dinner, lest we might be disappointed by weather or any other circumstance in the evening. We clearly traced the Roman Camp, and found in every field, garden, and pile of rubbish, numerous fragments of Bricks, evidently Roman. *Vide* the bit I have preserved, part of a sudatory. Nothing could have been more happily placed than this Station, either for beauty, shelter, observation, or water, having the Dyfry and the Brân on one side, and the Towy on the other.

Mr. Edward Jones the Attorney told me that, in making the new Turnpike under the Church, they found vast quantities of different bricks, and a great quantity of Charcoal and other marks of fire, the tradition being that it was consumed by fire, and that it was called Tref Goch from its red appearance, perhaps brick being unknown then to the Britons.

Major Williams said he remembered a Pot with some Coins being dug up, and a Lamp, which now a Col. Macleary has and which he promised me a sight of.

On our way home, thought we perceived a ridge running through the meadows pointing towards sufficient to induce us to think it the track of the Roman Road leading that way, the investigation of which we have reserved till after dinner. A labourer of the place told us that in the Meadows, the Trecastle side, the Hay in parts makes a very different appearance, as if the Roman Road took that way towards the Gaer in Brecknockshire.

Walked out in the evening to the Castle, which did not appear to occupy a large spot, but was strong and commanding, by the large fragments lying in several places. Should apprehend that it must have been garrisoned in the Civil Wars, and that it had experienced the effect of Canon. A Bastion to the S.W. finely overgrown with Ivy. A most charming prospect from it, particularly up towards Glanbrân, and down the Towy, which, as well as on the other Rivers Tributary, and which unite near Llandovery with the Towy, are subject to violent floods, and have made a perfect beach of the whole valley from near the present Bridge to a mile below the Town, from which, unless you go up

as far as the Bridge, you can't regain the Turnpike Road leading towards Llandilo without crossing three or four fords, the Towy taking so many directions.

Went to investigate more minutely what appeared to us something like a Roman Road ; but we could not venture on a nearer approach to pronounce it such.

Saw the Volunteers go through their evolutions, which they did wonderfully for the short time they had been out. A veteran Officer Major commanded them. Though there are 500 quartered in so small a place as Llandovery, not the least noise or riot heard.

Returned, and enjoyed tea and conversation after our walk. Mr. Edward Jones talked of there having been an Abbey at Llanfair ar y Bryn, but of that there is not the smallest trace or evidence.

May 18th [1804].—Left Llandovery about half past nine in the morning for Builth. My horse fell on the pavement at the end of the Town, but providentially I was only bruised a little on my knee and ankle, and a muscle of my neck a little affected. O Lord, how can I be sufficiently thankful to Thee for Thy mercy in delivering me so often from danger, and preserving my limbs in many falls which I have had. May I every day be more sensible of Thy great goodness.

Our great object being to discover the Roman Road that led from Llanfair ar y bryn towards the Station on the Ithon, after we passed Glanbrân we began to pay great attention to everything that had an appearance of a bridge : but though we heard that very distinct traces are visible soon after you reach the summit of the hill where the old road ascends, we did not discover any part of it till we came to the turbary beyond the little cottage, the Llandovery side of Ludlow vach.

Here are the ruins of a small Ale House, where the Suitors to the Court of the Marches from the lower part of South Wales used to stop and make up matters, burying their quarrels in *cwrw*, and therefore called by that name. The House stood in two Counties, and in the rides of different Excise Men, and the ale was shifted accordingly.

At this place Mr. Gwynne of Glanbrân's keeper came up with us, having been sent very politely by his master to conduct us over the Country and attend us, and confirmed us in our supposition that what we saw was the Road. For the first time in my life sprang at this place a Cock Grouse, the first Sir Richard Hoare, as well as myself, ever saw on the wing.

Here we turned off towards Llanwrtyd Wells, where, when we arrived, we were astonished to find a most romantick beautiful retirement environed with high hills, wooded in the most picturesque manner, and dotted with sheep, with the fine river Irvon rattling over a stony rocky channel through pleasant meadows. The house stands on the edge of the River, and so near that without a parapet it must be almost dangerous to go out of the house at night.

Whilst our eggs and bacon were preparing, walked to the Fountain and tasted the water, which seemed impregnated with rotten eggs. There was a white enamel formed just under the cock on the wall. This water under cover. Near the stinking water is a Chalybeate, very strong, but of a very small run. We walked further on till we opened a still more romantick and sublime view, and caught a sight of the Church near the house of a Mr. Lloyd of Brecon, sweetly placed amidst charming woods, and furnishing a most cheerful, and yet profound, solitude.

It grieved me to see some noble trees sacrificed to the Axe, and particularly a few miserable Oaks which grew amidst loose stones that cover the side of a precipitous hill this side the Church, that appears like a stream of Lava from top to bottom of the Mountain. What a pity that the *Auri sacra fames* should ever tempt a man to ruin scenery, after this kind, for the sake of a few pounds.

On our return from our romantick walk, found in that short space a very fine fowl deliciously roasted, and a custard pudding, by way of supplement to what we ordered, with pleasant beer. As we were to dine at 6 o'clock at Builth, we forbore paying our respects to the fowl, as we otherwise should. Asking what was to pay, we were told that they could not think of making any charge; we ate so little. However, being pressed to make some charge, they asked if a shilling was extravagant. Half a crown then was given.

Saw the house, which consisted of two good large rooms of nearly equal size, wainscoted with fine old Oak, below stairs; and above stairs a number of small tidy bed-chambers, and they can make about 25 or 30 beds. Civility and neatness are the characteristics of the house.

On passing the Village below, struck with the appearance of a wooden bridge across the Irvon, which, together with a few cottages and trees, made a picturesque June, added to a great concourse of peasants, chiefly women, who on that day came to

meet some stocking merchants there assembled to buy stocking of a very coarse manufactory.

Passed on, observing a curious range of Hills variously broken to the left, and another range of a more downy kind to the right. Pass Llwyn Madock, Garth, Llangammarch, Llanfechan, Llanynys, and Cefn y Bedd, the place where it is supposed Llewelyn's corpse was buried.

May 19th 1804.*—A fine day inviting, we set off from Builth for the Station on the Ithon, and went by Court Llechryd, a farm situated within a large square Entrenchment, but on examination, and in the opinion of Sir Rd Hoare, very conversant with such matters, with the corners not sufficiently rounded to pronounce it Roman, yet it puzzles one to determine what it could have been. Probably the Britons finding that the Romans had occupied the Spot, and that it was a convenient place for guarding the Ford below it, over the Wye, did away with the greater part of the Roman traces. However, it is clear that it had been a place of some consequence ; either the occasional residence of one of the Princes of S. Wales, or usurping Chieftain of the Normans. Powell's *Chronicle*, p. 110, mentions a Battle fought there between Rhys ap Tewdwr and Madoc, Cadwgan, and Riryd, sons of Blethyn ap Cynfyn, when Madoc and Riryd were slain ; and there is a field on the Farm to this day called Maes Madoc. The Farmer at the House told me that a very large Human Skull had been dug up there, and some small silver coins, but of what Age he could not say. The Farm is now the Court House of a large Lordship, belonging now to the Daughters of the late Thos. Jones, Esqr, of Pencerrig, lately married, the same day—the eldest to one Thomas, of Glamorganshire, the youngest to one Captn Dale. It is finely wooded with venerable and sound Oak.

After riding about 2 Miles and ½ on the Rayader Road, we turned off over a large Common, hoping we might discover some traces of the Roman road which we had pursued over the Hills above Glanbrân, and which from its bearing must have crossed the Wye somewhere to the West of Builth, and probably at Llechryd ; but by the Track of the old Roman road we fell in with on the

* MS. 2,64. On outside cover—" Excursion with Sir Richard Hoare, continued from the folding Book, through Radnorshire, Brecknockshire, on to Hereford, by Dore Abbey, Kenchester, Ludlow, Bridgenorth, Caractus's Camp, Wigmore, Kerry, Meifod, Llanvilling, Bala, Tanybwlch, Llyn, Barmouth, Towyn, through Cardiganshire, Teifi-side, home."

western side of Llandrindod Common, it must have, after crossing the Wye, struck off rather to the Eastward of the place we turned up to out of the Rhayadr road. On that Common we followed it for about a Mile, pointing exactly to the Station in question, and within half a Mile of it.

There can be no doubt of the other road from the Gaer in Brecknockshire, portions of which are discernible, near, and on the present Road from Builth to Llandrindod, in several places, uniting with it before it crossed the Ithon to the Station, though we could not discover this union. We crossed the River by a wooden Bridge, and came to Cwm, the seat, or rather the wrecked Farmhouse, of a Mr. Williams, a man of large fortune and a Radnorshire Magistrate. We rode up to the House, and, lo, this rough unbuttoned Squire appeared, and having asked his permission, rode on to see the Station, which lay a few hundred yards beyond his House. Saw several pieces of Brick, and the foundations of several Stone buildings—the whole circuit without the Camp having been built on. Sir R. Hoare, in a ploughed Field adjoining, picked up two Bits of very fine pottery, with enough of the antient glazing on it to distinguish it. The Camp, Mr. Williams told us, was called Caer Collen, i.e., the Hazel Camp, as he supposes, from the number of Hazels growing over the sides of it ; but why, more properly, may it not be a corruption of Caer Cae lên, the Camp of the Field of the Legion ?

On our return, rode up to see the Wells of Llandrindod, a miserable place, and by so doing overshot that part of the present Road on the Common where traces of the Roman appear, having kept too much to the East. Saw a circular Camp near Howy, a Dingle we crossed, falling into the Road in time to distinguish the traces we were in quest of. To the West of which, and close to it, a very fine Tumulus. Riding on towards Pencerrig, found several bits of the Road too stony for anything but Roman.

Dined at Builth. After Dinner walked to the Church, an ordinary plain building, with a Tower at the West end dignified by a Town Clock, standing in a very large Cemetery, where, though the Town is populous and the Parish considerable, few Graves are seen, and those that are all on the South side. In the Chancel, on the South side, is the Effigy of a Warrior of great size as represented, particularly his head. It is in Armour, legs mutilated, of a purplish stone of the Country. The Inscription belonging to it is on a brass plate affixed to a piece of old Oak, and shewn by the Clerk.

From thence continued our walk over the Bridge on the

Irvon, and through pleasant Fields and Woods to Builth Wells, within an Octagon building. There are three Pumps not above 4 Feet asunder, the water of each differing from the other. One, a strong sulphureous and saline mixed; another, of a weaker sort; and the third only sulphureous. A little way off to the Northward, another Spring and place to bathe in, the Water of which was of the sulphureous and saline mixed, but infinitely more brilliant and lively than the other Waters. The Wells are very inconvenient for invalids, who generally lodge at Builth, at least a Mile and a quarter off, there being no accomodations nearer, except some very ordinary ones at a Farm House near. Returned to Tea, and closed a pleasant day.

May 20th.—Stopped at Builth. Wrote after Breakfast for an hour, then walked to see the Castle of Builth, or rather the place where the Castle stood, which consists of a very large Tommen in the centre surrounded by a very deep Ditch, circular, and that by an outer one, a very small portion of wall here and there appearing. It occupied a considerable space, and of its size, very strong. Two or three beautiful and very picturesque Ash Trees growing on the sides of the Entrenchments.

After Dinner, strolled as far as the Irvon, and turned to the left at the Bridge, where I met Price of Builth, with his Wife and another Lady, admiring the River in that place, rushing rapidly in that place over a bed of slaty rock, the sides of which contain very curious pieces of lean Iron stone, almost globular, bedded in the Slate. A little above the place was formerly an old Bridge, which must certainly be the same mentioned in Powell's *Chronicle* as Pont Orewyn, for Pont ar Irvon, at which pass there was an obstinate encounter between Mortimer and Llewelyn, who was encamped on that singular Peninsula formed by the Irvon, called Caerbiris, there being a very antient Castelet at the extreme point. Walked on the old Turnpike, which forms one of the finest Terraces that can be conceived, boldly placed above the River, taking the most romantick Bends below, with its Banks finely wooded, with all the near and distant scenery producing the most striking effect, but particularly the range of the Ellenith Mountains deliciously tinged by the setting Sun.

May 21st.—Left Builth, after a Shower which gave freshness to the Air, and made the Roads pleasant. About a Mile beyond Llanelwydd Church, descending into a little Valley, one of the

most beautiful landscapes imaginable presented itself, Sir R. H. observing he never saw more charming circumstances united. Turning to the left, we forsook the Wye, and our road became rather uninteresting. At a place called Penybont, at the upper end of a small dingle, observed one of the usual round Tommens, or Castelets entrenched, and near it in a field a Tumulus, and another without on a Common. It seems we were then near very strong mineral Waters at a place called Blân Edw. Our road to Glascwm then took a turn to the left, leaving Crygrina to the right, marked by an Yew tree or two. It seemed nothing but a plain roof, no cross Aile, Steeple or Aperture without for a Bell. After passing a ridge, we opened the little narrow, but beautifully retired, Valley of Glascwm, terminated by the Church and Village. The Church, like the last, but longer, had a Porch, and on the South side the remains of Windows that, in former days, shewed handsome stone work, but now stopped up and repaired in various ways.

Ascending a very steep Hill, we rode some miles in Rain over the summit of the Mountains between Glascwm and the Wye, on several parts of which my Eye caught the larger kind of Love and Idle,* a flower I never saw wild before. The Hills past, we caught a fine view of the rich Vale of the Wye and the place of our destination, the Hay, and the lovely Country round, backed by Talgarth Mountains. Within about a Mile and ½ of Hay Bridge, near a farm house, one of the frequent Castelets; and at last got to the Hay, through most horrid roads, but a beautiful country, thank God, without any accident, and with only my Feet a little damped.

After Dinner, walked about the Town of the Hay. Sir R^{d} Hoare stopped and made a drawing of the only bit of the old Castle now existing, which is a very fine Gateway, with the place for the Portcullis, and the old Oak Door, which, from its appearance, thickness, size, and rust of its hinges, and all over studded with Bolts, might be coeval with the building. Part of the outer Wall finely clad with Ivy to the East, and a square Tower to the West which, though old, appears less so than the Gateway it joins. A Large Mansion House, about the age of Queen Elizabeth, or rather later, belonging to the Wellingtons, who own the scite of the Castle, adjoins the old part. The Windows are more modern than the other part. Walked to the

* So in the MS.; but no doubt the love-in-idleness is intended, one of the numerous names of the *Viola tricolor*; in Welsh, segur serch, llysiau'r Drindod, &c.—Ed.

East of the Town for a Quarter of a Mile without the Walls, which there shew pretty entire, and once enclosed a very large space. The Gateways taken down in the memory of several now living. The Church, prettily situated, has been loftier; roof and steeple; nothing worth notice in the Church, and nothing without, but a stone with an Effigy on it, so very much mutilated and worn that even the Sex of the Figure it represented cannot be correctly ascertained. The Common People call her Maud Walby, and say she was a Witch.

May 22d.—Set off from the Hay to Brecon. Call at the Revd Mr. Hughes' of Glasbury, at whose House we expected to meet Mr. Theo. Jones of Brecon, but he was gone from thence the day before. Mr. Hughes and a Mr. Ainsworth accompanied us to see a small Cromlech near a Farm called Bryn y Groes, and in a field called Clôs y Llechau. We walked to it across a field, and found a pretty large stone resting on one side on an old Thorn, and on the other on an old Ash stump; which they say, by the strength of vegetative power, have raised the incumbent stone off from the end stones that once supported it; which certainly at present it does not appear to touch; and this is said to be confirmed by people living, who remember the progress in the elevation of the stone. *Credat Judæus Apella.*

Passed by Gwernyfed Park to the Left, formerly the seat of Sir David Williams, one of the 12 Judges in Queen Elizabeth's time, and to whose memory there is a monument in the Priory Church, Brecon. It must have been a charming place in its time; finely wooded, fine inequalities everywhere, and bounded by a fine range of Mountains to the East. At a modernish Mansion on an Eminence in the Park, called the Lodge, lives a Mr. Allen, a Barrister. The old House lies low, at some distance to the South of that. There is something like a Camp within the Park seen from the Road, and of a form that tempted us to think it Roman; but on examination, it was doubtful if it had been a camp or not.

Rode on and came to Porthamal, now a Farmhouse, but formerly the Baronial residence of the Vaughan family. The Gateway, with a Tower over it supported by a groined Arch, simply elegant, which Leland speaks of, still exists. Thence to Brynllys Castle. While Sir Rd took a sketch of the only Tower now up, I walked up to the farmhouse standing in the midst of the old building. Nothing now discernible of the Castle but the above Tower, of considerable size, with walls of immense thickness,

the lower apartment being arched, and in all likelihood a Dungeon or Prison. The Farmer told me he had opened a Tumulus near Talgarth, and found an Urn and a Flint Spear head, an exact drawing of which I saw with Mr. Theo. Jones; of Flint, black in the middle, with sharp edges yellowish. Another Tumulus existed on the same spot. In Buck's View of this Castle there is a considerable portion represented, scarce a trace of which now remains. Thence through a pleasant Country, with a fine View in front of the Van and its retinue of Mountains, to Brecon.

After Dinner walked out to see the Collegiate Church, the Nave and other parts of which are entirely in ruins, the Grass having grown over the Tombs in the Nave, and almost over all the Pediments of the fine old Pillars that supported the Roof. The Choir and Chancel, where the Stalls are, in a very little better state, though the floor is covered with very antient Tombstones, and its sides and walls dignified by many elegant Monuments and Tablets, such as those to the memory of Bishops Bull, Mainwaring, and Lucy. The neglect of a place of worship, so uncommonly shameful, to say nothing as a Mausoleum of the respectable Dead it contains, is such a reflection on the See of St. David's that language is too weak to represent it properly.

Walked then to the Priory, a most venerable large building, whose pavement is pregnant with sepulchral history, and whose sides exhibit several very curious and antient monuments. I never saw a Churchyard so full of Graves. The Walls of the Church and even the Tower are full of Yew Trees growing out of the small interstices of the Stones. The Priory Walks above the Honddu, though now much neglected and disused as a fashionable Promenade, are charming, overhanging and winding above a narrow Dingle steep and magnificently wooded. The old Gateway of the Priory to the North, as well as that to the West, and many other parts of the old building, still exist entire. A wall with Battlements encompasses the whole. In the evening on our return, we had the company of Mr. Theo. Jones, and a very sensible Divine, Mr. Payne, who sat with us for an hour.

May 23.—Set off accompanied by Mr. Payne to see the Station of the Gaer, charmingly situated near the Usk; nor can a finer situation be imagined, whether we consider the Aspect, the River, the Woods, and the sublime back Ground of Mountains seen through a Skreen of Trees. Observe the Roman Road from Gobanium just entering the Station; and a Roman monument representing a Man and his Wife, with a Tablet underneath,

on which *Conjunx eju—T* may be read distinctly, standing on the edge of the old Road, which falls in at right angles with that towards the Ithon, and that which led to Neath and Llanfair ar y Bryn united till they crossed the Usk beyond the Church of Aber Eskyr. At the farm house of Aber Eskyr saw a Brick, about 9 inches square and 2 thick, stamped with

LEG. II AVG. .

Went to Llandevailog Church, after having, as we thought, traced the Ithon branch of the Roman Road almost opposite to Mr. Thos. Watkin's Seat, called Pennoyar, on the brow of a hill to our left. Saw the long Stone on the South side of the Church, 7 Ft. 9 inches and ½ long, and 15 Inches wide, with a very rude Figure sculptured in the middle compartment: on the upper a Cross with rude ornaments round it; and on the lower compartment rude ornaments, said, but without the least foundation, to be the tomb of Brochmail Yskythrog. There is a place near called Sarnau, which probably may refer to a Roman road, but did not see it.

Returned through pleasant Lanes enriched with a Luxuriancy of Bird Cherries, which grow here in some parts of Radnorshire wild; and dined at Mr. Theo. Jones'. The Party, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Miss Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Payne, Sir R. —— and myself. We had an elegant Dinner. Welsh Antiquities the principal topick.

May 24th.—Rainy day, bringing up the Lee way in my Journal. Dined at Mr. Jones's, and saw for the first time the Rev^{d} Mr. Watkins, whom I found a pleasant, well informed Man, and no ways conceited or assuming, as he had been insidiously represented to me. Passed a pleasant Evening. Conversation various. Mr. Watkins enquired politely after my Sister and Mr. C——, and gave me a very kind invitation to his house.

Friday.—Set off from Brecknock for the Rev^{d} Mr. Payne's, Llanbedr, near Crickhowel, through the beautiful vale of Usk, which, whether we consider its form, its cheerfulness, or its boundaries, is without comparison the prettiest Vale in the Kingdom. A very peculiar feature of it is the endless openings into Smaller Vallies on each side. Pass by Peterston, where the Monument of the Lady whom Mr. Theo. Jones can't make out is; but it being Fast Day, and Service performing, we could not see it. On the other side of the River, Penkelly Castle, once the seat of a Branch of the Herberts, now shews nothing of the Castle but the Knoll on which it stood, or very little more.

Before we come to Crickhowel, some Miles, we leave on the Right a large Conical Hill, wooded charmingly, and studded with Houses almost to the Top, which breaks the regularity of the Hill and forms a beautiful Amphitheatre up to Crickhowel. Saw the course of the new Canal to Brecknock for a great way on the North side of the Usk, and then on the South side.

Crickhowel the most cheerful looking Town I ever saw, to the Right. A narrow ascending Road brings us in about two Miles and a half to Mr. Payne's House. In our way to it have views of several beautiful openings into little well wooded and watered Vallies bounded by fine Mountains. To the left of the Road above Crickhowel, observe a truncated Conical Hill, the summit of which is a Camp called Crug Howel.

Arrived at Mr. Payne's, we found a little Paradise. The House neat, situated in the Church Yard, the North side of which is close shaven and made a Lawn of, with a Walk all round, skirted with Shrubbery. In the Church Yard are some of the largest old Yews I ever saw. The Church is situated on the Summit of a Hill overhanging the Grwyne fechan, a beautiful Mountain stream, full of trout, that roars and foams at the bottom of a narrow Dingle, the sides of which are charmingly wooded, particularly with Oak, Beech, and Wych Elm, through which Mr. Payne has made Walks, with great Taste, extending for a considerable way between two Bridges of a single Arch, most romantically clad with Ivy. The Garden behind the House, a mixture of Kitchen, Fruit, and Flower Garden, exhibits a scene so comfortable, picturesque, and cheerful that nothing can exceed it. From the House, or rather the Lawn before it, the rich little Valley below and the Prospect round are bounded on one side by the Sugar Loaf, and by the Cader on the other. In short, few places in Wales can boast of such an Assemblage of pleasing circumstances from one point. Mr. Theo. Jones accompanied us to Mr. Payne's. Indulged in the Evening in conversation, anticipating the business of the Cromlech meant to be examined the following day.

Saturday.—This great, this important day rose most favourably for our Plan. We breakfasted early, and were on Horse back soon after ; and a pleasant ride brought us to the scene of action about a Mile the Brecon side of Crickhowel. We found the Incumbent Stone, after being split in two, removed from off the Supporters, and the small Area within was soon cleared till we got below the bottoms of the Supporters, and found

nothing but small bits of Charcoal and several small Bones. There was a piece of dry wall regularly built between two of the upright stones, which appeared coeval with the Cromlech, what I never saw before in any. In short, from what appeared, there was nothing turned up that could favour the supposition of their being sepulchral. The Company present were our own Party, Admiral Gell, Sir William Ousely, and a Mr. Everest. This grand Ceremony over, we looked at the old Gateway at Crickhowel, the remains of the Castle, and the Church, in which there were some old Monuments, particularly of one of the Painceforts, very much mutilated, who appeared to have been a Crusader. The effigy is of Stone, and the Shield bears 3 Lions, as in the Arms of the Herberts, but without the distinction of Party per pale. The Painceforts were owners formerly of the Castle.

Return to an elegant Dinner, after which we rambled through the charming walks at Llanbedr above mentioned, from which it was with difficulty I could tear myself, and of which I talked with unabating rapture the whole evening.

Sunday.—Breakfasted early, being engaged to attend Mr. Payne to the Church of Patricio, a Chapel annexed to Llanbedr, where I saw the most elegant and perfect Rood Loft perhaps now extant in the Kingdom; of seemingly Irish Oak, which, fortunately, has escaped either white-washing or painting. In a Mansion not a great way from the Church formerly lived a Herbert, and to that family may in all probability be ascribed this curious relick. Below the Church saw the Sainted Well of [Ishaw],* being a very scanty oozing of water, to which, however, formerly was attributed great Virtue, as within the building that encloses it there are little Niches to hold the Vessels they drank out of and the offerings left behind. The road to Patricio is through steep, stony, narrow lanes arched with wood. Observed the Sugar Loaf on my return from this Church like a small ridge, no way like its appearance from Llanbedr. Saw to the left returning Coed Gronw.

Dined at Admiral Gell's, a very pretty situation about a mile from Crickhowel. The House an odd looking building by Nash. The Admiral is a very singular character; the rough swearing

* The Saint's name is blank in the MS., but is supplied from *Theophilus Jones: his Life*, &c., ed. Edwin Davies, 1905, p. 145, where this passage is quoted verbatim from our author.—Ed.

Tar with a most excellent Heart. Our Dinner good, with good Madeira. The Company, Sir R. Hoare, Sir W. Ousely, Mr. Payne, Mr. Theo. Jones, a Mr. Russel, an Angling Tourist, and myself. On parting the Admiral gave me a general Invitation, and begged I would make an Inn of his House, for, D——n me, says he, I like that an Inn should be made of my House. Sir William Ousely distinguished himself as a Scholar and a Gentleman in the course of the conversation. Returned, and passed a pleasant evening in talking of Antiquities, &c., and was much pleased with Mr. Payne's account of the Book Club at Crickhowel.

Monday.—Imprisoned all Day, as it rained so hard, but in a charming Cell, viz., Mr. Payne's Study. Made several extracts. Saw some things with Mr. Payne taken out of a MS. by Geo. Owen Harry of Kemes.

Tuesday.—Set off after Breakfast to see the Gaer, in Cwmdu, a Roman Station first discovered by the Rev^{d} Mr. Payne. Beyond the Cromlech we opened on Saturday, to the right of the Road, past one of the Tommens, or Castelets; of which there is no history, but that it was used for the View of Frank Pledge in the Lordship of Crickhowel. It is now overgrown with Trees, and has an Yew or two on it.

Went by Tretower Castle, which now consists of a round Tower of considerable size within an outer wall with battlements, with a large embattled Wall stretching on each side to small Bastions, including a very considerable area. In the great Tower there appeared to have been elegant Chambers, if we may judge by the remains of the Chimney Pieces, for that Age. Near it are the remains of the old and dignified Mansion of the Vaughans, entered from the Road by a handsome Gateway with a Chamber in a square Tower over it. Rode on to see a Camp near, which Mr. Payne took to be the Castrum Estivum of the Gaer, just above a wood called Coed y Gaer; but Sir R^{d} Hoare seemed to think, from long observation, that the Romans never chose any very elevated situations for their Camps; besides, we found it to be not of the figure they always used, viz., an oblong or a regular square with the angles rounded, but of a something between a triangle and an oval.

We descended from this Camp, which occupied a projecting point of land commanding two Vallies, and rode on to the Gaer, which occupies a small rising in the Vale at the foot of the Myarth.

We found the Square Camp had been enclosed by a Wall, in the rubbish of which was seen Brick of various shapes and sizes. At one end of the Square is nearly a semicircular elevation, supposed to be the Prætorium. In the fields adjoining, several hewn Stones, Bricks, and pieces of Pottery, &c., have been seen at different times, which proves beyond a doubt that this had been a considerable station, as it was called Tref y Caerau. In one of the fields near, a Stone lies with an Inscription that might have been on the side of the Roman road leading towards Gobanium. Having thoroughly examined the place, returned to Llanbedr to Dinner. After Dinner ascended Crug Howel, a prodigious height, on the summit of which is a Camp surrounded with vast Entrenchments of loose stones, with a very deep Foss, entered by an opening to the East or N.E. From this eminence had a most extensive view of the Vale of Usk to the South, but to the North shut up by higher Hills, on the summit of which there is a small Vein of Limestone. Descended very gradually, enjoyed a cup of Tea, and went to bed perfectly fatigued.

Tuesday.—Left Llanbedr, Mr. [Payne] accompanying us, for Hereford, purposing to visit Dore Abbey and Kilpeck on our way; at the former of which places we stopped after pumping for several miles through stiff clay, wading through seas of mud, and working our way in deep lanes covered with the banks and growth on the hedges, uncheered by a View of anything above or beyond. Pass by a large Tommen moated by Walterston, and before we came there, pass by Allt yr Ynys, the original Seat of the Cecils, or, rather, Sitsyllts, and where the great Lord Burleigh was born. At Dore we baited at a small Inn, not fit for a pampered Abbot to have feasted at, but where such jaded travellers were glad to find Eggs and Bacon. Whilst they were getting ready we walked to the Abbey Church, which had been much larger; the side aisles, now uncovered, presenting 2 fine Arches, Saxon columns, with Gothic Arches; the same at the West entrance; the whole inside exhibiting a specimen of the most perfect and lightest Gothick ever seen; with a fine painted window in the Chancel, two mutilated monuments of Crusaders, and a little moveable Effigy of one in a Pontifical habit, round which could be read, in different parts, *Pontificis Dor* and *Christe. Quere*, if the same as the Boy Bishop at Salisbury.

Our Eggs and Bacon dispatched, from the aspect of the Evening and the melancholy account of the Roads, we abandoned our plan of visiting Kilpeck, a Church in the fine Saxon style, and

made the best of our way to Hereford, where we arrived just in time to save a thorough wetting—happy to find comfortable accommodations at the New Inn in that City, where we enjoyed our dinner, a sober glass of Wine, a good fire, and pleasant conversation.

Forgot, in its place, to note that we passed a large Tommen at Ewyas Harold before we came to Dore. The Tower of the Church of Ewyas Harold of very singular architecture. Looked in through the Windows ; saw no monument but one of a Priest in Effigy under a handsome Niche. The Dore, or as the common people call it, the Doyer, is a small inconsiderable stream.

The Skerrid, which we now and then caught a peep of, shewed itself in many points of View, all grand and beautiful ; at one time, with a Cloud just resting on its summit, it looked like a volcano. It had once a Chapel on the top called St. Michael's. The Roman Catholicks to this Day attach a most superstitious veneration to the spot ; and get earth even from thence to put into their Coffins. They consider it as one of the Mountains that felt the great convulsion of Nature at the Crucifixion of our Saviour, there having been a separation of the Mountain, the fragment separated now shewing like another Mountain.

Thursday.—A rainy morning, but after it cleared up, set out for Kenchester, which is about 5 miles from Hereford. It occupies a large space on a gentle rising, and bears evident marks of having been thickly set with buildings. In one part a piece of wall remains, and a niche in it. In the corn fields adjoining, fragments of Brick and Pottery everywhere. On the North side, which Sir R. Hoare has observed, they always buried on, a great deal of Charcoal, Bones, and fragments of red, yellowish, and black Urns. The Roman Road from Stretton goes strait to it, the present road following exactly the same course as the Roman. Thought we saw the Road strike out to the North from this Station which led to Wroxeter. In the *Itinerary* Magnæ is supposed to be Kenchester.

Leaving Kenchester, we rode up to Creden Hill, to see the largest and most magnificent British Camp in the Kingdom. The grand Entrance was from the South East. The View from it was extensive every way, seeing, on one side, the Malvern Hills, and, on the other, the Skyrrid, the Blorenge, the Sugar Loaf, and Cader Arthur, with other very extensive ranges of mountains. Of the near objects, one of the principal were the woods of Foxley. Had a most favourable Day for our excursion.

On our return, within a mile or two of Hereford, saw the largest Thorn Tree and Elm I ever saw before. Pass a little nearer the City a neat Cross. After Dinner walked to see the Cathedral, which is a very beautiful mixture of Saxon and Gothick, full of ancient Monuments and Brasses.

Saw Ethelbert's Well. Took a stroll round the publick Walk, the Scite of the Castle once, at the foot of which the Wye flows, and makes a noble appearance. From hence went to see a beautiful little Oratory, overgrown with Elder and Thorn, standing in front of the Ruins of the old Priory.

Friday, June 1st.—Leave Hereford. Pass across the Roman road at Stretton. Saw an Encampment crowning the summit of a Hill to the right of the Road at Sutton. Ascend a steep ridge called Dinmore, to the left of which, just at the beginning of the Ascent, is seen an old brick Mansion, of the fashion of Queen Elizabeth's Reign, seemingly deserted, as believed to be haunted. It belonged to Captain Goodyeare, who murdered his Brother. The other side of the ridge, leave Alderman Harley's to the left. Reach Leominster through bad roads all the way. Leominster a dirty, dingy, scrambling place. The Church the only thing worth notice, which is a very fine old building, consisting of a double Nave and an elegant Tower. The West Door on the Tower is a beautiful Saxon, with retiring Pillars, through which you enter the old Nave, all Saxon: the other Nave of a later Date, Gothick, Windows large and tracery fine. There is a North Aile to the Saxon Nave. No antient Monuments. To the North and East, traces of the Monastery, of which this was the Church.

Left Leominster after stopping half an hour, and through worse Roads than we had already passed. Reach Ludlow, a fine Town, charmingly situated on a rising ground on the banks of the Team. Found the Town filled with Soldiers, Horse and Foot, a most pleasing sight; however, promising little quiet and repose to us, so that we resolved to push on to Lenterden [Leintwardine] as soon as we had dined.

Whilst Dinner was preparing we walked to see the Castle and publick walk below it. The Castle is boldly situated on a Rock overhanging the Team, the basis of which is finely overgrown with Trees and Shrubs. After passing an outer Area we cross the Moat, where formerly was a drawbridge, I suppose, and enter a fine Gateway, over which you see a Coat of Arms. Several fine Apartments on each side the Entrance.

In the midst of the inner Area stands a Chapel of a curious form. The circular part a most beautiful building, entered by a Door of the Saxon order; all the other ornaments suiting; from which, through a much larger Saxon Arch, you pass to the Chancel, now totally down. You ascend steps a little farther into the great Hall and other grand Apartments, now uncovered, filled with Elder Trees, Thorns, and other Shrubs, and some of the Walls and Towers magnificently clad with Ivy.

Dined, and set out about half after five for Lenterden. Stopped at the beautiful little Church of Bromfield, which Giraldus calls *Cellula de Bromfield*. The Church is on the Edge of Oakley Park. The precinct of the religious House, a Friary, was entered by a handsome Gothick Gateway. Part of the Friary in ruins on the South side of the Church. In the Garden adjoining belonging to Lady Clive's Gardener, was dug up a great quantity of human bones, and other marks of sepulture. In the Church nothing very old or remarkable. An arched Niche of Freestone work in the Chancel, with a Coat of Arms raised on the Wall, and now white washed, and on one side G F, on the other E F, belonging to the family of Fox; the first Coat in the Escutcheon being a Chevron between 3 Foxes' Heads erased; the same Coat occurring in other parts of the Church, and the name of Fox, of later years, as a Church Warden. The Church is neat, as being the Parish Church of Oakley Park. Above the Church the Team falls very picturesquely over a pavement, thrown across with an intent to produce that effect.

Rode on, pursuing still the very fine woods of Oakley, till we come in sight of Downton Castle, the seat of Payne Knight, Esqr, up the Valley, which here becomes romantick and contracted. A mile or two farther, open a reach of the beautiful valley in which Lenterden lies, than which nothing of so cheerful an aspect met our Eyes since we left the Vale of Usk and Llanbedr.

Saturday, June 2^{d}.—Refreshed by a night passed in the most perfect repose, a repose we could not have procured at Ludlow amidst the Din of Arms and the riot of Red Coats. We set off on our grand pursuit to ascertain the Camps of Ostorius and Caractacus; but we first walked to the Church, which seemed very old; and there I first saw the Vitruvian Masonry, Herring-bone. Nothing in the Church worthy of Notice so much as the Rood Loft, which was neatly wrought, but much inferior to that at Llanbedr. We then rode to the Castle of the proud

Mortimers, which occupied once a vast circuit. The inner building possessed a very elevated scite. It is much ruinated. It stands on a very high knoll. The Entrance from the East is very entire.

Hence we rode to the Grange, where formerly Wigmore Abbey stood, of which considerable remains appear. Saw more of the glazed and ornamented Bricks with which it was floored: and a little beyond, at a Farmhouse called Pater, saw a fine bit of the old Watling Street, as it is called, being a continuation of the Road leading through the Vale from Kenchester to Brevinium [Bravonium], and so on to Wroxeter. Brevinium supposed to lie about Lentwardine, a spot to which the Road exactly points, and of exactly the character with those chosen for their Stations. A Lane leads up from the Roman Road, bearing marks of something more raised than you might expect on a Farm. To Brandon Hill, on which we found a true Roman Camp, a square with the angles rounded; but one side seems to have been dug into, and another, which opposed the Camp of Caractacus, with seemingly a tendency to a bow, and strengthened by a double Rampart. I picked up a few bits of true Roman Pottery glazed in it, an undoubted Criterion of its identity. It, moreover, proves Sir R^d^ Hoare's observation, viz., that they never placed their Camps or Stations on very high ground, for this Camp occupies only a gentle rising in the Vale, compared with the hill on which lay the Silurian Chief.

Descend, and at a village called Walford observe the Tumuli mentioned in Gibson's Camden, which are on the left of the road leading from Walford to Brampton Brian, which we stopped at to see the Castle and Church. The Keep of the Castle pretty entire. The Church has a curious roof; contains the Effigy of a Lady in stone holding a heart in her hand, but too much defaced either as to Arms or Name to be guessed at. A Marble Tablet to the memory of the great Minister Harley, and another to a Mrs. Sarah Henley. The Castle and Church are overshadowed with the noblest Lime Trees I ever saw. Ascend the steep Hill above the Church, called Coxwell Hill, and there found a Camp occupying the whole summit of the Hill, fortified with a prodigious Rampart, and covered now with fine Oaks. On the Eastern side, the Rampart much stronger and more filled with stones, being the most accessible side and the one opposed to the Enemy. At the foot of this bold Hill, exactly corresponding with Tacitus's account, *præfluebat amnis incerto vado*, the Team taking that course, and in several places very

deep. In short, nothing can be more satisfactory than the scite of both the Camps, and the course of the River, to prove them the very places referred to by the Roman Historian.

Leave this, I may say, classical ground, and wind down the Hill through very fine flourishing Oak Woods of Lord Oxford's to the Farmer's house in the flat, which once occupied the Grange. We then took the road to Bishop's Castle, passing by Hopton Castle, a square building of a castellated form, a place that could not be of great strength. Thence through Walcot Park, after passing the Village of Clunbury, the seat of the now Earl Powis, late Lord Clive, a spot of a fine inequality of surface in the Hilly part, but covered with young plantations, with too much Fir intermixed. The House, a large Brick building, lies low, just above what is called a permissive Road, but I fear too publick; and a large piece of artificial water, with its Edges overgrown with weeds, &c., making a miserable Appearance, on the side of which we saw a Bison or two, and some smaller Animals of that Species from India.

Reach Bishop's Castle about 4 o'clock, after a very hot, but pleasant, ride. Sent our Horses to the Inn, and stopped at the Vicarage, the Rev^{d} Mr. Frowde's, just to announce ourselves. However, the Church being open, we walked in, and saw nothing but a recumbent figure, in a small Niche, of a Vicar. Dined, and enjoyed what I had not tasted before since I left Pembrokeshire, a glass of excellent ale, bright and lively, and of the true amber colour. After Dinner, joined by Mr. Frowde, with whom we walked out a little beyond the town, to catch a fine view of the Stiper Stones and noble range of Hills and Mountains stretching on each side, as well as the Vale of Severn about Montgomery. The horizon too hazy to admit of Snowdon being seen, which Mr. Frowde says is discernible from that place. Return to Tea, and after the Evening of a most satisfactory day, passed in interesting converse, retired to what neither of us had a dislike, to Rest.

Sunday, June 3^{d}.—Sat at home all the morning to write letters, the weather being uncommonly hot and oppressive. Dined at Mr. Frowde's. Company, Mr. and Mrs. Tolderoy of Bishop's Castle, Miss Spencer, niece to the Gentleman of the House, Sir R. H., and myself.

Monday, June 4th.—Set off accompanied by Mr. Frowde for Newtown. Ascend a Hill, from the summit of which, catch

a fine view of the Vale to Montgomery, Corndon Hill, Stiper Stones, Heath Mont, and Longmont. In the midst of a young Plantation, to the right of the road, planted by the late Lord Powis, observe the Castelet so frequently mentioned, called the Bishop's Moat. A little beyond, at a place called Nant y Piod, cross Offa's Dyke, which to the left is discernible over the adjoining ridge of Hill and down to Lymore Park, marked by a line of trees growing on it. Pass the Common of Kerry, pretty high ground, yet producing no breeze to temper the Sirocco sultriness of the air. Descend into the fine Vale of Kerry; pass by several beautiful swells, which may be natural, as the country here has an uncommonly undulating surface; but one particularly large, and rounded like a Tumulus; and two smaller ones a little farther on, all on the left side of the road.

Thence to Kerry, and see an undoubted Tumulus, just entering Kerry, to the right. It being the King's Birthday, the Volunteers were drawn forth, fired several Vollies, and concluded with loud Huzzas. Sir R^{d} Hoare took a drawing of the Church, as being the scene of a famous dispute between Giraldus, on the part of the See of St. Davids, and the Bishop of St. Asaph, who was then on his way to consecrate the Church and assert his claim to it. Giraldus and the Bishop proceeded so far as to excommunicate each other; but Giraldus obliged the Bishop of St. Asaph to make his precipitate retreat, the mob pelting him with clods and stones, and so saved Kerry to the See of St. David's, to which it now belongs, and is a Vicarage. the great Tithes being held by Mr. Walcot under the Bishop of St. David's.

Mr. Herbert of Park has a great Brick Mansion near the Village, and at the end of a field not a great way from it, on a Pond as large as his Parlour, a Boat nearly as large as the Pond. Cockneyism to Perfection! In the Church of Kerry one well-executed Marble Monument to the memory of a Mr. Jones, a native of Blackhall in this Parish, once a Purser on board a Man of War, who left the Interest of £3000 to educate Children of Kerry Parish and place them out in the world; and the interest of £700 for other charitable purposes. To the left of Kerry beautiful Hills covered with Oak, yet deformed with miserable clumps of Firs. Saw on a point of Kerry Common, overhanging the Vale just at the entrance into the Vale after crossing the Hills, a small circular Camp, single ditched, commanding two small Vales.

Got to Newtown, pleasantly situated on the banks of the

Severn. Time enough to refresh ourselves, after a charming but oppressive ride, owing to unusual heat, before Dinner. After Dinner walked out by the side of the Severn, which we crossed by a Wooden Bridge, which, though seemingly old and infirm, yet stood, when many Bridges about 9 years ago were swept away by floods. Returned to look at the old Mansion of the Pryces, Newtown Hall, a Mansion house low, awkward, and undignified. The family of the Pryces now extinct, yet they were of great note once. (Anecdotes of Sir John Pryce.) Walked to the Church, in which there was a handsome Marble Tablet to the Pryces, a handsome Oak Gallery, once containing an Organ, supported by Corinthian Pillars, made by Bembo and Laurence from London. The Church consists of a Tower, low, the upper part wood, and a double Nave supported by a row of odd Pillars, with the Arches of wood work. The Rood Loft, as to carving, gilding, and painting, is perhaps the most perfect thing of the kind in the Kingdom; said to be brought from Abbey Cwmhir. There are not two compartments alike. The Font likewise is old and curious, as well as that at Kerry. Great Flannel Manufactory at Newtown, increasing every day, some made so fine as to be sold for 5^{s} p^{r} yard. No Corporation.

Tuesday, June 5th.—Visited Caer Sws, about 5 Miles from Newtown on the banks of the Severn, in its present course, which it evidently has changed since that was a Roman Station. Cross a bridge just opposite to the present Station, which is nearly a rectangular square, 544 feet each side, with rounded angles, and which has undergone vast revolutions in the lapse of so many years, so that there does not appear so much Brick and Pottery as does in many of the other Stations, though enough to ascertain its being what it is supposed. In a small House (Morris Evans's) in the Village the Chimney is entirely composed of Roman Cement, cut into the size and shape of Bricks, and at the back of the Fire place a square brick inscribed C.I.C.F. A man told us that he had dug up a whole Urn, with a whole Skull and other bones, now in the possession of a Mr. Davies of Gregynnog. We walked to see the spot he found the Urn in, which was a bank of the River washed off by the Floods, in which we found several Strata of Charcoal, pieces of Urns, and half a glass bead of a bluish colour. Our Guide had found in the same place a whole one, which Sir R. H. bought.

Leaving Caer Sws, we ascended the opposite Hill to see the Camps mentioned by Pennant on Rhôs Ddiarbed; but found them

not the least akin to Roman. Found Mr. Pennant's description pretty exact of the first Camp; but the second is by no means rectangular. It is clear by the Relics dug out of the banks of the River every flood washes away that the River has undoubtedly altered its course. A little to the Westward of Maesmawr House, the Seat of Price Davies, Esqr, is an outbreak of it in the bank of the River, distinguished by a stratum of Gravel, just the breadth of the Road, each side of it being entirely clay. We traced the Road Eastward to Penystrywed, in which space it is intersected by the River twice, and comes out opposite to a House in a Copse of Fir Trees (Mr. Stephens's). It then, in order to avoid the great Bend in the Turnpike Road to the right, must take its course near the River, and in all probability falls again into the Turnpike about 2 Miles from Newtown. A road to the Westward, in the bearing towards Pennal, has been seen leading towards Trefeglwys, to the West of Caer Sws.

After Dinner Mr. Frowde and I called on Mr. Lewis, Rector of Newtown, who waited on us with Mr. Davies of Maesmawr, an old gentleman between 70 and 80, to give us every account in their power respecting our pursuits. The old gentleman was at a loss to know the Etymology of Caer Sws. He was much pleased to hear of our tracing the Roman Road through his farm yard, where it is an untouched ridge, as perfect as the day it was made, his House standing on one half of it. Mr. Davies took his leave, and Mr. Lewis undertook to shew us an old Encampment overhanging the Severn, a very distinct piece of the Roman Road, about half a mile to the East of Newtown, on the Pool road. The Camp, which is nearly opposite to Llanllwchaiarn Church, is a large Tommen Castelet, with a ditch round, standing within an Area strengthened by a high Rampart and Foss, one side being protected by the Steep Bank over the Severn. All evidently British.

To the Right of the Pool road, in a grass field, shewn a ridge which is called the Roman Road, the boundary of the Parishes of Newtown and Llanllwchaiarn, and called by that name in antient Terriers. Trace it through 3 or 4 fields most decidedly; and on our return, nearer Newtown, thought we caught it again gradually dipping down into the Turnpike, which evidently must be the continuation of the road coming on to Penystrywed, and went to the Gaer, near Montgomery. Thus ended a very pleasant day, and very satisfactory as to the object of our pursuit.

Wednesday, 6th.—After waiting in anxious suspense the whole morning for the weather to clear up (as it rained hard), about ½

past two took a scrap of cold Meat and a draught of Porter, and with the appearance of a fine Evening, set off the North side of the Severn with an intent of tracing the Road that led from Caer Sws Northward. We turned off on Gwynfynydd, and there discovered it plainly bearing about N.E. To the left, about 50 yards, observe a camp single trenched. At Bwlch Cae Haidd caught it distinctly again, but on the decline of the Hill the North side lost it again, nor did we recover it again. After crossing a small tract of wettish Commons, leaving Gregynnog to the right, we got down into pleasant Dingles; and then after climbing up 2 or 3 steep Pitches, but good road, we came in sight of Llanfair Vale, a charming skirting of Hill, Wood, and Mountain. Got to a little Cabin of a room, and fortunately met Mr. Walter Davies, who happened to have come there from a Funeral. I introduced him to Sir R. H., and we talked over the business of the next day. He promised to give us the meeting at Mathrafal.

Thursday, June 7th.—After our Breakfast saw the Church of Llanfair, in which, on the Seat of the South Window behind Noyodd Seat, is an Effigy in stone of a Warrior in complete Armour, said to be Gwilym Fychan of Llwydiarth; and a neat marble Tablet to the memory of D. Davies.

Rode to Mathrafal, where little remains but the scite of the antient residence of the Princes of Powis. Close by the Farm House, between it and the River, which it overhangs (the Banks being there steep and rocky), is a Mount, not very lofty, around which are stumps of Walls built with stone and mortar, and on the surface much thin Bricks, like tiles. The River is very picturesque and of a considerable breadth there. Mr. W. Davies met us, and conducted to Meifod, crossed a Bridge, under which passes the Vyrnwy Fechan.

Meifod is a beautiful Village, situated on a flat, in a lovely Vale, surrounded by Hills entirely varied as to form, particularly the Ridge to the N.W. of the Village, which ends in a sharp summit, but broken in several directions. On the top is shewn the Grave of Gwyddfarch the Hermit, who is said to have led the life of an Anchorite there. But Mr. Davies told us that he had dug through the Grave, but found nothing but Earth. There were Churches now not known in the vicinity, dedicated to Gwyddfarch and Tyssiliau, but that the present Church is dedicated to the Virgin Mary.

The Churchyard is the largest I ever saw, and a very fine piece

of ground, but lets for £20 p^{r} annum, so that Mr. Pennant's account is not correct ; and in point of quantity, he errs, as the spot is.

In the Church, which is separated into two Ailes by a row of Pillars supporting Gothick Arches, nothing of great Antiquity, except a Stone which has covered a Grave ; and some few bits of painted Glass. The Arch that supports the Steeple is Gothick, on Saxon Pillars. The carving on the Skreen separating the Chancel is neat. Mr. Davies told us that the Rood Loft in Bettws Church, about 4 Miles from Newtown, was finer than that at Newtown.

Left Meifod, and rode round the projecting point of the beautiful ridge of Hills, which is rocky, picturesque, and finely shagged with Birch and Oak. Through very bad Roads, with fine Views every way, reach Llanfilling, charmingly situated in a retired Vale watered with a small stream, and environed with very high hills, with summits of various shapes, the sides of some well wooded, and the tops chiefly bare. The Town has one principal street, with Water running over part of it, which, if made to flow in a confined channel each side, would have a good effect. On entering the Town, on the left, at the foot of a richly wooded Hill, with a fine Lawn before it down to the road, see Llwyn, the Seat of Humphreys, Esqr. The Church is a modernish building of Brick. To the N.W. of the Town is Bodfach, the Seat of Sir Edward Lloyd, Bar^{t}, now let to one Col. Phillips. The Hill at the back of the House seems highly cultivated, and is finely wooded, as is all the Landscape round. Birch and Wych Elm in great perfection. The great brick House on coming into town was a Mrs. Trevor's, now got into another Family. Mr. Davies told us that on the summit of the Ridge of Hills to the N.W. of Meifod there are Sea Shells found. Mr. Frowde went to Llwyn, so that Sir R. H. and I had our Tea without him, which we enjoyed as much as it was possible with our Antechamber filled with Tobacco Smoke and Ebriety, it being Market Day at Llanfilling. The Inn we were at, the Goat, Mrs. Jones', seemed to be a place of great resort.

Friday, 8th June.—After waiting for fine weather till near two o'Clock, flattered by a blue sky and a gleam of Sunshine, in company with Mr. W. Davies we set out to explore the Roman Road that led from Caer Sws to Mediolanum, which is supposed to be somewhere near the junction of the Vyrnwy and Tanad. We had not gone a Mile before a very heavy shower obliged us to take

shelter under a Hedge, which saved us from a thorough wetting. A blue sky again appearing, we pushed on, but agreed to abandon the intended search for the unknown Mediolanum, and only to examine a place called Street Vawr, which we found a wide green Lane, serving as a boundary, and on that account not broken up, and left green. At first it had a flattering appearance, but it took too many bends to be pronounced Roman. Observed a Tumulus to the right of this Street Vawr, on the summit of a Ridge, over which it is most probable the Road must have taken; and this Tumulus might have been their Index. Search over the Common adjoining the Street Vawr nearer Llyssin, but discover nothing to enable us to fancy even that the Road went that way.

Return over the Course Ground, where Mr. Humphreys of Llwyn has annual Races, to the South-West of Llanfyllin, about a mile from the Town, a Ridge which every person visiting this Country should ascend, as it commands a most extensive view of the most romantick and picturesque aggregate of mountains, broken into an endless variety, with the most charming Valleys between, with such lights and shades as perhaps few other Scenes could give any Idea of. The summit of the Ridge called Cefn brân is a fine flat of the softest Down, extending strait on end a full mile, and affording one of the most sublime ridges, in every sense of the word, the Kingdom perhaps can boast of. Descend through a very steep path to our Inn, with appetites prepared for a 6 o'clock Dinner.

Saturday, June 9th.—Breakfasted early, in order that we might have a longer day for our pursuits, being resolved to digress a little out of our road, hoping to hit on the track that led to Mediolanum. Set off in company with Mr. W. Davies; and when we came to the ridge on which we saw the Tommen yesterday, we turned off, to see if we could make a hit; but saw no symptoms of anything like a Roman Road. However, notwithstanding the gloomy appearance of the sky and frequent showers, we rode so far as to get a full View of the Vale of Llanrhaiadr, just at a point called Pen y street, and where it has been said have been seen traces of the Roman Road, perhaps a continuation of Street Vawr, but we could in our very cursory view discover nothing of the kind; but saw there was no other way of entering that part of the Vale, so situated as to admit of an opening through a Vale pointing to Rowton, another to Bomium, and another towards Bala; and observed a gentle rising where they

might have intersected, happily situated between the Rhaiadr and the Tanat. In short, though neither time nor weather would admit of our descending into the Vale to investigate the matter more minutely, yet from its appearance and situation we were convinced that in the glance we had of it our eyes must have passed over the real Mediolanum.

Resume our Road, and abide the pelting of the pitiless storm till we reach Llangunnock, curiously situated in a most sequestered valley surrounded by very high hills, particularly that very striking one, where the famous Slate Quarries are, on one side, and on the other, Lead Mines. The Slates very thin, and a very fine blue. The Village is well wooded, and watered by two mountain streams, one the Tanat, I suppose. The Church seems new built, a little mean building. Pass the Village and turn to the right, where we pass to the Western side of the Slate Mountain, going at its foot near a Mile, its side being covered with a lava of loose stones. After passing a turnpike we gradually ascend for about two miles and a half a road that leads along the side of a hill, through which in many a romantick gully water pours down in little romantick falls, but so well managed as that the ascent is scarce felt.

This brings us to the touch of the Berwyn hills, where wilds immeasurably spread seemed lengthening as we went. We leave the old road to the left on which we should have found the Milltir Garreg and Trim Sarn, names indicating traces of a Roman road. Turn to the new Road, making a considerable bend to the right, and pass by what we conceive a Tumulus; but it rained too hard to suffer us to inspect it closely. Through this dreary tract, with nothing but a peep into a very beautiful Valley to the right to cheer us, did we travel for about 4 or 5 Miles, till we descend into the beautiful Vale of Edeirnion, nearer Bala than the Bridge of Llandrillo, and so to Vachddeiliog through beautifully wooded Dells, and cross a Bridge thrown over a very precipitous Stream rushing through Rocks, hollowed into little caverns. The bridge rests on these rocks, and on one side is hung with Ivy in the most picturesque manner that can be conceived.

Arrive at Vachddeiliog, where I found an elegant Cottage consisting of a large sitting Room with Bow window looking on the Lake, with a Bed chamber and dressing room on each side, a passage behind connecting with the old house, in which are the offices. In front is a fine sloping Lawn to the water. There is a Veranda round the house. We walked then to the Inn at

Bala, where we dined, and I had the happiness of hearing from home. In the evening sat with Doctor Lancaster, and saw an Attorney or two of my aquaintance. Near the Bridge on the Vachddeiliog side of the Dee there are two Tumuli. Quere, whether the Castle of Bala, mentioned in the Annals of Wales, might not have stood here.

Saw in the Vale of Edeirnion on the Hedges the Bird Cherry wild. Near that at Llangunock, high up in one of the Mountain inclosures called a Fridd, a lad found an Ingot of Gold, which, to ascertain its quality, was melted and remelted, and after sold or £10 or £12.

Sunday, 11th June.—Wrote all the morning, then dressed, and walked by the edge of the Lake to Vachddeiliog. The Lake was scarcely ruffled, and the Mountains showed their summits without a cloud, exhibiting a rich Landscape. Found Sir R. dressed and ready to accompany me to Bala, where we dined. In the evening sent for Evan, a man who goes as a guide to the Lakes, who told us that near Rhiwaedog was found a pot of Coins in a Quarry of brown Limestone, but the coins were all dispersed soon. This place could not have been far from the Roman Road leading from Mediolanum over the Mountains towards Bala. He likewise told us that in Pennant Melangell Church there are many Effigies in Stone ; and told a strange story of a ruined Oratory near the Church, in which were dug up several Gold Relicks, which Lord Powis as Lord of the Manor claimed, but I doubt the greater part of this confused Account. However, Sir R. H. promises to investigate it.

Walked back with Sir R. to Tea, and from his room saw the Lake—a fine polished Mirror, unmoved by a breeze, and the distant mountains tinged with purple, the Horizon finely gilded. It was a School for a Painter. A small Moon appeared. Took my leave of my Friend, walked to my Inn, and called on Mr. Anwyl, the Attorney, a Clerk with Mr. H. Jones when I was on the North Wales Circuit.

Monday, June 12th.—Mounted our horses quarter past 10 o'clock in the morning. Rode along the Banks of the Lake to Caergai, where in a field below the farm house which was once the Mansion of the Vaughans we found a profusion of Roman bricks of every sort, there having been in all probability some later buildings on the spot. The Farm House seems to stand in the centre of the Camp, which was nearly square. In a field to

the North of the house, saw many pieces of brick, and picked up one small piece of pottery, with true Roman glaze on it. This examined, we went to Llanuchllyn Church to see the Effigy of a Warrior in Stone, well sculptured and preserved. He is in compleat Armour.

From hence rode, finding two deep places in our way, to Castell Carndochan, most singularly placed on a very high rocky point to the West of the River. The ascent to it was difficult in the only accessible part to the West. It consisted of a round Circle of Stones next to the extreme point of the Rock to the East, with a deep excavation, like those at Penpits. Another excavation adjoining towards the West. The outer walls nearly square, and the next out an oblong building with a semi-circular termination towards the West of Stone and Mortar of Shells, the whole encircled with a great rampart of loose stones; and on the West side with a Foss, and another Rampart of earth and stone, so brought to connect with the Rock that there appeared no Entrance to it. At the Distance of a few yards from the outer Rampart in Front, the Ruins of something like a building of loose stones. This has the Appearance of great antiquity, and from its scite, form, and materials may be pronounced as old a place of Fortification as any in Britain. Nothing can exceed the savageness of the prospect round, if you except the little peep you catch of the Lake of Bala. I should think it the refuge of some ferocious Chief who had lost all claim to society, and who lived by plunder and rapine.

We descended and resumed our Horses, and rode as far as Sir Watkin W. Wynne's new house at the end of the Lake—a heavy gloomy building, and from its scite, losing almost all the fine features which Vachddeiliog commands. Return just in time for dinner, rather fagged. At 6 o'clock called on Mr. Lloyd, Plâs yn Dref, who we heard could give us information respecting Roman Roads, &c.: but found he knew nothing of the matter. Walked to Fachddeiliog to Tea. Returned and packed up my Pottery, Bricks, &c.

Tuesday, 13th June.—Left Bala, driven thence in consequence of the immense confusion expected from a great Methodist Association, and the coming into the town of 300 Ruthin Volunteers. The day was remarkably calm and close, but dark, and our Road turning out of the Dolgelly Road by Llanycil, was through a dreary country. Llanycil Church being open, we entered, and saw the Revd Evan Lloyd's Monument, which was

a handsome tablet of grey marble, with an Escutcheon of Arms with the coat of Urien Rheged first; and the second, Riryd Vlaidd, Quarterly.

After going a few miles of our road, we lost sight of the habitations of Men, and traversed Peat Moors and Mountains for several. Pass two old one Arch Bridges crossing precipitous Mountain Streams. Our road at last brought us to what is called Pen y street, above Rhiw goch, evidently the old Roman road which goes on towards Tommen y Mur, probably a Roman Station, if the Stone communicated by Mr. Lysons was found there, perhaps the Eryri Mons of Richard. We followed it on for about 200 yards very perfect. Its direction was N.E. and S.W. It went through Llanfachreth Parish, and near the field in which is seen the stone inscribed to one Porius. The field is to this day called Maes y bedd. We were too much hurried and fatigued to go out of our way to examine it. It is on a farm called Llech Edris. We followed the old turnpike till we approached Trawsfynydd, and by going through Hendref Mur, lost the opportunity of examining Tommen y Mur, which as we came nearer it (it not being above a Mile from the new turnpike), appeared to be included in an enclosure very like a Roman Camp.

Castell Prysor, mentioned by Pennant, is still more to the right, in a place called Cwm Prysor. After a most dreary ride, relieved by a fine View of Tan y bwlch, the seat of Mr. Oakley, niched beautifully amongst fine hanging Woods; and as we proceeded, by a View of the whole of that delightful little Vale, with the Estuary and River winding through rich meadows, embanked and reclaimed by Mr. Oakley.

Maentwrog Church, which we pass before we come to the Bridge, is a very simple building, and has nothing without or within to attract notice. Came into our Inn at Tan y bwlch a few minutes before dinner, much disposed to enjoy it. After dinner, strolled under Tan y bwlch House as far as the Estuary, and returned along the Embankment on the opposite side of the River Wharf, on which lay vast Quantities of a delicate blue Slate of all sizes, ready for shipping. They are lighter and esteemed better than the Carnarvon Slate. They are sold by weight. They are brought from a little beyond Festiniog, from Quarries belonging to Manchester Men. Vessels of 200 tons come up the River to be loaded at Spring tides, and the Slates are sent down in Boats from the Wharf to them. Returned to our Inn with a Relish for Tea, and soon after as great a relish for Bed.

Wednesday, June 14th.—Sir R. Hoare, having altered his plan, instead of going to examine the promontory of Deudraeth to see if any remains of a Castle existed there, to clear up a passage in Giraldus, we took a ride to see Tommen y Mur, which we had left to the right yesterday. In going up to it, observe a ridge running parallel to the old Road leading to Dolgelly, which evidently was a portion of the Roman Road which branched off for Segontium. We alighted and walked across a small field to the Tumulus or Tommen, which was clearly a Castellum of the Britons long after the time of the Romans, erected within their Camp, as being the most commanding situation they could have chosen, and which, though apparently bleak seen at a distance, and higher than their Posts in general, determined them in the choice of it, as no other spot in the vicinity could have afforded such an extensive View in Front, with an aspect to the South on a gentle declivity; or rendered them so little liable to surprize. On the Tommen we found no traces of any thing Roman, and for a good reason, as there is a large Cavity towards the South, and another towards the North East, which has fairly disjoined the rampart, and probably a considerable paring all round, which in all probability might have teemed with brick and fragments of Pottery, and thrown up to make the insertion of the bottom of the Tommen, so that what came to fill the upper part was Virgin Soil. However, in the Stone Hedges which intersect the area of the Camp, we found great Quantities of true Roman brick, particularly such as were used to conduct water, and scored over, of the same quality with those found in the other Stations. A small mountain Stream ran at the foot of it, within a small field's distance of the Camp, and water from a Spring close at the edge of the South side of the Rampart. There is a little Farm House adjoining, the West end of which touches the side of the rampart. About 200 yards to the East of the Camp, at the Edge of the Mountain, is a circular inclosure formed by a rampart of Earth, probably some place for Roman Games, for even in the remotest regions, and in the wildest places of such regions, traces of their luxury are discernible.

By a Countryman were shown part of Fordd Elen, the old Roman Road that led by way of Penmachno to Conovium, the other going by way of Tan y bwlch to Segontium. Returned passing near Tyddyndu, where Edmund Prys, who translated the Psalms into Welsh, lived. Dined, and walked out in the Evening through Mr. Oakley's grounds, passing a very romantick picturesque Dingle towards the House, through which a precipi-

tous stream rushes, but there was great lack of water. Walked over to Maentwrog Church to see a Stone at the West end of it, to which is attached great Veneration, for they say, Maen tirion yw Maentwrog. At the East End in the wall my Eye caught a Roman Sepulchral Stone, inscribed as below, a proof of its being in the neighbourhood of a Roman Station or Road :—

D. MARC.

Thursday, 15th June.—Set off about 10 o'clock from Tan y bwlch for Pwllheli over part of the new Road to Beddgelert, as far as Traeth Mawr, which is well made, and likely to be well kept up, as there is an inexhaustible fund of the best materials each side for that purpose. Leave a very romantick, picturesque Dingle to the right in our way down to the house of the Guide, who conveys Passengers over the Sands. The Guide (Male) not being within, having been called to attend Passengers over a short time before, a Female mounted a Horse and attended us, though there was but little occasion for a Guide, as we saw a large group of Men and Women before us on their return from the Bala Association going to cross. Meeting the Male Guide, the Female consigned us to him, and we soon were placed out of all Danger, in the right track for Mr. Maddocks' new Road to Penmorfa, which leads at the foot of a most tremendous Range of rocky precipitous Mountains, richly clad with stunted Oak, Privet, wild Rose, Ivy, and Lichens of all sorts, at the foot of which most tremendous fragments are scattered in every sort of direction and shape, the summit of the ridge and the form of its projections varying at every step.

Though in one sense the Ride is charming, yet it can't fail to excite a degree of horror, and after it is past, a degree of gratitude at our preservation. On a little knoll of broken ground, where the Mountain Ridge leaves a space like a little Valley, Mr. Maddocks has built a house of a singular Cast with a Veranda all round. He has planted a great deal round, and of various kinds But his great work is his Embankment, by which he has created an immense tract of fine land. He has a mill near his house, with two stories of Granary over it ; and an immense Area containing nothing but Pig stys ; so that I presume the Mill is principally for the support of the intended inhabitants. It must be highly gratifying to every man that has the least patriotick spirit to see the vast improvement that is carrying on in every part of this country.

Pass Penmorfa, and Stymllyn, now belonging to H. Jones,

Attorney, of Machynlleth, when we get again into a reach of new road carrying on through his property on each side of it as far as Criccieth, with noble Hedges. The Castle of Criccieth is a fine feature, crowning a lofty knoll almost insulated. The Keep almost entire. The two Bastions forming it fine masonry. The Village very mean, though a contributory borough to Carnarvon. I asked of the Clerk if Criccieth Church contained anything curious. He answered it did not. It stands a little way out of the town. Pass Ty newydd, a house I once had taken, but was prevented happily from occupying. Gwynfryn the Seat of my Brother Barrister D. Ellis, is opposite to it on the other side of the Village of Llanystumdwy, charmingly situated in a well wooded Vale watered by a fine Mountain Stream, which disembogues itself into the Sea a few miles below. The Church and Cemetery very picturesque and neat. Cross another Bridge over the river which waters Mr. Ellis's fine Vale we left to the right of us.

To the left soon after, we pass three small lakes, but producing no fish, with a fine view of the Ocean and the Mountains behind us; but the finest View of the Mountains is from the Traethau. Pass on the right near a Mansion, in the midst of modern plantations, called Wyrglodd newydd, belonging to a Mr. Jones of London. Hendref likewise on the right, where the Revd. Mr. Roberts, Son to the late Archdeacon Roberts, lives. The Archdeacon died about 2 years ago, and my old Friend Coytmore by attending him, caught the same Fever of which he died. Pass by Abererch to the left, containing nothing curious within, but two handsome Windows to the East, for such a Church. By a circuitous though a good road, observing to the left, within a mile of the Town, the greatest profusion of the little white Dog rose, and a variegated one.

Arrive at Pwllheli, properly called in Latin *Palus salsa*, it being entirely a Salt Lake; the Entrance being very narrow, and from the beach not perceptible. Walked down to the Beach, to whet our appetites before dinner, and inhale a little Sea breeze, which for six or seven weeks I had not seen. Returned and dined on a Flat Fish, but poor, and a Needle Fish, very good; Mutton very young; and a nice Tart, Gooseberry, and Custard very thin. After Dinner walked to see the Church of Denio, but were told that there was nothing within worth inspection, and without appeared nothing curious. A neat little copper Tablet was stuck into the wall of the East end, prettily engraved and inscribed to the memory of a Lady about a Century

ago. Saw the stone meant for the grave of poor Coytmore lying near the gate of the Churchyard.

Then walked up to a little Hill, whence we had a fine view of the Bay, and a disagreeable one of the Cove of Pwllheli, the tide being out, and leaving nothing but a little line of water meandering through dirty Sand and Mud. The Country round tame and uninteresting, and ill cultivated and poorly wooded. Walked to a lower Eminence, where we had a full view of the Town, which is considerable, and very well built. It has one very large handsome Inn, the Crown and Anchor, with a commodious back way from the Road. It is paved tolerably. Has a Town Hall, but a very sorry one. It is a Corporation Town ; has a mayor, and is a contributory Borough to Carnarvon. There are a good many Shops, but seems to be dead as to Trade or Manufacture. Its principal trade is ship building. The Bar at the entrance of the Estuary a very intricate one. There is a Free School in the Town, and I believe endowed by the Possessors of the Corsygedol Property. There seems to be a pretty house tacked on to the School, which has the look of a small Chapel, there being a bell hung without.

Friday, 15 June.—Encouraged by a remarkably fine morning, set off early for Nevin, passing by Bodvil, in sight of Llannor Church to the right, and by Bodvean, a seat of Lord Newborough, and from which place the family originated. Rode up a well wooded Avenue towards the Mansion, which seemed deserted, it being seldom resorted to by any of the family. Saw a modernish looking Church, which induced us to enter it, and there found some handsome Marble Monuments of the Wynn family, particularly an elegant white marble Sarcophagus, well executed, to the memory of the present Lord Newborough's Father, Sir John Wynn.

Pass under the mountain above Nevin, on the Summit of which there are several old Entrenchments of Stones, and circular stone Entrenchments called Cyttiau'r Gwyddelod. Found Nevin a poor straggling miserable place, for to be a contributory Borough, neither dignified with Town Hall, or handsome Church, or ruins of a Castle, yet by Giraldus and Baldwin's lying there a night, must have formerly had some attractions which it now cannot boast of, and by its being the scene of a famous Tournament in Edward's time. The Church is a most wretched edifice within and without. The Town Spring is enclosed, and has the remains of Seats round it, as if

it had been frequented by invalids, who resorted hither for the benefit of the Water, which has not the appearance of being tinctured with Mineral. At the West end of the Town, or rather to the North West, there is a small Tommen ; but seeing something singular about a point of Land projecting towards the sea to the East of the Town, we were tempted to examine it, accompanied by the only intelligent Man we could meet with in the place, and found it on nearer inspection to be the abrupt termination of the high Earth Bulwark which forms the line of Coast on the North side of Llyn, from which we had a fine view of the two Bays of Nevin and Porthdinllyn, having a fine Beach. The former place is talked of as being the most commodious place to have a packet to, and with this View the most excellent roads are forming from Penmorfa onwards. Our Guide told us that to Nevin alone belonged about 50 vessels of different sizes. To the East of Nevin lies Nant Gwrtheyrn, that savage looking Valley mentioned by Pennant, open to the Sea on the North. The Carnarvon Road by Clynnog Vawr leaves it to the left.

Leaving Nevin, we took the Road to Carn Madryn, on the summit of which Giraldus says the Sons of Conan [Owen] had a Castle constructed of stone, *Castrum lapideum*. Rode to Plâs Madryn, the Seat of Parry Jones, Esqr, a very singular looking place, well wooded, and with good land about it. We passed the House, and crossing two Fields came to a great stone wall, which we got over, quitting our Horses, and resolved to ascend the Mountain, but we had not got near half way up, when it came to rain, with a likelihood of its continuance, so that we thought it prudent to retrace our steps as fast as we could to our Horses, when by the time we had mounted it came to hard Rain, which obliged us to take shelter for about 10 minutes in an outhouse at Madryn. On a slight appearance for the better, however, we got out again, but without a cessation of Showers, though not so heavy, we rode to Pwllheli, where we arrived only a little damped in the Feet.

Whilst we sheltered at Madryn, a man there told us that the only wall, or at least building, where Mortar appears, is to the West side of the truncated Cone in the middle of the Mountain, which seemed to have been a square building. He likewise told us that there were many excavations round this Work in the Earth or Rock, like Punch bowls, with a rampart of Stones round each, which they call Cyttiau'r Gwyddelod, probably the earliest habitations known in this Island, for I don't think the

name of Gwyddelod applies to Irishmen, but to Men in a state of Nature, before they knew anything of the Arts of civilized life. Saw Brynodol, the seat of — Griffiths, Esqr., to the right of Madryn. The Church of Bodvean is cruciform.

Saturday, 16th.—Left Pwllheli, and went by way of the Sands, the tide being out, as far as Abererch, which saved us a full mile and a half. The Rain of last night had laid the dust, and there was a smart breeze and the day cloudy, which made it pleasant travelling. Retracing the Road we had come by, there was nothing new to observe ; and the Mountains were enveloped, the highest of them in fleecy clouds, so that the whole range was not so striking as it otherwise would have been. Beyond Criccieth met with Mr. H. Jones and his daughter by his arm, who, though a child when I last saw her, knew me ; so that I suppose I am not so much altered in that time as Mr. Jones appeared to be.

Approaching Mr. Maddox's, observed an elegant walk of great extent crossing to a rocky insulated hill on his flat inclosure, planted each side, and meant for a rope walk. Nothing seems to escape that Gentleman's reach of mind ; for I saw, among other things he turns to advantage, stones chipped to the shape and size of the London paving stones, which by the Stillyards* I saw by, I suppose he sells by the Ton. The Stones appear exactly of the same Grit with those in my Rock.

Crossed the Sands without a Guide, safe thank God, the Water in the Glaslyn being rather low and not the least affected by the rain overnight. At the falling in of the new road into the old, abandoned our Horses to look for a stone, which I think I remember to have heard of, if not seen, as having been dug up near the Road side, with some inscription on it, perhaps a Roman Milliary ; but could not find it. Returned to the Inn fatigued, and not sorry to get some trifling refreshment before Dinner, which we had 3 Hours to wait for.

After Dinner walked out to see the Slate Wharf, covered with an immense number of the finest Slates of all sizes I ever saw. Pursued our walk a little farther, through Mr. Poole's Wood, over the Harlech Road, which here forms a pleasant Terrace

* Now *steelyard*, a form due to a popular etymology from *steel* and *yard*. But it is merely shortened from *Stilyard-beme*, the "beam" or balance used in the Steelyard (or Stilyard), a meeting place, in London, for German merchants from the Hanse towns. See Skeat, *Etym. Dict.*—Ed.

overlooking the River and the Vale through a Skreen of Oak Trees, and come to the Bridge over the Velenrhyd, up which there is a Cataract called Rhaiadr Du, which falls into a deep excavation, I suppose in the channel of the river, which the People call a Lake. The Scene about the Bridge so tranquil and so retired, with a pretty Cottage on one side, induced us to rest on the Battlements of the Bridge, till a sudden mist (but a Scotch one) came on, and before we reached our Inn to Tea had damped us very considerably, but gave us a relish for the most agreeable of all repasts when fatigued. Observed about Llanystumdwy a great deal of Broom in the Hedges.

Sunday.—Left Tan y bwlch, and parted with my Friend and Companion, he turning towards Bala, and my road leading to Barmouth. After ascending a prodigious steep the other side of the Bridge we walked to last night, and passing a sort of Common, at the end of which near the Road side, and just before you come to the Lake, there is a circle of coarse flags pitched on their sides. The Lake then opens, called Llyn Tecwyn, which is of a considerable size, agreeable shape, and the finest Water I ever saw. The Shores beachy and clean. It belongs, by a late purchase, to Mr. Oakley who keeps a Boat on it, but now sunk. I was told by my Guide, the Lad who carried my cloak bag, that it abounds with Trout and Salmon, and that there is a tradition that a Town was sunk there, and that in calm weather, through the transparent water, they discover the buildings. The boundaries around are wild and destitute of wood, otherwise it would be most beautiful. At the western Extremity, the Sea and the Sands open on you finely and the promontory of Llyn. There is a little Island inhabited in the midst of the Sands called Ynys Cyftor.

Over a very stony up and down Road to Llandecwyn, a small Church to the right, and a little farther to the left, Llandecwyn Hall, as it is called on the Map, formerly an old Plâs, but now not more dignified in its appearance than a common Farm House ; below which there is a small Lake, with the Edges rushy and sedgy, yielding Fish, called Llyn Tecwyn Bach. The Road continues very uninteresting, stony, and steep. Pass Maes y neuadd, once the seat of hospitality, but now deserted, and catch a fine peep of Harlech Castle and part of the Village. After a most arduous, stony ascent, and crossing a very dreary, stony Mountain, we get into the Turnpike leading from Harlech to Barmouth. On this Common, fancy I saw remains of something

like Circles of stones, and stones put into other shapes; but in such a situation, where there are so many stones in all directions, difficult to pronounce on such appearances. However, I think I may safely say I passed one or two Carneddau, and two of the Meini hirion, though not very tall ones.

Pass the Village of Llanfair with the Church mentioned by Giraldus, a plain simple building. The Road leads now over a low Country, Cross a little Estuary near Cae Nest, and a little beyond to the left, Llanbedr Church. To the Right, in a meadow, a very high Maen hir, and a lesser one by its side. But no inscription on either, and no tradition concerning them. Churches are thickly sown here, for nearer the sea is Llandanwg, and farther on to the right of the road, Llanenddwyn, and still farther on, Llanddwywau, the Parish Church of Corsygedol. The Avenue leading up a hill to a Wood that surrounds the House of vast extent. In this Church are the monuments of the Corsygedol Family for above 200 years, but no recumbent Figures. A little before, I asked a Countryman, having observed something like an old paved way striking rather up from the present road, if he knew, or had heard, of any old Sarns in that part of the Country, he told me there was very near one of that description observable, which took a direction towards Dolgelly above Corsygedol.

Leave Llanaber Church to the right, and follow a new road finely cut through Rocks to avoid the Sand to Barmouth, where I was civilly received by Mrs. Lewis. Dined, and found my old Friend Mr. Parry, Parson of Llanaber, there, who was very pressing with me to accompany him home. After having settled my Journey for the next day, drank Tea and went to see my old Friend Nomy and his daughter, who were very glad to see me, having heard I was dead. The Person who manages for him, Mr. Matthew, was there, a very shrewd, sensible man, Mr. H. Owen, of Dolgelly, and Mr. Williams, the Attorney of that place, who promised to meet me at Towyn tomorrow. After sitting there till Bed time, I took my leave, and walked with Mr. H. Owen to the Inn, through mizzling Rain, and owing to an Oak plank very improperly left to project from a heap of the same sort, I struck my head violently against it, but providentially my Hat damped the Blow, and I felt not much pain, and only a little confusion. Bathed it with Brandy, and took by advice of Mr. H. Owen, who, it seems, is a medical man, a little inwardly, and went to my Bed. Barmouth since I saw it about fourteen years ago, grown a large place, vast number of new and hand-

some houses. A regular Market there. Wonderfully forward Gardens, though no soil appears, but all sand.

Monday.—Left Barmouth, after waiting some time at the Ferry, which makes any connection with a Ferry Country very unpleasant. Rode over the Sands till I came to the Steep, over which the Road takes very dangerous, as there is no Parapet, and the Land side frequently breaks down. However, I thank God, passed it without accident. Came to an old Mansion called Hendref in a bush of stunted Wood, with an old orchard, near the Village of Celynnin, a most wretched collection of Cottages on a Flat at the bottom of the Hills, near a dirty stony Beach open to the Sea. Mount the Hill, and near the summit, placed on a projection over the Vale, observe a nearly circular Encampment; towards the Sea, on the West, rather precipitous, encircled with a loose stone Rampart; towards the East made still stronger by a Foss, and another Rampart of Earth and Stone.

Thence over a very uninteresting, baddish Road, Mountain sheep walks to the left, and Sea to the right, till I descend into the Vale of Towyn. Catch a fine View of Craig y deryn, and the gradation of Heights between that and Cader Idris, the best side on that account to judge of its height. Before I come to the Bridge below Peniarth Issa, observe a Tommen, I believe a real Tumulus for Interment. Cross the Bridge and the Dysynni, above which the Tide is felt. On over the Flat, with Ynys y maen gwyn on the right, and turn into the Road, which in two miles takes me to Towyn. Opposite to Ynys y maen gwyn, on a brow of a Hill to the left, saw a Knoll with a flattened Tommen on it, and a little Foss all round.

Arrive at Towyn about one. Took a crust of Bread, and on a fresh Horse set off for Cefn y Gaer, through a beautiful Valley, in general very narrow, with a number of pretty Bits here and there, the Road almost all the way very good. At Pennal, a tidy Village, the Vale expands, forming a very picturesque amphitheatre. Cefn y Gaer is precisely the same sort of situation as the others I saw, on which Roman Stations are placed—a gentle rising with a declivity to the South and the River Dovey. The Farm House and out buildings seem to occupy a great part of what was once the Area of the Camp, part of the Angle of the Ramparts being evidently discernible just behind one of the Houses; but the other part, happening to run through the middle of Fields, is so levelled that a correct tracing of it cannot be made, now the Fields being in Corn; but I found sufficient evidence to prove

it a very considerable Station, Bricks of every sort occurring every where, and were the Fields not under Corn pretty tall, much Pottery too. I picked up a bit with the true old glaze on it. The people told me that in earthing of Potatoes, they were used to dig up Bricks and Pottery in abundance. A Pot of Silver Coins had been dug up in the time of the former Tenant, which were given the Landlord, a Mr. Pugh of Garthmeilion.

Returned, dined, and met Mr. Williams, Attorney, of Dolgelly, with whom I walked out in the Evening to see the miraculous Well of Cadfan, and take off two inscriptions from Tombs in the Church.* Then called on the Vicar of the Parish, a Mr. Davies, who told me that the Causeway from Cefn y Gaer down to the fordable part of the Dovey opposite to Garreg was now to be traced, and that he had seen it. Heard of Mr. Williams that at Caethle, an old Mansion House once of the Vaughans, an extinct family, and now belonging to Mr. Corbet, there is a vast collection of old family Papers, which probably may contain very curious documents.

* On a grave stone in Towyn Churchyard, written by the late Nanney Wynn, Esqr, Maesyneuadd :—

To the Memory of Hugh Ellis, Harper, who was drown'd in Dysynni, Augt. 5th, 1774, in the 60th year of his Age.

The Nymphs of ye Flood were rutting, plague rot 'em,
When the Genius of Musick went to the bottom ;
Their care and attention would else have supported
The Child of the Harp whom ye Muses all courted.

Carmarthenshire*

(1809).

Hence to Llansawel, a small Village with 2 or 3 publick Houses. The Church has a tower, but is a poor miserable building without and within. No Monument. Pass Edwinsford, an old Mansion, pretty large, lying low on the banks of the Cothy, which winds under the beautifully wooded Hills near it. There is a large walled Garden, a great part of which is of mud, said to be the best for fruit. To characterize the different farm Offices, there occur several well executed figures in lead painted, such as a large Pig near the Piggery, Hay makers near the Haggard, and at the Stables or Kennel an admirable fowler. Near the House are shewn 13 large Trees planted the year Thos Williams Esqr of this House was Sheriff, by him and his 12 Javelin Men after their return from the Spring Assizes—a central tree with 12 others round it.

A little farther on opens the Vale of Talley or Tal y Llychau, taking its name from its situation near two Lakes, the largest near a Mile and a Quarter round, and the lesser about a Mile. The Water Lily adorn the sides. They abound with Eels, Perch and Pike. The water belongs to Edwinsford, and Fish for their own consumption, but the property besides in the Fishing is in Admiral Foley as Lord of Llansadwrn. The Road about a Mile or a Mile and a half farther on takes its course on the declivity of the Hill through fine woods belonging to one Nicholas, and Taliaris. Enter, after passing a small neat chapel in a sequestered situation belonging to Taliaris. Enter the Grounds by a handsome Gate through a winding Avenue, well wooded by thriving plantations of the present owner, interspersed with some few venerable Foresters. The Mansion on two sides presents rather magnificent fronts, and was certainly meant for a cube, the most prevailing figure then followed, but the plan being contracted, the capacity of the House falls very short of its imposing appearance in the fronts seen. It has a large Walled Garden, and is surrounded on all sides by rich woods, and backed by a ridge of high and parkish ground, ending in a mountainous summit, with a broken outline.

* MS. 2.57.

Ascend the Hill, and find on the other side a Lake about three quarters of a Mile round, stocked with Perch and Eels. Near its edge, on a rough piece of ground, is the circle mentioned by Ed. Lhwyd. The Lake seems to have been one of those Craters, where the fountains of the great deep were broken up, out of which, with the water, were vomited forth the lava of stones on its banks. The Hill to the North was occupied by a sort of Encampment with an Agger of the loose stones everywhere covering it, called the Gaer Vawr. Under the Camp, on the side of the Hill, issues a Spring, to which the common people ascribe many medical, almost miraculous, powers, and it acts sometimes as an Emetick; and a little lower down a Water used in Complaints of the Eye. On a little rising to the left there were small Cannon found. Pass over a Common all the way to Penylan. On that next to Taliaris observe many small Carneddau, but without exploring them, it is not safe to say for what use collected. On the next common, belonging to Llanfynydd, a small Tumulus-like Elevation, with an outer Edge of stones, called Croes John Gwilym, near a spot where the Roads intersect.

Set off and mustered Men at Llanfynydd to attempt opening what I thought Tumuli on the Mountain. The first, though flat at top, was made very round, and had a flattering appearance. On paring off the thick sward of Turf, found it all Stones. Made a large section but found nothing, though we might not have taken a sufficiently large section. We proceeded to another elevation a little farther on; but in 5 Minutes found that it was only an old heap of Earth thrown up, when they were digging for Turf or making Peat land, there being not the least indication of burning, and the natural soil soon appearing. Near the first it seems are the limits of two Lordships, and it might have served as the Boundary mark.

Return by a large Stone deeply bedded in the Earth, concerning which there is a tradition that the great grandfather of the present Curate of Llanfynydd, a great Miser and Usurer, had lent the sum of £300 to some Gypsies, tempted to do so by the offer of extravagant Interest for the loan—at least 3 fold—but that the money would be left under that Stone; but that he must not impatiently attempt to look for it, till he should know from them that they were returned to Egypt. But he, not attending to such conditions, went to look for his money before the appointed time, but that it came to thunder and lighten,

so that he could not prosecute his Enquiry ; and it was believed and reported that in many subsequent attempts people had met with the same obstruction. However, there is a recent appearance of digging about it, and I was told by my guide that he was one of the actors, but that after great toil, they found, the more they dug on one side, where the Heel of the Stone was deeply bedded in the Earth, the more it sunk, and so it was left ; whereas, by means of a little powder, the whole might have been blasted in an hour's time.

I was likewise told that Sir Joseph Bankes, who, when on a visit some 25 years ago at Edwinsford, had opened many tumuli, and prosecuted a variety of Antiquarian researches, had in digging in boggy ground on the mountain, found a Hat of felt not decayed ; and that about 3 feet lower, a Hilt of a sword was found ; and about 2 feet and a half lower, shoes and something like Buckles, supposed to have belonged to some person, who, crossing the mountains, had been sunk in the Bog.

At Middleton Hall, where I arrived on Saturday.

Sunday.—In company with the two young Mr. Paxton's, set off to view a Lake about 3 Miles off belonging to the Bishop. Got to the summit of the mountainous lime stone Ridge separating Middleton Hall from the Vale of Llandebie, the greater part of which is downy. Get a fine and extensive prospect of the country round, and a peep of the Sea in two places, with the Promontory of Gower. The Lake is about a Mile and a half, or near two Miles, round. On one side, where the banks are boggy, covered with the white Water Lily, interspersed with the *Nymphæa lutea ;* on the other Sides, the Stones gravelly. It abounds with Perch and Eels, but I could not hear of any Trout.

Pursue our ride to the extremity of this ridge, the summit of which is much broken Eastward, and find the highest points ending in immense Carneddau, which we propose soon making a party to open.

On our return, and in approaching the Tower, get a fine Bird's Eye view of the House and grounds of Middleton Hall, which has the most truly parkish and elegant appearance of any place in the Country. In the Evening walked nearly round the Grounds, pursuing the course of the Drive, and the more I see the more I admire the place and the manner in which it has been laid out.

Monday.—Took horse early to visit the source of the Lochor and Carreg Kennan, but in consequence of my horse losing a shoe an Hour was lost. The shoe being replaced, we proceeded along that ridge which involves the summit called Llygad y Byd, where the prospect is remarkably striking and extensive. Fall down through winding roads to Derwydd, an old well wooded Demesne of Sir J. Stepney, once the residence of Sir J^{no} Vaughan, a Judge on the Circuit, in whose possession I find by reference from many MSS. were many valuable documents relative to Welsh Antiquity.

Ascend towards the Lochor, in our way catching many beautiful views of Carreg Kennan. Pass Cwrt Bryn y Beirdd, a very large and remarkably built ancient Mansion, never modernized, but exhibiting the perfect costume of the Age it was built in, which might be prior to the time of Henry 7th. It was entered by a Gateway, but not arched, with arched Doorways, and the small windows with red cut stone frames. The building now appropriated to Barn, Stables, &c., appeared by the Windows now stopped up to have been part of the Mansion. To enquire of family that last inhabited it, the Heiress of which married into Golden Grove; and to endeavour to find out (if any cause) that which gave rise to its name.

Descend a craggy limestone knoll, and diverge to the right on the flat a little way, and to the source of the Loughor, or at least to the spot whence it issues from under the Limestone Rock, which here exhibits a ragged front, with many small adits branching within into others, and sinking down to the Water. We got a Candle, but could not perceive any very wide chambers, as they were represented to us. Just where the greatest stream issues there appears to be a small deep Pool with no bottom seen. In my opinion it flows under this ridge of Limestone Mountain from the Lake by the Van. The Limestone Rock above the River prettily overgrown with tangled growth, but it fell short on the whole of the description given me of it.

The Stream holds its course subterraneously till it breaks out from under the Limestone rock, called the *eye* of the Lochor, and this was proved by this means. Some Gentlemen threw a great quantity of Chaff on the Lake, and at the place called Llygad Lochor stationed a person to watch the effect, who saw the Chaff issue out with the Stream.

Cross the Vale to Carreg Kennan, passing through Lanes well covered with growth and rich land. The little Dingle

through which the Kennan passes is well wooded. Leave our Horses at a Farmer's, Tenant to Lord Cawdor, just at the foot of the Hill on which the Castle stands towards the North. On this side, and this side only, is the Castle accessible, it being built on the summit of an insulated (nearly) Limestone Rock, rising to a vast height, almost perpendicularly, from the Kenan, and made more so, it is said, by art.

The outer wall of this curious pile unites with the Rock on the South side, and seems part of it, the Rock and Castle, which is built of the Limestone, so closely harmonizing in point of Colour. On the East side the Hill slopes for a considerable way, till it comes to the Rock, which is abrupt and perpendicular to a certain height, and so on the West side, being additionally strengthened by deep ravines cut across the rocky ridge. Even on the North side, which you may call the Landside, the Hill is rendered more inaccessible by Art.

On the East side was the Entrance, protected by a Barbican and an outer Ballium. The road then lay by a gentle ascent within a skreen of strong wall to the North ; then it turned to an Entrance by two Porteullised Doors to the great area in which were the State Apartments, Kitchen, &c. Out of this Area, by a flight of steps descending close to the North wall, and within it through a passage only lighted by Eyelet Holes, to a natural Cavern in the Limestone Rock for a great length of way, the Roof covered with curious incrustations of petrified Water, when, after descending a great way, you meet with a small bason, holding about a Quart, in the Rock, filled with water quite brilliant that oozes out of the Limestone. This is said to be good for the Eyes, as is another small cavity, with a weeping from the Rock supplying it, for the Ears. Still lower down there is a more considerable Bason full of water, which, though not abundantly, is continually, supplied, and by being constantly caught in vessels might well have supplied the Garrison during the time of siege. There appeared to have been an Adit, or rather sinking, at the extremity of this last Chamber, for it widens here, now stopped up, which, Tradition says, communicated with a Passage or Tunnel under the River Kennan to Bryn y Beirdd. In our way down, just where the artificial arched passage ends and unites with the natural Cavern in an open space lighted by three small openings through the wall growing out of the Rock in the wall supporting the steps by which you descend, there are several pigeon holes for the

reception of those Birds who frequented them through the above openings.

No Apartments towards the west. One round Bastion at the North-West contained Rooms. The whole Edifice very strong, large, and, at present, very picturesque, but much injury has been of late done it, by picking out the cut stones from the bottom of the building, and by some outrage done it everywhere. I hope Lord Cawdor will put a stop to it. Saw two Privys.

Castell Carreg Kennan does not answer the description given by Leland. But Lord Dynevor says that much is worked away since that time. He told me that some of his Servants, with lights and a clue of Pack thread, entered a great way into the Caverns of the source of the Lochor; that after passing the first dip which reaches to the Water, the Adit takes a Course beyond it, and higher up, and branches out into various Chambers.

Wednesday.—With the old Llandebie Harper Morris for our Guide, we set off, and first touch at Derwydd,* the antient Seat of the Vaughans. It is an irregular building. Had a large court before it, and Gardens behind it, on a declivity with Terraces. Enter the Garden from a landing place of stairs. Into the different rooms; so irregularly are they connected, that you ascend and descend. Boards of black Oak, so coarsely wrought, that they appear to be only smoothed, and that very indifferently, with the adz. The walls of most of the rooms hung with Canvas, painted with Dogs and other Animals, and Trees. In the old Stucco, Coats of Arms everywhere. Saw a portrait of the late Lady Stepney; and another of the old Royalist, Sir H. Vaughan; and the Model of a Monument on a favourite Dog of Lady Stepney's. An old Building, built 1638, detached from the House.

Hence to see the Maen hir. To the left of the Road leading to Llandilo, on a farm called Bryn (I believe) Cethin.† It lies close to the side of what was formerly the Sarn Elen, now like an old Lane covered with Brush wood, and from its being stony never brought into cultivation. The Stone is about 8 or 9 feet high, of the coarse grit of the Country, not worked, but bears the impression of a Cross Bow, not very deeply cut on it.

* For this Tudor mansion (one of the residences of Sir Rhys ab Thomas), its history and contents, see *Arch. Camb.*, 1893, pp. 154–63.—Ed.

† Correctly, Cefn Cethin. For a description and illustration of the stone, see *Arch. Camb.*, 1893, pp. 152–4.—Ed.

Descend the Hill, and then ascend on the other side to see the Spring at Lhandyvaen—called by E. Llwyd Gwyddvaen—of great resort in former days, many medicinal properties being ascribed to it. It is inclosed in a square building, with steps going down to it, uncovered. The Water has a waddyish, unctuous appearance, like the Well at Towyn. Near is a small chapel served once a month. It is under Llandeilo.

Hence to Clynhir the Seat of Mr. Du Buisson, who came into this country concerned in an Iron Work, which was carried on by the River Lochor, which passes through the farm of Clynhir, now made by great perseverance and profound agricultural knowledge, from cold mountain ground, as good land as any in the County. Here the Gardens, by being well sheltered, are productive of most excellent fruit. To the South of the House, passing the Gardens, you descend into a deep and beautifully wooded Valley, at least a Mile in length, and crossing a wooden bridge over a deep rocky channel, through which the River takes its course, you turn to the left on the other side, and after crossing a little gulley in the Hill, down which a most picturesque torrent constantly pours, as may be seen by the attrition of the rocky channel it frets its way through, you walk down by the margin of the whole River, which, just above you, is precipitated down a steep——[*sic*] high, forming the most graceful and elegant fall I ever saw, with the finest possible accompaniment of Wood.

Hence to Llandebie, where, before you enter the Village, occurs a very copious Spring, and formerly much resorted to, called Ffynnon Tabitha.* Llandebie is a pretty village situated on a flat in the Vale. Has a well-looking Church with a handsome Tower. It is divided lengthways by a row of Pillars, pointed Arches, and by 2 Arches from Chancel. There are some handsome Marble Monuments, and one, with his Bust in Stone, to the Memory of the Royalist Sir H. Vaughan. Neatly pewed. There is a large Inn here, where one may meet with very decent Accomodations.

Hence to see the head of the River of Gwenlais, a small tributary River rising to the Westward of the Village and falling into the Llochor. The Spring is very redundant, and issues from under the Limestone. Water very soft and pure. E. Llwyd mentions a Chapel here, and probably stood near the great Yew tree overhanging the Spring. The tradition is, of this Spring,

* By this is meant Ffynnon Dybïe, now generally known as Ffynnon Bïe.—Ed.

as of that of Holywell, that a Virgin was there murdered, and that on the Spot a spring gushed out. The Spring has two eyes, they say, of a very diff^t^ nature; the water of both very clear, cold, and soft. They shew a Cavity, about the size of a Grave, near the Well, on very dry ground, of which it is said that, fill it as often as you please to the surface (and the farmer who occupies the field it is in, has frequently done so), it will always sink to the same depth, that is, about a foot or 15 Inches from the surface.

Near the Gwenlais, to the left of its stream, is a place called Dinas, on the summit of which is a beacon. In this Hill they say there are Caverns, in some of which are supposed to be sleepers (*Vide* Lhwyd); and there is a long story told by the common people of Owen Lawgoch, the same man that gave name to the Lake called Llyn Llech Owen.

Friday.—Rode out to see Crug, where the ancestors of Lord Dynevor lived, as is said, formerly. No traces of any antient grandeur. Near this place is a spring very copious, which comes out of an artificial duct for a little way into a small spout. It is said to ebb and flow regularly with the tides. The Woman in the adjoining Cottage assured me that the thing was evidently seen every day; and when I visited it, the water appeared to have returned much, the surrounding ground and banks bearing marks of the water having been higher.

Proceeded to Llanegwad, near which place I was told, and not by ordinary people, but by Clergymen and Gentlemen, that in a Hedge much overgrown with Briars there was a Stone with an Inscription. By much enquiry I found the Stone, which proved (to my great mortification) to be a stone placed there about 40 years ago, with *Miros East* on it, to point out how far a farm of that name near was to repair the road on the edge of which it stands, before the Turnpike was set up.

Dynevor.

Every time I visit Dynevor I find fresh Beauties. The undulation of the surface of the whole Park is not to be equalled by anything in the Kingdom; and the magnificence of the woods, whether we consider the disposition of their masses, the size and picturesque growth of particular trees, and their great variety, is unrivalled. There are some Cherry trees of a vast growth. The House, as I find by some old paintings, or rather daubs, was

originally the same as it now appears, with only the addition of the Turrets at the Angles. Behind the House to the West was the town called Trenewydd, and from that translated Newtown, which sprang up when the Castle became the property of the ancestors of the present Lord. In a poem to Griffith Nicholas, he is styled of Trenewydd. (Quere when the name first obtained and how).

There is a fine echo not far from the House. Is limited to a small space; reverberates a whole sentence very plain. A curious breed of white Cattle, though the Bull is black. Coins lately found there, silver, Roman—some of Domitian; found in an earthen Vessel of the substance of a modern Teapot, only part of the sides and bottom whole. It was so decayed that its colour could not be well ascertained; but by its thinness there can be no doubt of its being Roman pottery. Perhaps the Station might have been near the spot. Found in that place where the intended Garden is making.

Monday.—Took my horse, and in consequence of the long run of dry weather, I thought I might be likely to discover traces of the course of the old Roman Road. Was shewn a portion of it in a corn field of a tenant of Admiral Foley's, where the Growth in a line across the field was stunted. It is plainly seen, at various intervals, all down the Vale from Llanfair ar y bryn. Traced a very perfect bit in a field near the Turnpike to the South of Admiral Foley's in a field where there is a heap of bricks. Its course is perfectly strait, and quite yellow, the Grass being quite burnt up. It crosses the present turnpike road, and where its course is broken by the ditch of the hedge, you see its shape, and the materials it is formed of, as well as width, by the broken edge of the bank—being an aggregate of River pebbles.

Friday.—Rode to Llanfair ar y Bryn. Called at the Vicar's there, where I was informed there were some Roman relicks to be seen. The Vicar was not at home, but his Wife and Daughter shewed me all that they had found since they had lived there, which was half an earthen Vessel, fine red Pottery stained, with the letters following as well as I could make them out, at bottom—

DICATI.

Two Seals found in digging the Garden by the young Lady, one a red Cornelian, with the impression as taken off at the end of the book, No. 1; and another, a white Cornelian, No. 2; and a Jet Bead, but I think of more modern date. I was told that

Mr. Gwynne of Glanbrane has part of a Roman Pitcher with a handle, found in making the new Road round the Church. I did not know that it was at that Vicarage the stone with the sculptured Goat on it, in the supposed act of vomiting, was to be seen.

Saw a very undoubted Reach of the Roman Road in the field to the right of the Finger Post first occurring after passing Ystrad Gate. It is clearly distinguishable the whole length of the field, being entirely yellow, the Grass being fairly burnt up, exactly as it appears in the Brick Field near Admiral Foley's [Abermarlais], and exactly of the same breadth. At the West end of the Field it comes out near a Cottage, and for two Miles farther on takes the course of the present Turnpike road, and then falls into the long tract of Meadows and highly cultivated Vale near the margin of the Towy, now with its surface so altered, and so intersected with numerous inclosures in every direction, that only by snatches you can follow it; yet the intervals of its disappearance are not of that extent as to leave any doubt of its bearings.

The Great Stone.

Monday, 31st July [1809].—Reflecting that we had imperfectly examined the great Stone, and that we had pushed the work of the Pickaxe so far as to ascertain the nature of the ground exactly under its centre, attended by my Friend Doctor Symmons, I attacked it again with his Labourers, who dug fairly under it till we saw light through, and dug so low that we came to the natural soil, a loose rab mixed with clay. Nothing turned up to indicate its having been sepulchral, neither charcoal, bone, or relicks. The Stone is of a truncated Pyramidal shape, a mass about 20 or 25 Ton weight, in height [not filled in]. If it had been an object of idolatrous worship, it probably would have borne a more grotesque appearance, or supposing it might from its stability conveyed a symbol of the Deity, yet we should as in general is the case, find it accompanied with circles or some other Druidical relicks. It may then be more properly considered to be some trophy or memorial of a battle or a federal compact.

Tuesday, 1st August.—Called on a Mr. Lewis of Gilvach, who accompanied me to shew me a bit of the Roman Road, the very portion alluded to in Ed. Lhwyd's MS., near a place called Pentre Cwn, a little to the North of the present Turnpike Road from

Llandovery to Caio. Another portion has been observed in the low grounds nearer Caio, under a Farm called Porth y Rhyd. The portion I saw was a raised Ridge from 15 to 20 feet wide, passing through a moory piece of ground, yet retaining a very solid and firm appearance.

In our way thither stop to see a Maen hir, called Maen Levan, about 8 Feet above Ground, a rude Stone, bowing near the Top. I saw another Stone of a more stunted Shape in a Field not far from the above reach of the Roman Road, called Maes y Llechau, there having been other accompanying Stones there formerly.

To my great Joy heard from my excellent friend Sir R^d^. Hoare, and to my no small confusion of head, smoked a Segar in company with my oldest friend, Doctor Symmons. I know not if it be worth while serving so disagreeable an Apprenticeship to learn the Art; but if I could once get over the little sickness it occasions, I have reason to think that it might contribute to help and concentrate thought, which I much stand in need of.

Meddygon Myddfai.

Mr. Lewis told me that those old Hereditary Physicians lived at the great house in the Village of Myddfai, and that the family of Jones, who lived at Tyissa, were their descendants, and that the family was never without a medical man in it. There was one branch of the Jones's settled at Carreg Vychan, just by Carreg Levan. The elder Branch centres in the House of Lloyd of Llanvallen, in Brecknockshire.

He told me there was a Family of the name of Allen of some respect settled at Tref Bannau, in Cilycwm. There was one called Maccleston Allen. He thought they might have originally been a branch of the Fitz Alans, Earls of Arundel, who had possessions about Oswestry, as by the Will of one of the Family of Tref Bannau there was an annual sum to be paid to some Church or Parish in or near Oswestry.

Monday.—At Pantycendy. Walked to see Abernant Church, of which James Howell's father was once Vicar. He lived at a place called Bryn, where James Howel was born. The Church is but a little poor building, but situated in a very prettily wooded dingle. The Churchyard is remarkably large, and contained not many years ago a great deal of fine large timber and some quite hollow and of great girth. The Trunk of one of this sort, quite hollow, I saw, and the old stool was 11 Feet over. Mr. Evans has

part of one of the branches in a field above his house, of prodigious thickness, on which he has a weathercock.

Returned from my walk and rode to see Merthyr, a farm of Mr. Evans's, richly wooded. Near this House, in making a new road, Mr. Evans picked up one of the flint *Cultores excoriatorii*, such as were found near Ffynnon Druidion. This Place probably was the residence of the founders of the neighbouring Church called Merthyr. A rectory.

Hence to Court Derllys, the old seat of the Vaughans, the same as those who went to settle at Derwydd. Of this House were Sir John Vaughan, Judge of the Carmarthen Circuit, and Sir Harry Vaughan, the Royalist. The House I was disappointed in, expecting to have found it larger, and retaining marks of more consequence. There is a large Demesne annexed, and a considerable portion of property adjoining, now the property of Mr. Hamilyn Williams. Visit Merthyr Church, no great distance from this old Mansion. It is very small, but neat within; floor bricked. No Monument, but a Tablet to the memory of Mrs. Arabella Williams, who was one of the coheiresses of Derllys House. Church prettily situated on a Knoll at the head of a narrow Dingle.

Tuesday.—Rode to see a Tumulus about a mile and a half to the Eastward of Pantycendy. It is sodded without, but within it appears to be a mixture of Earth and stone. From its remarkably conspicuous situation, I should think it a Beacon, as it takes in the Sea Coast, and a wide Circuit of inland Country; but it originally might have been sepulchral, and like many of the Tumuli used in after times for a Beacon. Too large to admit of being tried during my short stay.

Return to join my worthy Host, on a ride through richly wooded Valleys, to Mydrim, a singularly pretty Village, situated on an elevated projection overhanging a little River, of which the Church and Cemetery occupy the greatest part. The Church, though not dignified with a steeple, yet is a respectable church within, and large. Two or three Marble Monuments to the family of the Thomas's of Castle Gorvod, particularly one very handsome one, erected by the Coheiresses of Castle Gorvod, Mrs. Bowen of Llwyngwair, and Mrs. Lloyd of Coedmawr, to the memory of their Father and two Uncles, Brothers of the House of Castle Gorvod, whose properties centred in them.

Take the new road to St Clears through a beautiful and richly wooded Vale even now, but in which Timber of enormous size

have been cut down, within these 40 or 50 years. Crossed over to a farm called Pant y Brodyr to see an old Oak, the Monarch of the Country, and worthy of being ranked among the extraordinary trees of the Kingdom. The trunk, which may be 20 Feet high or more, is hollow, and has an opening on one side so large, at one time, as to have contained a long berry cart, wheels and all, its pole placed upright; but of late years the aperture is contracted, the sides growing more together. The Branches that surmount the Trunk seem vigorous, and full of leaves, and yet bear Acorns in abundance. The Trunk is the great resort of Owls. Its circumference, and not taking at the very lowest girth, was 30 Feet. At this farm and the neighbouring one, called Pentowyn, there has from time to time been cut down Timber of immense size and Value. In Wales, there does not seem to be a part better calculated for the growth of Oak, particularly, the whole Country hereabouts being broken into little Valleys, very deep, and well sheltered from the Sea breeze, which never can annoy them.

Wednesday.—Breakfasted with Mr. Halliday at his beautiful Villa, called Mount Pleasant, within a Mile of the town of Carmarthen, and though placed on a considerable height, not commanding a view of it. Rode up to see an elevation in a field, called Cryg y garn, but from its appearance, I suspect it to be a natural rising, and a bit of rock appears; but yet it may, being a very commanding spot, have been used as a beacon. The View from it most charming. See the Turrets of Llanstephan Castle only, peeping over the intervening ground.

After a ride through deep dingles and high hills, some wooded to the top, got to the Vale of Gwenffrwd, so called from a fall in a white spout over a rock, worn into a deep channel at the head of the Vale. I forgot to say that a little below Twm Sion Catty's Cave, the Towy is enlarged by its junction with two tribuatary streams, the Doethie and the Pyscotwr, being each of them very turbulent streams. The Gwenffrwd is enlarged by a tribuatary stream called the Hernin. The extremity of Forest yr Escob, an immense tract extending 20 Miles, is on the other side of the Towy, opposite to Ystradffin, presenting a very grand bold outline, rocky, indented, and in places woody. The Lordship of Ystradffin called Rhandir yr Abad.

Pursue the Vale of Gwenffrwd, and a little farther over a small

neck of land to the head of the Cothy, where under a pretty fall is the hollowed bason, round like a pot, into which it falls, called Pwll Uffern. Near this place it is supposed, by a dam across this narrow part from Rock to Rock, the Cothy was raised and carried by a duct, now to be traced to the Gogovau by the Romans. N.B.—In Lhyn Berwyn a fish taken supposed to be the gilt char.

Ride to Ystradffin and the Mine. Remark that all the Vales branching out of the Towy on both sides are very beautiful and varied, and none more so than the Vale of Cil y Cwm, which is entered by a narrow pass, and expands towards the middle. Is well wooded and watered by the River Towy, and broken by numerous indented Hill Boundaries, opening into other small Vales, through which some mountain rill forces its way. Besides, the whole Vale is studded with small insulated knolls well wooded, and in all the different varieties of the Cone form.

Nant Mwyn, where the Agent of the Mines lives, is prettily situated. A good house, garden well laid out, on a slope to the sun. Towy at bottom of the slope. Lord Cawdor's property all round for a great extent.

N.B.—Was told that in several of the old houses of this district may be seen two Scythes placed across the Chimneys, their ends fast in the Walls with the edge up, for the purpose of protecting their habitations from the thieves that infested in early times that Country, and came in to plunder through this Aperture.

N.B.—Llith Vaen found in these Mountains, which I apprehend is the *Lac Lunæ*, and given in a small quantity in Milk for the Hydrophobia.

To Ystradffin, following the course of the Towy till we come to a most singularly grand conical hill, with its side, as then facing us, covered with Oaks, and its summit shewing portions of rock and tangled growth. Ride at the foot of it to Ystradffin, where nothing now appears but a large farm House, and the old out houses, not that I suppose the original mansion was of a much more splendid appearance, only higher and more irregular, the old houses of that day being chiefly an irregular aggregate of different ages, increasing from time to time to accommodate itself to the introduction of a new Bride, or an addition to the family by children or otherwise. It is placed for the convenience of water just at the mouth of a little woody gully, through which rushes a mountain torrent. The Hills at the back of it an extensive tract, very downy, lofty, and a fine Sheep walk—the Farmer tenant at Ystradffin having generally from 1,500 to 2,000 sheep.

At the entrance of the Avenue leading from the main road to the House a tree grew, on a spot pitched in form of a grave ; but on taking the pitching away, nothing sepulchral was discovered, but they did not dig very deep.

About 300 yards from the House is the inclosure where formerly stood the Chapel of Ystradffin, now fallen down. Service is now performed in a miserable cot just above a little stream on the road to the Agent's house at Nant y mwyn, called Nant y Bai.

Ride round the curious and romantick conical hill already mentioned, rising almost perpendicular from the Towy, its rocky sides thinly covered with wood, giving it a fine effect, the Hill being formed of coarse slaty strata. breaking off in immense lamina. The channel of the River here is obstructed by vast fragments, which, in the lapse of the Ages, have fallen from the Mountain, and the water finds difficulty to forge a passage in many places through them, which causes the formation of a number of little cataracts, and even at any state of the Water produces a grand appearance. I can't say I ever in North Wales saw anything equal to it. A little way down over a part almost entirely blocked up with those stupendous fragments, there is a picturesque wooden bridge, leading to Twm Sion Catty's Cave, which I did not visit—there down as far as Maes Llan Wrthol. And there exists a tradition that here was a great town, called Tref coch yn Neheubarth ; and by finding ornaments of Gold, we are justified in supposing that the Ore there found was Gold ; and by finding other Works of Art there that it was a great place. In the Caves, on the slaty and rocky sides of them, the Matrix of the Ore, there are evident Marks of different sized Wedges used. And on the summit of the Hill there is shewn an old Duct which it is said brought the Cothy from Pwll Uffern to supply a Mill the Legion had here, the place to this day being called Melyn Milwyr. Saw a slate Quarry just at the foot of the hill that forms Llansadwrn Common, of a blue colour, but not splitting with very thin Lamina, and very heavy, yet a valuable acquisition to an inland country.

Llys Brychan.

June 23rd.—On this spot now stands a small farm house, in the Hedges round which are thickly interspersed fragments of all sorts of Roman bricks. In digging their Garden lately they came to masonry, with true Roman cement, formed of lime and bits of bricks and gravel. An old woman in the neighbourhood

says that she remembers the discovery of some chambers underground, which she called Vaults (perhaps Baths), with much bricks, and work such as never was seen in the Country. I picked up a fragment of a very curious piece of pottery, seemingly made of the Stone of the Country pounded into a powder, and then made into a paste, and so baked; of a bluish colour, extremely thick and well wrought.

There are no indications, that I could even fancy, of a Square agger with rounded Angles, to prove it a Station; but the whole place, by fences and cultivation, has undergone such changes that such marks might be done away. I think it was more probably a Villa; and that the Station is yet to be discovered. On the side of the present high road, close to the Hedge opposite this spot, there is a pretty large Maen hir; and still farther on there were two others of the same kind, but now removed. I looked minutely over the existing one, but could find nothing like an inscription, otherwise I should have concluded them to have been milliaries.

To Llanwrda and Llangattock Castle.

June 24th.—Llanwrda Church stands in a most sequestered spot on the banks of the little River Dulas that falls into the Towy near Pentre Meyrig. Church quite plain, no steeple, and within no monuments. On the South side adjoining the Wall, and without it, there was a tombstone raised on Masonry to the memory of a Powell of the house of Pentre Meyrig; I believe of the Judge Sir Jno Powell, who was living in 1694. In the Churchyard are the largest and most branching Yew trees I ever remember to have seen. One of the largest is known by the name of Pentre Meyrig. The family of Powell removed to Broadway, near Laugharne.

Met the Parson in a place where I ought not to have met him, in the Alehouse, near the Churchyard. He walked with me and shewed me his House, which is the Schoolhouse, endowed with £73 a year by a Miss Letitia Cornwallis of Abermarlais, who likewise endowed a House within the same precinct, consisting of 4 acres of Land, for the support of 4 Gentlemen natives of Carmarthenshire, above 30 years of age, unmarried, who have each of them a suite of rooms, and a Kitchen between two, and an allowance of 40 guineas per ann. each. An Estate was left to be sold for raising a Fund equal to this Establishment. The School is for the Education of all children within that Parish,

boys and girls. The master must be a married man, and his Wife teaches the Female Class.

Hence towards Llangattock. Called there on Mr. Llewelyn, the Curate of the place, who walked with me to see the remains of what was called Llangattock Castle, which is no more than an immense Mound, like a great Tumulus, with a Ditch round it, formed by taking out the Earth that went to the Mound. Quere, if it was capable of having water introduced. It has a large space adjoining it marked by a single Agger. No Wall appears anywhere; so that I suppose the Mound was surmounted by a strong wooden work. The common people call it Castell priddlyd, that is, the earth Castle, to distinguish it from those built of Stone and Mortar. There is a house of some Antiquity having stone carved window frames, called the Court House, which once I suppose belonged to some great man of the place; whose posterity afterwards probably went to Danyrallt, the House belonging to that Estate.

N.B.—The Schoolmaster told me that he remembers a piece of the Roman Road visible in the Meadows, close to the new Road under Admiral Foley's, and could shew it.

June 26th.—Rode out to see the course of the Sarn Helen, the old Roman road, which Mr. Foley's tenant shewed me in some fields of his, which appears to be made of the River gravel, and is visible over all the lower part of the Admiral's Demesne, to the left of the present Turnpike road, the plough indicating, by the sound it makes, its passage through the pebbly stratum. It is discovered in several places between that and Llandovery.

Could hear nothing of the Stone mentioned by Llwyd; yet I heard Admiral Foley say that he heard a Mr. Hopkins say that he remembers a stone somewhere near the Marlais, with a hole in it, through which people could shake hands.

Ascend the Van of Llansadwrn, a very high ridge commanding a most extensive view. The summit facing the Vale is crowned with an old Caer or encampment, with the inner Agger much worn down, and more so than I ever remember to have seen; but very high towards the North, the only easily accessible side, where was the entrance; and another lower circumvallation, more at the foot of the Hill. At the Eastern extremity of the camp there is a small elevation which I think must be a Tumulus.

N.B.—Mr. Williams told me that the great Stone we dug about is called Maen Cilan.

June 27th.—Ascended the Van of Llansadwrn, and opened the mound on the Peak within the Camp, imagining it might be a tumulus; but though I gave it a very fair trial, I found it to have been a real beacon, being almost all a heap of Charcoal and Ashes, indicative of much fire having being kindled there.

Descended after this ill success, and not wishing to return without having added anything to the stock of my information, rode to Talley Abbey. The Church had been a cruciform building, with a tower in the centre, and of no inconsiderable size; but the whole building seems to have been uncommonly plain, as clearly appears by the 4 Arches on which the Tower stands, having not the smallest ornament about them. The Arches are painted; and the few apertures where Windows were shew the same plainness. The Nave had side Aisles low. The Abbot's House joins the South transept, and is now a Barn to the great house near. The Parish Church rather modern built, at a little distance from the Ruins. The Churchyard very large; fine trees in it. The Edwinsford Vault close to the Ruins. The whole will group into a pretty drawing, having the lake and trees to form a fine ground, and beautiful shaped and high Hills at the back. There are two lakes, upper and lower, separated by a narrow Isthmus, the middle part of which is elevated and planted. The upper is the largest. The smallest may be about 3 Quarters of a mile round. They are well stocked with Pike, Perch, and Eels.

Wednesday.—Llangattock Church. Plain. South and North Transept. 2 or 3 handsome marble Tablets to the memory of the Danyrallt and Glansevin family. A neat marble Tablet in the Chancel to Admiral Lloyd, with this inscription, like most Epitaphs not true—

Here lie the remains of Wm Lloyd Esqr, Admiral of the White, a Gent: of strict integrity and unsullied honour, an officer of tried courage and approved conduct, a steady friend, a kind master, a sincere and pious Christian. Ob: 19 Jul: A.D. 1796, Æt. 71.

This tablet occupies a part of the Wall wherein was once niched the figure of a Thos Lloyd, his Ancestor, of the same house, and folding doors shut on it; but it fell down, was broken, and never restored. A Tablet of black Marble only remains to give us some account of it, but the quaint inscription is not perfect. On the

Monumental Effigies of Thos Lloyd Esqr, of Danyrallt, who died Augt 19, 1672—

> Reader behold the handsome face
> Of him whose looks impart a grace
> His soul was filled with Heaven, his mind
> With worth we did find
> Enamelle
> Transcribe his life his Children may.

Tuesday, June 20th [1809].—Set off after Breakfast with my Host, the Admiral. Went through the old Park of Abermarlais, which appeared to have been well wooded by the old Stools, and to have been planted in Rows near the House, which had a bowling Green before it, and a piece of Water. In the Park some long ridges of earth sodded over like a kind of long Barrow, said to have been raised as a shelter for the Deer; but *Quere.* The Admiral's young plantations amazingly thriving.

Called at Mr. Williams's, the Vicar of Llansadwrn, whose glebe house is most charmingly situated. Is a neat cottage, and within discovers the taste of its occupier, Mr. Williams, the Vicar. The Church is a plain building, without a Tower. Has a South Aisle. In it are no monuments, though the Parish Church of the venerable mansion of Abermarlais. The Cemetery is large, and has some old Yew and other trees in it. At the Vicar's I saw a most beautiful little Bangu Bell, ornamented with curious raised work; a handle of the same metal; and round it in Dutch —*Lof: Got boven al.** Mr. Williams likewise shewed me several painted tiles which had been found worked up in the wall over an arched door that was taken down; formerly perhaps the Church had been paved with them, or they had been brought from the Abbey of Talley. I saw there some pieces of true Roman brick, found at Llys Brychan.

Rode on to the Mountain Common of Llansadwrn that is going to be divided and inclosed. Observed small heaps of Stones round, probably Carneddau, and one larger than the rest, which I propose opening. From this height had a fine View of the Country all round the Breconshire Van, as well as that of Carmarthenshire, Carreg Cynan Castle, then gilded by the Sun, and all round it in shadow. Beyond this Common and adjoining it is a projecting point of land, private property belonging to

* In modern spelling "Loof God boven al," *i.e.*, Praise God above all. It was a lich- or corpse-bell, a hand-bell rung before a funeral procession. —Ed.

Edwinsford, near the extremity of which, within some sort of ancient Encampment, the late Sir Nicholas Williams built a Summer house, now a heap of rubbish, it having been destroyed by lightning. Observed on this ridge a great deal of the blue and purple Mountain Pansy.

N.B.—Mr. Williams told me that when he waited on Mr. Bray at the Antiquarian Society, he found the Bell they used was precisely on the same Model as his Bangu, which was found in Llanwrda Church, consolidated with Llansadwrn. There were old people lately living who remembered it used at Funerals.

Mr. Williams informed me that at the Vicarage house at Llandovery there were found sculptured on Stone Goats' Heads in the Act of vomiting. *Quere* if this might not have referred to an anecdote told of Rees Prichard, Vicar of Llandyfry.

Llangattock.

Cwrt y Plâs, an old house just by the Church, seems to have been a house of some consequence for its day, having wrought stone frames to the Windows and Door. The Clerk told me that it had been the Town Jail.

Ride towards the Van, and by Myddfai, Llwyn y Wermwd, Cilgwyn, and Glansevin house. The ascent gradual till we came to the height above the Vale in which Llanddoysant lies. Saw Talysarn lying exactly on the old Roman road, which the present Turnpike pursues, as having the best course possible.

Turn to the left and down a considerable Hill. Bad road to Myddfai. On this side of Myddfai lies the House of the family who were the hereditary Physicians of that place, the descendants of whom are buried at the West end of the Church, and retain their partiality to Medicine, there being several of them buried of the name of Jones, and said to be Surgeons. The Church is double, being separated by a row of neat pillars and moderately pointed Arches. A fine marble Tablet lately set up to Williams of Llwyn y wermwd. On a Tombstone without the Communion rails was an inscription to commemorate one Owen, of the family of Glasallt, Bishop of Llandaff in Charles's time.

An old house in the Village called Porth y rhyd. Llwyn y wermwd, a charming situation, ground very parkish, ornamented with fine masses of old wood. To the back a noble view of the Mountains, which from hence look like the view of Cader Idris softened and in miniature from Dolgelly. Follow a narrow winding Vale, each side well wooded, with a rippling stream

passing through, dammed up into a large Pond under Llwyn y wermwd house, down to Cilgwyn, late Miss Price's, and now Mr Holford's. The Ground very parkish and well wooded. Hence to Glansevin. No fine situation. A house of some pretensions as to external, but all round it appearance of squalid neglect.

I heard from an old woman, in ascending towards the Mountain, a piece of a curious fable respecting the origin of the Myddfai Physicians—that the first of that family, who took to the profession, was fishing in the lake of the Van, and heard a Voice under Water desiring him to bait his hook with bread; and so doing he hooked a female, who came out of the lake followed by 6 cows, all with names, and was married to the Angler Physician. But she said, after having made him the father of children, that she should quit the world, or at least his society, after receiving 3 unnecessary blows. When at a funeral, she being alone merry, her husband tapped her on the shoulder, saying, What means your mirth in the midst of Sorrow? Says she, That is one of the blows. Again being at a wedding, and she alone being sad, her husband tapped her again a second blow. The woman did not know the cause of the third. So she plunged into the Lake, and her Cows, and was never seen more.

The Clerk told me something in addition to this Tale of the Lady of the Lake and the Physician, namely, that she came out of the Lake with 14 cows; and said that when she was destined to return, which would be after she had received three unnecessary blows, she should have as many cows back with her as she could name at a Breath; and that her Breath lasting longer than for her to call the 14 Cows by their Names, she was obliged in addition to have the Oxen in the Plough (a bit of a Bull though), Plough and all, with which she returned to the Lake; and the tradition is that there still appears the furrow the Plough made to be traced to the Lake, and very visibly on the edge of it.

N.B.—The Angling Physician first baited his hook with fine bread well baked, but the Voice told him that he must bait it with bread half baked, which had the desired effect.

The Vale of the Sawddey.

June 21st—Pass Llangattock. We hear of its Castle in the Welsh Chronicles, but nothing now remains to indicate its place but a tumulus, of considerable size, probably once surmounted with a Tower or Castelet of wood, or other slender materials, as an outpost. The Church has a Tower, and in the Chancel there

was an arched Canopy, now shut up with Wall. Here most likely lay the Effigy of Sir Aaron ap Bledri, Knight of the Sepulchre, of the house of Kilsant, an Ancestor of Lord Milford, for the pedigrees all say, *sepultus est apud Langattock*.

Enter the Vale of Sawddey, through which a noble mountain stream holds its course here at the entrance, assuming a very majestick Character, but in its whole course exhibiting a very picturesque appearance, in many places rolling a narrow deep stream through a fretted channel of rock ; in others precipitated in little cataracts over broken rocks. The both sides of the Vale, which takes many windings, are nobly wooded, and belong fortunately to those who are tied down not to employ Axe. A new Road follows the course of the River all the way, chiefly leading to the Lime Kilns on the Mountain which gives rise to the River.

Near the head of the River stands the House of Gwynfai, belonging to a clergyman of the name of Lewis, who has around him an Estate of about 7 or 800 £ per Ann., besides a good benefice in Devonshire. The House is neat, and finely embosomed in magnificent woods, the River running at the foot of the Hill in the side of which it is built. There is capability of its being made a fine place. In our Pedigrees the Lords of Gwynfai occur frequently, and here no doubt they resided ; but the present possessors, I believe, lay no claim to a relationship with the ancient Lords of the place ; for I find that the Great Grandfather of the present Gentleman was a Smith, whose forge was where the Kennel now is. Just at the Junction of the Sawddey Vach with the greater, at a place called Aber ddwy avon, about 40 yards up the little Sawddey, there is a pretty waterfall, with a fine accompaniment of wood. The whole River makes the fall.

N.B.—On returning I found that on the other side of the Sawddey from Llangattock, opposite the common we cross, there is a place called Garreg Sawddey. Why may not this be the Gaer ar y Sawddey ? And there may be a Roman Station there.

To Cayo.

June 22nd—In my way opened several apparently truncated Carneddau, but found nothing indicative of their having been sepulchral. They had been robbed of their Stones ages before, and perhaps then plundered of their contents, or so disturbed as to leave no mark of their original use. Some very small ones, as they lay in a row very near each other ; and round them

there were ancient ridges, as were certainly the Stones collected from the plough.

Proceed to the Caves of Caio, falling into the Turnpike that leads from Lampeter to Llandovery. To the left, the Vale expands and exhibits a rich view, the boundaries being very picturesque wooded projections. On the flat appeared Edwinsford, and in another branch of the Vale, Llansawel, and higher up Bailey Vicar, and Glan Rhannell to the right. At Pumsant the Vale contracts, in which are Dolau Cothy, a very pretty, well wooded seat of — Johnes, Esqr; and above, Brwynant, the seat of Revd Mr Lloyd; the Vale still higher, wild and romantick.

At Mr Johnes's saw the Gold chain found in ploughing the North side of Cothy. Gold very pure, nicely wrought; and also a stone of the onyx kind bedded in a rough stone for the purpose of putting it with safety into a vice, for the Engraver to work it. The device was a figure attended by a dog, holding something in his hand, at which the dog seems in the act of looking up to catch; but on examining it with a magnifying glass it appears to have been only in outline. This was found in the rubbish by making a new road just at the top of the Hill above the Caves.

The Caves and hollows where the Romans had carried on their works seemed to have occupied the side of the Hill opposite Pumsant for a mile. There are besides excavations everywhere, several Caverns in the solid rock, and adits; some open mouthed, and though capacious, not penetrating far; others with entrance narrow, but extending inwards farther than any have penetrated. In one there is a spring from which runs a pretty abundant stream used by them probably for cleaning the Ore. There is a large Stone there called Carreg Pumsant, where, from the marks on it, and the tradition annexed, it is supposed they pounded the Ore.

I forgot to say that there were likewise found near the Chain a Gold Serpent, about 9 inches long, and two Gold Rings in form of a Serpent. There is no certainty as to the quality of the Ore found there, which even Raspe, the great Mineralogist, could make no satisfying conjecture about. There is every reason to suppose that it was something they dug out in mass, and that it was very precious Ore. There might likewise have been Copper and Lead. But attempts have been made to discover Mines there in after Ages, without success. There can be no doubt but their Establishment here was a very great one, as the Road in many places now visible came from Loventium

to Pumsant, where I presume there was a Station, as Bricks were often found there of various sorts, truly Roman, as well as in all the space.

First Day at Penylan.

Sink down from the heights to the Vale of Cothy, through which the River holds its course, here and there straitened by a rocky channel; and in many parts widening into deep dark reaches, overshadowed with fine Oaks growing out of its rocky sides, and other tangled growth.

Near a Mill saw the Salmon leap, but there being so little water in the river, it did not appear to advantage.

The Vale richly wooded all the way down. Cross the River to a very strong British Post, having a tumulus, on which most probably stood a Castelet, occupying a narrow projecting point at the base of a still higher eminence, crowned with large encampments at the back of it, or rather on each side. The ditch round the Tumulus cut out of the Slaty rock. In our return, pass an antient Mansion called Eisteddfa Egwad, where the Saint of the Church in which parish is stands might have lived.

2nd Day.

Visited Llanfynydd Church; consisting of a Tower, and Nave divided by a row of Pillars. No monument, but one to the Rev. D. Jones, a Nonjuror. Vast tracts of common in this Parish. Village prettily situated on the little River Sannan, sheltered by high Hills to the North and East. In it are 2 or 3 publick houses, a shop or two, a School House, founded by the said D. Jones for the education of 12 boys, 6 of whom are put out to trades. The Master, who now is Curate of the Parish, has a stipend of £12 per ann: arising out of a Farm left for that purpose in the Parish.

Cross a long Mountain Common, where the People were all busy with their Turf Harvest. At the extremity of this Common, saw the remains of an antient British Town, occupying a projection covered with Gorse, in one part collected into something like an Agger, enclosing a considerable space; in other places making small Huts, such as are seen on many of our heights.

At Aber Gorlech, or Garw lech, from the nature of the stones, where this little tributary River to the Cothy divides the Parishes of Llansawel and Llanybyddar, there is a chapel of ease to the latter.

Montgomeryshire and Merioneth.*

Thursday, August 25th [1808]. Begun. The Morning early shewed so thick a Fog that out of my room Window at Vachddeiliog I could not see to the distance of 6 yards. Not a breath of wind stirring. But before 7 o'clock it began to disperse, and by eight left the horizon clear and the Landscape in full beauty, with a gentle breeze, giving a Curl to the Lake. Being my last Morning at that charming retreat, of course I was much hurried, and what with the extreme heat, and the fatigue of packing up, I was almost dissolved before I started. Sir Richard had gone on before, whom I overtook a little the other side of Pont y Nant hir, where the River, after having hollow'd its way through rocks, falls with rather torrent force under a very picturesque old Arch covered with Ivy, and continues its course through the same sort of channel the other side of the Bridge. A little below, this river falls into the Dee.

Pass for a Mile or two through prettily wooded Dells, and leaving Pale and Llandderfel on the Left, ascend by a winding road to the Berwyn Hills, over which we had a dreary, but a fine, airy ride. Saw a plant of White Heath, and catch a peep of a narrow Vale intersecting the Mountains, and goes towards Llandrillo. Turf there must be very good, as the Turbary they are dug out of seems in the first instance very dry. Cross a small arch about half way over the Mountain, under which runs a water with such a yellow crocus that the whole channel and the stones that touch it are all deeply tinged. Saw something like a large Tumulus, near the head of the Vale of Llandrillo, called Bwlch croes Iorwerth, where some say Iorwerth Drwyndwn was slain; or more likely, where his Corpse, in passing to Pennant Melangell, where he is said to be buried, might have stopped, and a cross might have been raised to commemorate it. Edward raised splendid Crosses everywhere where the Body of his beloved Eleanor rested in its way from the North.

Open the pretty little Vale of Llangunnok, and see the old Roman road ascending from the Vale much below the present road, and falls in with the Milltir gerrig and Trimsarn; and so in a straitish Line to Bala. Sir Richard Hoare has rode it all

* MS. 2.56.

the way. The Boundaries of the Vale of Llangunnok are lofty, but bare of wood; and the Hill to her Left almost covered with a Lava of loose stones mostly of the slaty kind. The other is grassy to the Top. The Vale, which is divided into small inclosures, is richly sprinkled with Trees in the Hedge Rows. The River Tanat rises on the Mountain just above the Vale. About Llangunnok to the left above the Village, they have a slate quarry of a fine sort, beautiful deep blue, thin and of even surface. On the other side of the River, there is a great Lead Mine, and a rail Road, crossing the Turnpike from the Adit into the Mine, to the bank, where it is picked, scoured and rendered marketable. The Church, seemingly new built, is small; has no steeple or side Aisles. In this village, as in all places where a Church appears a meeting house is sure to confront it.

A few Miles farther reach Llanrhaiadr, after passing, from the main road, a most intolerable stony way. We cross the Tanad at Llangunnok over a stone bridge, and afterwards over a wooden one, descend to Llanrhaiadr, a small, poor, but sequestered Village (I ask its pardon, Market Town I should have said). Put up at the best Inn in the place, and bad is the best—the Coach and Horses. Before we enter the Village we cross by a bridge the Rhaiadr, which has its course from the left, from the famous Cataract of Pistill Rhaiadr.

After Dinner we walked out, saw the Church that lies in a very spacious Churchyard, with two or three old scrubby yew trees, but a few Fine Wallnut Trees skirting the River that runs under the Churchyard to the South under a Hill well wooded, with a Mill at its foot, and a shady walk beyond it above the river, and on the Margin of a small stream flowing at the edge of the walk, which helps to feed the Mill. The Church consists of a Nave, two side aisles, and a Tower not very high. The Nave separated from the side Aisles by low square pillars, angles smoothed. Cieling of Wood over Chancel in square Pannels; a flowery Knot carved at each Angle.

The only Monument anything remarkable was thus inscribed, of freestone—

21-10bris 1694 Hic sepultus est Sidneius Bynner Gen^{s} qui dum vixit hospitalitate insignis vicinis gratus Amicis fidelis, pauperibus liberalis omnibus affabilis & nemini injustus. Dicere verum quis vetat?

The Vicarage House adjoins the Cemitery, and seems to be a good large old House with proper Offices and a noble Garden.

Without the Garden, the late Doctor Worthington, Vicar of this Church, erected a Maenhir and inscribed it thus :—

VIATORVM | SOLATIO | & | COMODITATI | A SALOP | XXVI | A | LOND | XCVIII.*

Houses here appear very old, built of wood and plaister chiefly, a style peculiar to Montgomeryshire in every part of it.

Friday, August 26 [1808].—Set out, with a pleasing gloom and Air, in quest of Mediolanum, which we were induced, from our Cicerone's Account of a place called Bryn Dinas, to suppose might be found there. All the intermediate Ground from Llanrhaiadr to that place, both right and left of the Road, had been explored 2 Years ago by my Friend Sir R. Hoare without success, though places had names that seemed to point to the former existence of the Roman Station there, not only being a tradition that there once had been a great City there, but that the Names of Hendref and Hengastell remain. A little before we come to the 3d Mile Stone from Llanrhaiadr we turned to the left, with a View to ascend a high insulated conical Hill whose Summit was crowned with an old British Encampment; and this was the Bryn Dinas we were led to for Mediolanum.

The first sight determined us as to what it was, and that it could have no relation to the Romans, who always chose a gentle eminence in a Vale. However, deeming it worth being examined, we abandoned our Horses, and began our Ascent up a perpendicular *grassy* and *glassy* steep, where there was not the smallest appearance of a path, our guide not being sufficiently acquainted with it. However, after much slipping and winding, we gained the top, and found a most extensive work of the Britons and of their earliest style, having but one high Agger following the crown of the Hill, in circumference half a Mile at least. It had one approach to the S. East—being a natural hollow in the Hill, assisted by Art to make it more accessible by making the Road to wind, and cutting through a rubly rock.

* Fenton's readings of the two inscriptions are not quite correct, nor are they altogether correct in Hancock's History of the Parish, in *Mont. Coll.*, iv, p. 236; v, p. 312 (1871–2). The Rev. J. Silas Evans, Vicar of the Parish, has kindly collated the readings for us, with the following results. *Sidneius* should be *Sidneus*; and *Æt. 70* added at the end. The inscriptions on the Green School Maenhir read, on the front—"VIATORUM | SOLATIO | ET | COMMODITATE | A SALOP | XXVI | A | LOND. | CLXXX"; and on the back—"H. P. VIC | P: | MDCCLXX."—ED.

The opening is just opposite to Llangedwyn and just above Plâs Issaf [Ucha], where a Mr. Dorset lives.

Llangedwyn is a fine old seat of Sir W. Wynne, situated under a hanging wood, and just above some of the finest Meadows I ever saw, stretching down to the River Tanat. The Vale here widens into a fine Reach, and is remarkably cheerful. Here, in Summer chiefly, the Dowager Lady Wynne resides.

From the old British Camp on Bryn Dinas the View towards Shrewsbury is very fine, the whole Vale up and down seen shut in with fine Hills with a varied outline.

In our way back, ascend a gentle rising in the Vale to Pen Dommen, which we found as exactly opposite to the other Tommen, just above the old House of Plâs [Glan] Tanat, that might have been there placed to guard a like Pass winding down through the Vale from the Mountain. Thinking it a likely place for the Mediolanum, we made all the enquiries and examination we could ; but could get no account of any thing having been dug up there, or any thing indicative of there having been anything Roman.

Leaving Sir R. Hoare, I turn down towards the Bridge to which the supposed Roman Road comes from Caer Sws, and saw a very fine Maen Hir in a Field. I alight and examine and measure it. It is about eleven feet high ; and in the other Field a little more to the Eastward, I was directed by the Farmer to look at a spot where they had dug up a great quantity of stones, being no other than a fine Tumulus, now levelled to within a Foot of the surrounding Ground. This Tumulus, being not above a Hundred Yards distance from the other Tumulus, might have had some relation to it. The farmer told me that in dry Summers the course of the antient Road is very perceptible by the more stunted and yellow herbage or Corn over different fields.

Pistill Rhaiadr.

In the Evening, rode up the vale through which the Rhaiadr precipitates itself. The Vale is all the way narrow, but takes a pretty Bend near the Village. It then keeps nearly the same Breadth ; for two Miles each side is tolerably wooded, a fine young plantation of Fir chiefly, but much too thick, at the very extremity, which is formed of bold rocks, of perpendicular columnar Strata, particularly to the right of the fall, which is precipitated over a ledge of Rock rather projecting in one broad thin Stream till it comes to a Ledge ; then through an arch it has

worn in the Rock it is forced a little more to the left into a more confined channel, forming a second fall. There is a Cottage near and a small House just overhanging the stream, for a Company to shelter or take some refreshment, when they make parties, and take provision with them.

The whole Scene round the fall is very wild, and the Hills on each side terminate in a very grand rocky parapet, with here and there some little stunted growth. Perhaps if there was a greater accompaniment of wood (for the Rocks are nearly bare), the fall would not appear to so much advantage, for then it would be like other falls; and Pistill Rhaiadr has a peculiar character of its own. Within Quarter of a Mile of the fall you meet a locked Gate, so that the Traveller must there abandon his horse, and walk; and unless you go to the edge of the Pool, into which the Cataract precipitates, you cannot see it as it ought to be looked at, to judge of its height and the singularity of the whole Landskip. On the Flat in front of the Cascade there are two singular detached Rocks, fragments originally from the Mountain above, though now bedded where they are, as if they had grown there. On our return, much struck with the Village of Rhaiadr, as we just approached it, with every ingredient of a rich Landskip happily grouped.

Saturday.—In consequence of an account we received from a Taylor, delivered seemingly with a perfect knowledge of his subject, viz., that a Farmer by the name of John Jones of Llam yr Ywrch had dug up some Bricks, and that they were worked into one of his Walls—enflamed by this, that no time might be lost, I started at ½ past six in the Morning to visit the Farmer; but when I got there I found that the ninth part of a Man had only told me the 9th part of the truth. The Bricks were taken out of an old Oven, and not dug up in a certain field, as the Taylor had represented it. The truth was, that in a certain field called Maes y Llan or Gaer Degan they had dug into the ruins or the foundations of some antient Chapel and found several fragments of cut stone, but no *brick;* that the Fields round were called Maesydd yr Abad, the Abbot's fields; that till within these few years, they had been tithe free; and that people from near Shrewsbury were used to send their Cattle thither under an Idea that the place was a sort of Sanctuary. In them, and while they remained there, they were safe from being distrained. I saw the spot, and it looked like a spot where there might have existed an old Chapel, perhaps part

of the Endowment of Ystrad Marchell. I searched the Fields every where in that direction, but could find nothing indicative of a Roman Station. Mr Walter Davies had been there busy in exploring, but made no discovery farther than we did.

Machynlleth.*

May be well called the Port of Montgomeryshire, the Dovey being navigable to within a Mile and a half of the Town, and with little expense, by a Cut once projected and talked of, capable of being made navigable quite up to the Town. By approaching it from the Road that comes over the Hills from the Devil's Bridge, and so through the beautiful Valley of Glascoed, to a Height just above the Town, from which the Road sinks into that coming from Aberystwyth, within half a mile of the town, you catch a beautiful View of it, placed between the Hills in the narrowest part of the Vale, expanding out, approaches the River, into a flat of very rich meadows and inclosures.

The town is nearly in form of a printed capital T, having a street that runs from South to North, having the largest street branching off from it from West to East nearly. The Street you first enter into, beginning, or rather terminated at the So. End, by a very genteel House, the residence of Edwards Esq., seems to be better built and more uniform and better paved (that is, having a foot pavement) than any other part, for the sides are flagged. In the Centre of Street, and facing to the East Street, there is a handsome Market house, built at the Expense of Sir Wat. W. Wynne Bar^t^, and behind it, or rather hid by it, is the principal Inn, the Eagles (the bearing of the Family), the Inn likewise being the property of Sir Watkin.

In the Street to the East you are shewn an old Barn famed for having been the place where Owen Glyndwr convened his Parliam^t^, that is, the principal of his adherents, as being then the largest room in the place probably, for there is reason to think that then the town was but small, and the few houses that were but low and mean. The Houses, both the old and modern, built of the slaty stone dug in a Hill, a Common to the North of the town, a stone when cut (and it is cut easily) that gives the buildings an air of great consequence. Roofs all

*MS. 2.51.

slated; the old buildings, and there are many interspersed, covered with the large coarse slate of the Country, and mossed to prevent the power of the wind on them; but the majority of the buildings are covered with the fine Carnarvon slate, without any Mortar. Their Markets on Wednesday and Saturday. A Mail goes through the Town. The town is placed near three quarters of a Mile from the Dovey.

Church.

Is enclosed within a strong Wall of Stone and Mortar; the Cemetery large, with a few of the oldest Yew trees I ever saw in it. The Church is a cruciform building. Roof, both of Church and cross Aisles, very wide, with an immense quantity of Oak beams forming it within part of the sides of the Roof made of timbers shaped into Quatrefoils bearing marks of great Antiquity. Chancel separated from Nave by an ornamented open Skreen, as were the Side Aisles from the Nave. No antient Monument. A mural Tablet to the Owens family of Llyn lloedd, a seat close to the town. The whole bears strong evidence of its being very antient. To enquire about Maglona. All the Windows handsome, with stone tracery in Chancel and each Aisle.

I found my old Friend Mr H. Jones had been buried the morning (yesterday) I arrived. Aberllefenny in the possession of Mr John Davies the Merchant, and many other changes. Llynloedd, a pretty seat of a family of the name of Owen, very near the town, prettily backed with wooded Hills, and surrounded with some highly cultivated meadows and Fields. The House rather handsome.

I forgot to mention that there is a Window of same dimensions and tracery with those in the East End and cross Aisles in the West End. Tower ending in a tiled short spire. In the Chancel, just within the Skreen separating from the Nave, old Oak Stalls, with grotesque carving under the seats each side of the Entrance, as if for Singers or Chantry Priests. Most of the Stalls belonged to the Mathafarn Estate, as they are inscribed on the back *Sir W. W. Wynne.* Over Porch leading into Churchyard fine carved woodwork, certainly plundered from within ye Church.

Rode out in the Evening to Penrallt to visit the Station of Cefn y Gaer; but found the old Inhabitants dead, and the farm occupied by a new tenant, who had never heard of the place having been a Roman Camp. Though it may perhaps

now be difficult to trace the whole line of the Agger, yet in some few places it is plainly discerned, and fragments are seen in every pile of Rubbish on the Roads, and in the Walls of the old Farmhouse among the Stones. But the principal part of it being now (as it was when I visited it 3 years ago) under Corn, it was not likely we should find any pottery, which, if the Fields were fresh turned up, would appear. A Son in Law of the old Tenant told me that, about 15 years ago, his Father in Law had found a string of Silver Beads, and that it was sent to his Landlord, a Mr Pughe of Garthmeilan.

There is on the banks of the Dovey, near the place where they ford it over, some small earthen Mound. Could see no antient pitched way, unless the modern road to the River pursues the same Line; nor, if the Road did cross, could we guess which direction it could have taken, to have fallen in with that Road in Cardiganshire leading to Loventium. And it is hardly to be imagined that they could have connected otherwise than circuitously with the more Northern Stations. It might have followed the course of the Dovey to Mallwyd, and then easily to CaerSws.

Opposite the Station, on the West side of a Marshy flat, stands a handsome modern Mansion called Talgarth, belonging to —— Edwards, Esqr, on a gentle and highly cultivated slope, ornamented with thriving plantations, looking on one side to the Dovey and its sublime boundary on the Cardiganshire side, and on the other hand looking on the little Village of Pennal, backed by sublime Mountains, with their sides in many places well wooded.

From Machynlleth Bridge over the Dovey (a noble building with 5 large Arches, the first on the Dovey) the Ride to Towyn is very beautiful and interesting, and takes its course through a most picturesque country involving great variety. The Hills, each side as far as Pennal, richly wooded, very high, and broken with most beautiful forms.

Saturday, 1808.—Left Machynlleth early and took the Turnpike road on the North side of the Dovey, which carried over a Terrace, for the greater part overhanging the River, and never losing sight of it. To the left rising very high and steep fine grassy Hills. Pity they were not wooded. The river here is broad, but shallow, taking large reaches. On the opposite side Dolgeog.

The Vale here occupies a rich expanse of meadow pasture and corn land. Pass an old Mansion, Aberfrydlon, belonging to the family of Wynne, but long deserted. Call at Llanwryn, of which Mr. Pryce, of Carmarthenshire, is Rector, and Mr. Hamer, an old Acquaintance, is Curate, but he was not at home. The Church an odd-looking pile, with great square Windows, small Panes, having more the appearance of an old publick House than a Church. Thence to Mathafarn, once the seat of the Pughs, and before them of a noted Bard, sold by the Trustees of the late Mr. Pugh Pryce during his minority to Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, to such disadvantage that it is said there was as much timber cut down after the purchase as paid for it. The House is situated at the foot of a beautiful projecting Hill in the middle of the Vale, whose lower sides or skirts were well cultivated, and upper part cloathed with wood. In front, it looks on an expanded flat consisting of large Enclosures, rich Land of every quality, with old Oaks, Wych Elms, Beech, and Lime Trees, and one stately sweet Chestnut, interspersed, the Relicks of antient grandeur—the whole forming a most magnificent Demesne.

Soon after we leave Mathafarn the Turnpike leaves us, and the remaining part of the Road to Mallwyd is narrow and unfrequented, yet still following the Course of the River, and preserving a most interesting Character, for, look on either side, you are environed by Mountains of most majestick appearance, and, as we approach Mallwyd, taking a greater variety of forms. On the opposite, saw Kemes, a small Village, with a very old fashioned Mansion in a bush of Wood ; and a little higher same side, a pretty Box on a Knoll most charmingly wooded on the edge of the Vale, belonging to Sir J^{n} King Dashwood. Road gets close to the margin of the Dovey, which here grows narrower and less tame. The River here, and of course the Road, takes a turn to the left. Ascend a small slope, then descend to a grotesque Bridge, the first we meet with from Machynlleth, a rare instance in so long a reach. Here the Dovey takes entirely a new Character, forcing its way with straiten'd course through a wild deep rocky channel. The Bridge, a singular Arch, very Eliptick on one side, and semicircular on the other, very shallow from the Battlements to Arch, finely overgrown with Ivy and tangled growth. A little above is a Wier. From a seat between Bridge and Wier, see through the Arch fine scenery. Reached our Inn in time for an early Dinner.

Church.

After Dinner, walk out and see the Church—a very undignified building, with a little wooden steeple at West End. On the North side of the steeple are the words, *Venite Cantemus, A.D.* 1640, made out by perforations through the Boards. On the South side, *Soli Deo Sacrum, Anno Christi MDCXL.* On the East side, *Honor Deo in excelsis.* Over the outer Door of Porch, *G* 1641 *H.* Nothing can be more simple and antiquated than the inside, and even slovenly as being strewed with Rushes ; the few Pews of old massy Oak, as well as Forms or seats, very heavy and rude. The Pews and Seats for the Women, who sit apart from the Men, are more Westerly end of the Church. There is on North side of Chancel an antient Oak Pew inscribed *Sedile Gardianorum.* The Communion Table, said by Pennant to be in the middle of the Church, is where it originally stood, and where it ought to be, at the extreme East end of the Church, for what appears now the East end was a subsequent building added, for what purpose I can't say ; therefore Doctor Davies did not deem it proper to remove the sacred board from its proper and hallowed site. The Doctor is said to be buried under the Table, or near it. In the additional part of the East End, which has a handsome Window with Stone Mullions, a School is kept. Roof very strongly and clumsily timbered. In the Churchyard are 4 Yew trees, 2 very large, the largest of which from a short stalk, has 6 main Branches, each large enough for an independent tree, measures round about 25 Feet. The middle or leading shoot rises very strait out of the middle of the others, and is a fine flourishing tree of itself. The other Tree measures round above 15 Feet ; and the spread of their Branches is immense. The Rectory is worth from £4 to 500 p^{r} ann. Observe all over this Country the beautiful Plant, the *Malva moschata.*

Inn at Mallwyd charmingly situated at the head of the Vale, and affording very decent accommodation. The Man keeps a large farm, and has a large family, all daughters, and all remarkably tall. They seem to have been very decently educated. The House belongs to Major Williams, and has the family bearing for its sign, the Cross Foxes, which with the Spread Eagles, give signs in all places where the two families of Wynne or Williams have property.

Sunday, 1808.—Left Mallwyd, and took the Road over Bwlchygroes to Bala. Passed a very romantick Bridge of one Arch, under which the River rushes that enters the Dovey a little below. I say *rushes*, for it appears to be a most turbulent stream, taking its torrent course through a deep broken and rocky channel.

Come to Dinas y Mowddy, a Town dignified by a Market and a Corporation, having a Mayor annually chosen, at the swearing in of whom and the feast on the occasion I was once present, and saw him invested with the authority and insignia of his Office, among which the principal was the Vêg fawr, the great fetter. After the ceremony was over at the Inn, Mr Mytton's Agent and Steward of the Court retired to the old Manor House, where we had a supper substantial enough for old Wilcock Mowddy had he lived. This town is honoured with the name of City in all law proceedings. *Quere* why? as it is a miserable collection of mean houses, making one wide Street. There are two publick Houses, and a shed with Crooks for Butchers to expose their Meat in. The situation is striking, at the foot of a prodigious high conical hill rising insulated in the midst of the Vale. The town is placed on a ridge above the Dovey.

Turn down out of the town to the right, still following the river, another road to the left going to Dolgelley. There is no church in the Town, the Parish Church being Llanymowddy, about 2 Miles and half off, in a pretty sequester'd Vale, narrow and bounded with very high hills, which, though most of them now of a velvety verdure, to the summit, by the appearance here and there of stunted and decaying growth, appear to have been all clothed with wood. The Church seems to have been lately rebuilt, and has nothing about it that savours of Antiquity, but an old Yew Tree in the Churchyard. A little beyond the Church, road turns to the right, and the Vale there ending grows more expanded.

Here the Dovey is fed by a stream that forces its way down a channel fretted by the lapse of Waters from above, seemingly from a Lake that overflows this boundary of Rock. Perhaps this is what the Man of the Inn at Mallwyd called Craig Llyn Dovey, where it is said there is an oozing or spout of Water issuing from the Rock of a most purgative Quality. Pity it should not be analyzed. The Dovey rises somewhere about the foot of Aran, and here the Aran region commences. Our road, leaving this fall of the Dovey to the left, turns to the

right, and we begin the ascent of Bwlchygroes, which continues gradually ascending for near two miles over a very tolerable road formed out of the side of a very high grassy hill to the left, opposite to which rises almost perpendicularly another Hill, whose surface is worn away by the fall of Winter Waters to the bare rub, forming a most striking contrast to the other side. On both sides there are frequent Gullies worn in the Hill, innumerous by torrents, which in Winter must present a grand appearance. Look back and catch a pleasing View of the Vale we passed, a little cultivated Garden amongst those mountainous wilds.

The summit of Bwlchygroes gained, we go over for some short way a dreary flat of Heath and Turbary, till we come to the margin of the Hill looking to the North, and there Aran and Arennig and still more distant Mountains burst with great sublimity on the View, and the Eye is again cheered with the little Vale opening towards the Lake of Bala, through which a River murmurs that discharges itself into the Lake. Descend near two miles, for the chief part a very formidable road, without a parapet on one side, and on the other a high Mountain of shivering Slate, continually slipping down. We enjoyed a fine Air on the summit of ye Mountain, but in the Vale it was oppressively hot. In the Vale observed much Elder in full bloom everywhere. Opposite to Llanwchllyn, turn to the right, and gain a View of the Lake, which a little above it we skirt all the way to Vachddeiliog.

Forgot to observe that a little beyond Mallwyd, just at the 3^{d} Bridge on the Dovey, near a Mr Hughes's, saw a heap of Stuff very much resembling Coal, dug out of an Adit, where there had been a trial for that Mineral. It would be a vast discovery for this Country, as they have plenty of Limestone in several places, but want Coal to burn it, Turf not being strong enough for that purpose, though a shift is made to burn it imperfectly with Turf.

Bala.*

Association there—last day. Led by curiosity to hear the preachment. Recognized my old Fellow traveller in the Mail from Carmarthen. His manner not at all ranting; very familiar language; allusions to very obvious things, yet not low. Manner very impressive; mixed, of Welsh and English, or rather

* This, undated, is taken from the beginning of MS. 2.48, certainly written before 1804 (MS. 2.64).—Ed.

Welsh ; and then a paraphrase of the same in English. It was the farewell sermon. He and one Charles, another Chaplain of Spa Fields, were the principal in this multitude of preachers. A number of pious Cadets or Probationers between the Acts had an opportunity of trying their talents and feeling their ground by prayer. With these sermons the Association was dissolved, and I followed my Friend to his Horse, which his Servant had in waiting for him immediately to mount. I put myself in his way and accosted him. He recognized me with the same cordiality that marked his parting with us at Narberth, and his heart seemed at his fingers' ends. He rode a fine cream colour'd horse that would not have disgraced His Majesty's Stud. He seemed to walk without any halt, and our Naval Mail Coach traveller would have said that he was repaired and sound in his lower tinkers. I am told that the salient Mania to which this Holy Man owed his accident, as the Naval Wag related, and which spread like wild-fire over the principality, had its origin here, and that those religious Bacchants filled the Roads for Miles round this town with their Orgies ; but I am told that the Mania has of late years much subsided.

Tegid fair length. On the South side of the lake, embosomed with Wood in an elbow of the Hill, prettily recessed at the head of a lawn gradually inclining to the margin of the lake, and having in front the fine range of the Arennig Mountains, stands the Villa of Sir Richard Hoare, who we heard was there ; so we took the liberty of calling. We found him with a Gentleman, a friend of his, of similar pursuits. They were just going to take their usual evening diversion of Perch Fishing in a commodious Boat belonging to the Bar[t] below the town. We were pressed to join them, and had we not had sport, the luxury of the scene would have amply gratified us. There was not a breeze to ripple the azure mirror of the lake, in which the inverted landscape was beautifully shewn, and its boundaries charmingly gilded by the setting sun. After an hour's amusement in Angling, we returned and took tea, and enjoyed most interesting conversation. The Baronet's Guest I found had been bred to the Bar, and if not a native of the Country, had once gone that Circuit, for he knew my Uncle Robert well, who passed the greater part of two Summers between Carnarvon and Beaumaris, and I once had met about 10 years ago at Llandrindod Wells, reminding him of a poem he wrote there, something in Ansty's manner. They had in the early part of Summer been over So. Wales ; were reposing for a Fortnight after their fatigue to explore the

northern part of the principality. Whilst they remained here, their Mornings, if fair, were occupied by antiquarian research in the neighbourhood; if rainy, by their pens and pencils. They dined at the rational hour of three, and their evenings similar to this. Being made acquainted with the principal bearings of our Journey, they were so polite as to sketch such a route as accommodated itself to the limits of time and course. Evening passed insensibly, and we did not reach our Inn till Eleven, where we found everything hushed after the raging tempest of Methodism.

Best house always an Attorney's. Found it so here.

From Bala to Dolgellau.

Thursday, Aug^{t} , 1808.—Day cloudy, now and then drizzling mist. Pleasant breeze. Set off for Dolgellau. Took the Vachddeiliog side road and crossed over into the great Turnpike by Llanwchllyn. In my way down thither, after crossing a mountain River that comes from under Aran, observe a vast collection of large Stones, particularly in one place nearly opposite a Mill there, which probably might have been from the effect of that prodigious flood referred to by Pennant, when all the Pike were swept away from the Lake, and not one has since been seen.

Got into the main Road at the Bridge over the River Lliw, the coloured River, from its having been tinged with blood in consequence of a great Battle fought on the plain, the Caergai side of that River, exactly opposite Castell Carndochan, a specimen of the earliest pieces of fortification in Masonry of the Britons, where you see their progress in fortifications, from the rude agger of loose stones, till they began to cement them with Mortar. The road till we arrive at Drwsynant, dreary and uninteresting, through turbary, and looking over a cold naked Valley, but which might be made to assume an interesting appearance were the grand boundaries of each side planted as well as some of the flat, being old damp ground with Aquaticks. Road continues very strait, as it undoubtedly must have taken the course of the old Roman road. Within a Mile and a half of Drwsynant pass over a Turbary, in which are many heaps, very circular, and having much the appearance of Tumuli; but perhaps they may only be Heaps of rotted Turf heaps, or raised on purpose for drying their Turf Stacks on. Pity some of them are not tried.

Hereabouts we are taught to look for the Source of the Wizard

Dee. Here are two Mountain Streams, one issuing from the back of Aran, the other from the opposite Mountains, flowing down to meet each other and unite just at the Dolgelly side of the above Turbary, and just at the point before the Water begins to take a contrary direction, and to run towards Dolgelly. So both these Streams seem to have an equal title to the name of the Source of the Dee. Soon we may say the Eye of Dolgelly River, called the Gwynion, opens, which, before we reach Drwsynant, takes a lively course over a pebbly bottom. In the Crags of ye Hill, before we approach Drwsynant, observe a few Goats, quite in Character, for nothing characterizes N. Wales so well as Goats and the Welsh Harp. There is a new Inn at Drwsynant within these 16 Years, called *Howel Dda*, the sign bearing his Head, in comp^t^ to Sir R. Howel Vaughan, Bar^t^, the Landlord. The old House, just opposite, a poor Hovel, I remember a publick House, with the sign of the half Moon. Here the celebrated Evan Lloyd of Vron, Author of the Powers of the Pen, the Friend and favourite of the first literary Characters of his time, buried his talents in Ale, and at last in consequence of sottishness brought on Consumption, and died in the Prime of Life. He had a Club here which he called Lunaticks.

Here the Hills on each side assume their natural Character, and become clad with wood. Sir Robert Vaughan seems to be very attentive to planting and managing his plantations. He has planted a great deal of Larch that have the most flourishing look, and Nature seems to point it out as the proper growth for these Hills. Wherever they are seen their shoots are amazing and their bark betray health. About a mile nearer Dolgelly, come to a fine bend of the Valley, where it contracts; is well wooded, only allowing room for the River, here beginning to assume a consequential appearance, and the road, which all the way but in two or three such unavoidable Bends as this, keeps a perfect strait line, and I make no doubt but it was the Roman road connecting with Caergai one way, and with Pennal and some intermediate Station the other way.

Farther on, after a long strait reach of ye Road, come to a Bridge, where the Road suddenly winds to the left, round a projecting point of ye Hill, to avoid the Ascent, but saw plainly the continuance of the old Roman lane quite strait up the Hill, which I make no doubt of, falls in again with the Road when it resumes the strait Line again. Regard this point about a Quarter of a Mile. The new Road to Nanney, made by Sir

Robert Vaughan, takes its course through fine woods. Just beyond stop to look from a grotesque wooden bridge at the River making a very picturesque fall into a deep Pool, straitened between Rocks for several yards. Saw a fine Wych Elm grow out of the fissures of the Rock bounding the River. Saw a net set across the above pool. At Pont newydd, or near it, Sr Richard Hoare thinks the Road from the Station of Tommen y Mur or Mons Eryri fell in with and intersected the other from Caergai, and went on more towards Pennal, and that perhaps Caer Unwch was a station, the Road leading exactly by it. In our approach to Dolgelly, Cader Idris seen in a grand State, but *Caput inter nubila condit.*

In the Evening after Dinner walked to see the Hengwrt Manuscripts. Saw there the Book of Llandaff. Book put into a better room, airy and dry. Many curious things worth examining.

After night heard Mr Williams of Landyfriog was in the Inn, and a young Gentleman, Mr Davies, a fellow Collegian of my Son's. I waited on them, and sat till near twelve o'clock.

Friday.—Were on Horseback early, our Guide having gone before, meaning to ascend Cader Idris, the day being very fine and clear in the Vale. We ascended after many windings and turnings, not abandoning our Horses till we got near the top. There we found the Summit of the Mountain obscured a little with Mist, and the Horizon was much obscured. We began to ascend from Pont Frydan. Near it, in a field, is a Maenhir, or, however, an upright Stone, seemingly set there to point out some memorable Event. The Road is very stony and narrow. Takes an infinite number of turns. Saw as I went along the *Gentiana Montana* and the Stag hound Moss. The little blue *Convulvulus* followed us almost to the top of the Mountain. Found it cold and pleasant on the Summit. Saw Llyn Cae under the very formidable Ravine in the Mountain. Llyn Gader, under a very abrupt Chasm in the Mountain. The home scene seen to great advantage, the distant shut up. Llyn seen clearly and Bardsey Island.

They get a sort of Columns or Stones that separate in various sided blocks out of part of Cader Idris, and roll them down the Steep of the Mountain to send to Bristol to make gate posts or such things—merely that it may be said they come from Cader Idris. We have much finer at Fishguard, and in more determined Strata.

The Lakes are, first, under the Point next Gwanas, called Llyn

Aran; next Llyn Gader; another over the opening of Peniarth Vale; Llyn Graig Cynog; 2, one about 2 miles round; a mile in Length; a little Island in it; Llyn Gwernant; Llyn Cae. I hear of no perch in any of these. Trout in Llyn Gwernant, blackish. Llyn Gwernant has its West End all covered over with the Water Lily.

Shape of the Cader Idris tract, a Spur with one of its sides longer than the other. Very narrow comparatively at the highest point; little space between the precipitous ravine over Llyn Gader and that over Llyn Cae.

Best view of the grand points of Cader Idris to group into a picture is from the North West side of Pont Frydan, getting that into the foreground. I was told that near the banks of Llyn Gader there is a great Carnedd, that the Stones round it are lighter than ordinary.

N.B.—The Masonry at Dolgelly merits particular notice. From time immemorial they have built with very large stones, even to the top, lifting the Stones to the work from towards the middle course with an immense machine which takes above a day to erect, and worked by two men, every stone being of such a weight as to require a Lever of that vast power.

Quere if this is not a dear sort of Masonry. The Lintels of Doors and Windows are generally of immense Stones. When Stones of a middling size are worked in regular courses and stones nearly of a size, they look well, as at Nanney in the new House.

I am told that the stones rolled down from the top of Cader Idris, of various sided figures, and some of vast length, are found *detached*, but lying in all directions, like a forest that has been felled, and not in any regular strata, but across and along and in every way.

From Dolgelley to Barmouth.

Pass Dolwcheogryd (the Meadow above the Salmon ford), an old Seat of some of the Nanney family. Then to Hengwrt, a sort of a heavy Cube with its front just turned the wrong way to face a high Bank about 20 yards from its Windows, intercepting all its prospect, whereas, if it had been turned the other way, it would have commanded the Estuary of the Maw and the romantick Hills on each side, and the little Church and Village of Llanelltyd. Here the famous Robert Vaughan the Antiquary lived. The Remains of his valuable MSS. Library are still preserved, a Catalogue made of them, and they are lodged in a

dry room, but their number much diminished since his time. The most curious are the "Black" book of Llandaff with Teiliaw's portrait on a blank Vellum Leaf, a facsimile from Selden's original MS. in the Bodleian.

Here note the Correspondence on that occasion, the Letters *penes me*.

There is likewise here the "Llyfr du o Gaerfyrddin," supposed to be the oldest MS. we have. There are valuable Pedigree Books likewise, particularly the *fat Folio*, as R. Lloyd the Catalogue writer entitles it.

This place passed, we open a fine View of the Vale, at the entrance of which the small remains of Cymer Abbey ly, too much covered with Ivy, and buried among trees, so that the pencil can't possibly give any Idea of the relick that exists, but at most give the Site and the surrounding View, which is very fine, with Llanelltid Bridge, and the mountain, a fine background closing the prospect.

To enquire of the Castle of Uchtryd. Perhaps might have been situated on a little rising near Hengwrt, where you see one of the flat headed Tumuli, on which there might have been a Castelet perched.

Cross Llanilltyd Bridge, and to the right leave the Church, a plain building with a chymney steeple only for its solitary Bell. 3 or 4 very old Yew trees in the Churchyard. The road to Barmouth turns to the left. Pass Ty yn y Kelin, a neat house, where lived formerly a Mrs Griffiths, Aunt to the present Mrs Oakley of Tanybwlch. The Road most beautifully skirts the Estuary of the Maw for ten Miles, forming as delightful a ride as any in the Kingdom, the Boundaries on each side being very picturesque and uncommonly diversified. About halfway, pass a deserted Mill that had served some Manufactory, with a little Mountain Torrent pouring down by it, and a charming background. Furnishes a sweet subject for the pencil, as does a Bridge farther on, with a beautiful Waterfall above it, amongst well wooded knolls. Before we get to Barmouth, a point of Land, finely broken, projects into the Estuary, so that as the Road passes within it we lose sight of the Estuary entirely, and only now and then catch it by peeps; then in a fine bend of the road gain a bold reach of it to its Mouth.

Barmouth is curiously situated, the main Street low on a Bed of Sand, with houses rising from it one above the other, much enlarged within these 15 years. It has a Port and a Market, two Inns—the Corsygedol Arms and the Red Lion. It is likewise a

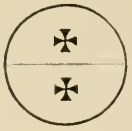
fashionable resort for bathing, but in my opinion a very disagreeable place, as, in a high wind, if you keep your Windows or Doors open, you are choaked with Sand. You walk continually through a bed of it very draggingly. Opposite the Corsygedol Arms there is an immense bank of sand shutting out the Sea View totally. There are several bathing Machines. It is in the Parish of Llanaber, but about 2 miles from that Church. No wonder then that there is a Meeting House erected there.

Leave Barmouth in the Evening, our road leading cut out the side of Hill over the Sands. Pass the Church of Llanaber just on the edge of the steep over the Sands, and by its name, it implies that the mouth of the Estuary was nearer the Church formerly. It is an odd looking building. The Bell hangs over the Porch, the first I ever saw of that kind. An uninteresting Country all the way to Corsygedol, our place of destination for that night, there being an uniform tract of high sloping coarse ground, intersected with cold stone fences, and miserable patches of Corn here and there, and no trees but a few near some old house. This to the right of the road, and to the left a dead flat of moory meadows, degenerating first into Turbary to the Sea for about Quarter of a Mile ; then the Ocean, with the Promontory of Llyn. This flat extends all the way at the foot of the Hills to Llyn, part of the same sort of Country as is said to have been inundated about the year 500, under the name of Cantref y Gwaelod.

Cross the Arthro mentioned by Giraldus, and the Village of Talybont, then come to Llanddwe, the Parish Church of Corsygedol. There is a tidy publick house close to it. Mr. Owen the Rector lives about 3 Quarters of a Mile off. A little above the Church the Avenue up to Corsygedol commences with a Lodge on each side of the Gate. The Avenue is wide, bounded by a high old Stone Hedge, no trees till you get to the third Gate, where the steep ascent ceases. Then begins the Wood, extending on each side of this Gate a considerable way. The Wood, from being exposed to the Sea breeze, is stunted at the Skirts, but being thickly planted, and the outer rows scarified, which shews the force of the Sea blast, the Trees get gradually larger till long before you approach the house they appear very high and of immense growth every way. An Avenue of lime trees for Quarter of a Mile brings you to the House, which is entered by a Gate way under a Square building, or Tower with four pine Ends, as into a College Quadrangle. The Arch was not quite round ; a Wing on each side the Gate way. Bell under a Canopy in the

Tower and a Clock, with Dial plate facing the House. Porch to the House enter'd by a Door, stone casing, of the age of Hen. 7th, having a Label above. An Escutcheon of Arms with a Date on it, 1593 ; each side the outer Door way in the Spandrils the Letters G : V. In the great room on Gallery above Stairs hung round with family portraits, but none good or old. There is a painted glass Escutcheon of Arms with all the quarterings of the family. Crest a Lion rampant Sable, with a Scroll inscribed with R.V., under it 1630. On the head or landing place of the old Oak Stairs, crowning most the Posts, a Griffin carved in wood

holding an Escutcheon thus charged—



Over Stable on a Stone—

Monday, 1800, attented by Mr. Owen Rector of Llanenddwin, to which Llanddwa is a Chapel of ease, we rode above Corsygedol House into a large Field. covered over with marks of old enclosures in all directions, and of all shapes and sizes, interspersed with Heaps of Stones in a circular form, like Carneddau, among which there was one surmounted by a large flat incumbent Stone resting on one placed edgewise, evidently making one side of a Cistvaen, there existing another side. two gone. These works appeared to have stretched over a vast tract of Ground, and might have extended to the Eastward of the first Field we traversed, wherein the greater works had been, quite to ye Base of a small Mountain called to this day Craig y Dinas, the Rock of the City ; for there can be scarce doubt of there having been here an old British Town, and that all the irregular works we saw are traces of early population, and that the circular heaps are chiefly sepulchral. I think this the place on which Pennant says there are such remains of Druidical Establishment, such as circles, Cromlechs, &c., totally misrepresenting and mistaking the matter.

Rode on, and crossed an old Bridge over the Skethyn. which has its source in the Lakes above it, Llyn Irddin, Llyn Bodlyn,

and Llyn Dulyn, and at this Bridge is grown to a great and a dashing river. Falls under the Bridge at Talybont. Passing the Bridge, ascend a green road cleared of the stones naturally covering it, and marked by repeated Stone piles as Indexes to point it out; and this was used to be the Road of the family of Corsygedol to Dolgellau, through a mountain uninteresting Country, with a saving in point of distance 5 miles at least, but gaining much in point of toil and dreariness. Got so high as to see a Circular Earth Work, not small, on a point of Land, between two little Dingles. Then turned to the Left, picking out our path, through stones so scattered as to leave very little path, and that very zigzag, having on the left hand a lava as it were of very large masses of Stones, mostly of a roundish form, or at least with no sharp angles, as by attrition, and filling a hollow on the Mountain for near half a Mile, in a winding direction, like the course of a river, exactly as if they had been vomited up from some Abyss, and continued in motion, as if they had been a fluid, or put in motion by a wonderful power that continued till they had formed this River (if I may be allowed the expression) of Stones.

Came in sight of the little lake of Irddin, at the foot of a great Mountain. In this Lake, which is not large, there are nothing but Trout, but in the Lake of Dulyn there are Char. Mr. Vaughan of Corsygedol used to have many potted and sent as presents to London. On our return Mr Owen pointed to us Sarnbadrig, clearly discovered by the breakers on it in nearly a strait line, stretching out Westward from the Sand between the Artro and the Skythin almost opposite Corsygedol, for some leagues. It seems this Sarn is composed of detached Masses of Stones, not rounded as if rolled together from time to time by the agitation of the water, but as if it was the relick of some Work of Art, supposed to be done when that flat of Cantref gwaelod was in being. Mr Owen told me he saw a West India Vessel strike on it and wrecked but the Crew were saved. Mr Owen said there were several purgative Waters in this Country, and one not far from Llanelltyd in the Hills, a great Solvent, and that a Man at an advanced Age had been relieved by it from the Stone. This worth Enquiry.

Tuesday.—Met Mr Owen and rode over Artro Bridge to Llanbedr, a chapel of ease to Llandanwg; plain, mean building; roof heavy oak timber; very rude plain Arch separating

Nave from Chancel. Over Door of Entrance the following Englyn :—

> Anneddfawr cadarn noddfa gôr breiniol
> Ger bron Duw ar dyrfa
> Er dim na thyred yma
> Y dyn ond a meddwl da.

Said to be written by Ellis Wynn, Author of the "Bardd Cwsc."*

From here, leaving Cae Nest to the right, the old Seat of the Pooles, cross another Bridge, under which runs a River that joins the Artro a little below, making one Estuary. Cross over part of a Marsh, for the enclosing of which a late Act has passed, to Llandanwg, a church situated on the Beach, and by having its chief Door towards the Sea, filled with Sand. The building simple and old. The East Window, and two side ones of the Chancel were of free stone, and had been handsomely wrought. In the Chancel two Monuments, one a handsome mural Marble Monument to a Gentleman of the name of Edwards, of Tregayan, in Anglesey, and who had been of Oriel Coll: Oxon, and was drowned with 3 others crossing to Cricciaeth, A.D. 1753. Another consisting of Escutcheons cut in oak at the Back of a Pew, to some of the family of Wynnes of Lâs Ynis. Chancel separated from Nave by a neat old carved oak skreen. Enquired for any tomb in the Church that I could find out Sir R. Thimbleby by, but in vain. However, the Clerk shewed me a Tomb originally raised with Mason Work about a Foot above the Surface, covered with an uninscribed coarse flag, and said there were letters on the side; so getting a spade, we removed the sward that had grown so as to entirely hide the sides, and found one square piece of Freestone inscribed, which I make no doubt of being the tomb of the Knight Speed speaks of, whose tomb in his time might have been well known and explained by those who shewed it. The Clerk likewise said that it was not claimed by any family in the Parish, and therefore must have belonged to a Stranger, as every one of the other tombs was known.

The Shells on this Coast are very small, but very beautiful and very various. There are Sand Eels, Prawns, Lobsters, and Oysters taken hereabouts.

* The true author of this once popular englyn was Mathew Owain, of Llangar. See "Y Greal," 1807, p. 406; "Eos Ceiriog," 1823, ii, p. 416. It is, or was, found inscribed above, or on the side of, the porches of a number of Merioneth Churches, among them, Corwen, Dolgelley, Llanbedr, Llanfrothen, and Talyllyn; and also on at least one Radnorshire Church, Cwmdauddwr. The readings vary a little.—Ed.

Nothing goes further I think to prove the existence of Cantref y gwaelod, and its having been inundated, more than this Church placed now, with reference to the present parish, at the fag end of it; so that it is supposed there might have been as great a portion to the S. West as there is to the N. East before the Sea had incroached. Besides, the Clerk told me there is a house in Cricciaeth always considered to be in that parish, whose Bounds, when they ascertain, always point from a certain point in the Parish to Cricciaeth.

Return, and to the right of the road opposite Llanbedr Church observe two Meini Hirion together in a Meadow. Rode into the Field to see them. Found the Largest, a Granite, one side all Spar, ten Feet high from the level of the Meadow. The other, which was only 4 Feet off, much shorter, being of a slaty kind, and had been broken. Hence to Llanenddwin, a cruciform church, very plain within, but clean. There is a place, an Island at high Water, near Llandanwg, called Mochros, and yet in Llanenddwin Parish. There is another place called Ynis Gwrtheyrn, and near it there was a Capel Gwrtheyrn.

Returned by way of Llys Osbwrn, on the site of which there has been a new house built. It lies in a hollow on the banks of a small Mountain Stream to the North of Corsygedol. A mile just above it on a little projection there is an old circular Encampment, probably Osburn's stronghold.

M^r. Owen told me that Ellis Wynne had written a second part of the "Bardd Cwsc," but was dissuaded from publishing it, it being, as we may suppose, pointed personal Invective.

N.B.—I think before the Lowlands were inundated the Estuary of the Artro was much farther out, and took its course pure to the South West, where there might have been a great Port, and that Sarn Badrig is the remains of an immense Causeway, carried through a low deep boggy Country to this Port.

In the Evening visited the Corsygedol Chapel, being the only thing worth noting in Llandduwya. The acco^ts of the Monuments are as follows:—

1st Monument of Freestone of the Country, of a greenish Cast—

Here lyeth the bodie of Griffith Vaughan Esqr, one of the Livetenantes of the Countie of Merioneth; he married Katherine one of the Daughters of William Griffith of Carnarvon Esquier; by her had Issue Two Sonnes and four Daughters; who died the 9th daie of Novr A.D. 1616. And in his perfect health he hath bestowed in marriage all his children. William his heir to Anne the Inheritrix of Talhenbont; Margaret to Hookes of Conwy, he deceased, to Wynne of Conwy; Jane to Rhiwgoch: and his Sonne John left unmarried.

Pillars each side of the Monument. Parents kneeling each side a Desk, and Children kneeling behind, Sons behind the Father, and Daughters behind the Daughters [*sic*]. Over the figures in small compartments—

Vixit mortis memor, moriebatur vitæ certus.
Mors certa, Hora mortis incerta.

2d Monument a Marble Mural tablet—

Near this lyeth the Body of Rd Vaughan of Corsygedol Esqr, Son of William Vaughan Esqr by Ann his Wife. He married Margt D and H of Sir Evan Lloyd Bodidrist Bart by his Wife Margt who lies interred underneath, D and C H of Richard Tannat of Abertannat in Shropshire Esqr. He had Issue 2 Sons and 4 Daũrs William who married Catherine D and H of Hugh Nanney of Nanney Esqr and Evan. Anna Maria who dyed in her Infancy. He dyed 28th March 1734 in the 68th year of his Age; having represented this County in 9 successive Parliaments attests an universal Esteem for his unbiassed conduct.

3d—

Underneath lyeth the Body of Wm Vaughan of Corsygedol Esqr Son of Richard and Eliz: D of John Owen of Clynnene Esqr. He married Anne D of Griff: Nanney of Nanney Esqr by whom he had Issue 2 Sons and 4 Daũrs. Griff: the eldest dyed in his 45 year unmarried. Richard married Margt D and H of Sir Evan Lloyd of Bodidrist Bart Elizth to Owen of Rhiwsaeson Esqr Ann to Vincent Corbet Esqr and Catherine to Griff. Wynne of Bodvean Esqr afds to Hugh Nanney of Nanney Esqr. This William who was great Grandson to Griffith whose Monumt is placed in this Chapel dy'd in the year 1669 aged 37. Ann his Wife who lies interred with him died in the 64 year of her Age 1701.

4th—

Beneath this lies interred Margt Vaughan D and H of Sir Evan Lloyd of Bodidrist in the Co. of Denbigh Bart and Widow of Rd Vaughan of Corsygedol Esqr by whom she had 2 Sons and 4 Daughters. Anna Maria who dyed in her Infancy. Eliz. Catherine and Anne. She died March 10th 1758 in the 83d year of her age. Out of a pious and filial regard to the memory of so excellent a Woman her Son Wm erected this Monument 1772 and likewise in commemoration of his 2 amiable and virtuous Sisters, Ann Vaughan his youngest who dyed on Feby 6th 1760 aged 56, and Eliz. his eldest who died March 8th 1772 in the 70th year of her age, both buried near this place.

It has a Marble Urn on top.

5th—

To the memory of Evan Lloyd Esqr of Corsygedol who departed this life Decr 4th 1791 in the 83d year of his Age, this tablet is dedicated as a token of sincere respect and gratitude by Sir Roger Mostyn Bart and Dame Margt his Wife of Mostyn in the Co. of Flint.

Mural Tablet Urn on top.

6th—

Here rest the remains of W: Vaughan Esqr of Corsygedol the eldest Son of Richard V——n Esqr by Margt only D and H of Sir Evan Lloyd of Bodidris in the Co: of Denbigh Bart. He married Catherine 2nd Daũr and afds heiress of Hugh Nanney of Nanney Esqr by whom he had Issue one Daũr Anne married to David John Gwynne of Taliaris Esqr who died without Issue. W. Vaughan Esqr died 12th April 1775 in the 67th year of his age. He was Lieutenant, Custos Rotulorum, and representative for this Co: in 5 successive parliaments. This repeated testimony of his Country's approbation sufficiently declares the unbiassed Integrity with which he discharged that high and important trust. Sacred to his memory and with the impulse of true fraternal affection and well merited friendship this Monument was erected by his only Brother 1786.

Tablet Marble. Over it are a Pyramidal Slab of black Marble and 2 Heads of the 2 Brothers, one full face, other profile. Great likeness. Under Curtain of white Marble.

Cwmbychan and Harlech.

Wednesday, 1808. Set off early. Stopped at Llandduwya to copy inscriptions. Thence to Llanbedr. In a field full of loose Stones and covered with Fern, to the right of the Road, observe a large Carnedd surmounted by a large Stone inclined similar to that in the field above Corsygedol. Turn off at Artro Bridge to the Right, and follow the River, through a Valley prettily broken into rocky Knolls well wooded, the Road winding with the river, therefore at every hundred yards presenting a new Landscape. Come to an old Bridge, where the Artro, that rises in Cwm Nant Coel, unites with what appears here the main Stream. Before its junction it runs under a picturesque wooden bridge, exhibiting all together a most interesting scene. This place, called Cwm yr Avon, which we still follow till we come to Crafnant, than which there is not a better wooded Spot in all Merionethshire, a tract occupying both sides of the River, which still continues of a respectable Size, and the Mountains each side very wild and high. This woody place belongs to one of the Name of Owen, who, not tempted by love of Money, suffers these noble Foresters to remain, though many of them are of that size as to fetch from £25 to £30 a piece. The Woods are chiefly Oak, though intermixed with other Trees all growing well. Cultivation here deserts us, and a good road, which, to this place continued very good. No corn grown, nothing but a miserable Crop of moory Hay, the road all stone Steps, and, as we approach Cwmbychan, the path (for I can't call it a road) grows so faint

that it can scarcely be tracked ; but after losing it and gaining it several times, open the little Vale and the bottom of the Lake where it empties itself. The Lake perfectly fills the Vale, hardly leaving a Path each side, and the Boundaries are very barren, wild, and high, particularly the side to the N. East and that to the S. West. The House stands at the upper end of the Lake exactly opposite to its efflux, and bears from it about W. N. West. It lies close under a small sloping Hill, projecting from the Mountain that rises behind it, covered with Oaks, and has all its demesne, consisting of a very healthy looking Meadow and pasture gently falling from the House to the Lake, filling the upper part of the little Vale, the Lake occupying the other part, the lower. I observe the Embouchure deepened, with a View of draining the Lake, as Mr Pennant says was once in contemplation of the late possessor. The place in itself has nothing so uncommonly beautiful or Picturesque, and would not call for so much notice, were it not for its peculiar history, as being in the possession of the same family from Father to Son for 600 Years, without diminution or increase, and being perhaps the only habitation of such rank, at the same distance. from the main Road, or a Town. *Vide* Pennant. It is now let, I hear, to a Tenant. Goats in abundance about the Crags. Out of this Lake issues a stream which, uniting with another that comes from a Mountain side to the South, forms that River we pursue till it joins the Artro, and there loses its original Name, whatever that may be.

Resume our Horses, which we had abandoned for more than a mile before we got to Cwmbychan, and retrace our former road, and after passing the Woods of Crafnant turn to the right into a very good Mountain Road, leading to Harlech, where we arrive time enough to explore all the outer Castle before dinner, leaving the interior for our postprandian entertainment. The Castle is a most superb building, whether we consider its magnitude, its site, or its masonry and style of Architecture. It is nearly a square, with rounded Bastions, very large at each Corner. The Front towards the Land, where was the Chief and only Entrance, is very magnificent, as exactly on each side the entrance, and extending a considerable way into the Area of the Castle, being a smaller Castle within the other, in that portion of it called the Keep, wherein were the Governor's and the other principal Apartments, as well as Chapel, I think occupying the centre part, just above the grand Entrance. The Castle lying just East and West. It was moated towards the Land, the water now running close by it. The Moat was deep,

cut out of the Rock, over which was a drawbridge. Had a curtain Wall, taking the form of the Castle, all round it, leaving a wide, spacious walk round it ; and on the South side in the Centre a small Bastion forming a privy. This Curtain Wall in many places was so incorporated with the Rock on which the whole stands, that the junction can hardly be discovered ; and another Curtain Wall turreted, and projecting here and there into small Bastions, springing from another wall, that connected with the North East Bastion, and skirted the Chasm part of the Moat, and carried all round the Base of the Rock, taking a spiral ascent, or rather an oblique ascent, till it joins the inner Curtain on the South side. Observed small square turrets united here and there to portions of the Rock half way up on the Sea side, where the Rock presents a most majestick and inaccessible Front, at least a hundred feet high to the building ; so that on the Sea side it had this amazing strong natural protection, besides the curtain at its base ; and I take it that there was a moat at bottom, receiving the Water that fell from the front Moat on each side in a Cascade (to be seen *on one side* to this day), and forming a deep Canal below ; so that taking the fortress altogether, it must have been impregnable. Looked at from every way, it is a most beautiful and magnificent pile, and when you couple it with the grand features of the Snowdonian tract, and the lovely outline of Llyn, which must come into every view of it, nothing can surpass it.

From hence the Snowdonian tract appears to the greatest advantage, and the Coast of Llyn, the whole line being perfect from the highest point of the Snowdon range to Bardsey Island. The Town, or rather poor Village of Harlech, is the most forlorn, beggarly place imaginable, yet it boasts to be the County Town, and here the Member is returned. The Building they shew you for the Town Hall is now ruinous and unroofed, and yet within these walls the Member is returned. It had been a small though respectable building, having two opposite doors cased with cut stone arched, and a moulding of Freestone running along the Wall to the East, where was the chief Magistrate's Seat. Their Charter, if ever they had one, has been lost, yet they were used to make Burgesses, that privilege, on what authority I know not, having been exercised conjointly by the families of Corsygedol and Maesyneuadd, Houses tracing their origin to the same Head. There had been a Chapel and a place of Interment opposite to the Castle, as the Man told me. He had taken the site to make tanpits of, and in digging them, he fell on several

Skeletons, without anything like a covering of a coffin of Wood or Stone, in the bed of Marl. There was one Skeleton of a Woman far advanced in her pregnancy, as there were small ribs mixed with the larger, and a small skull. At the upper end of the Town, the end towards Barmouth, there appears a large old House, as if there had formerly been some consequence attached to it. About two years ago, an Act passed for inclosing a Common called Harlech Marsh, on which were bred famous Ponies, and now it appears divided into good sized fields, separated by Fences at right Angles, and is getting into fine cultivation very fast. The beggarly Burgesses of Harlech, who had a right of Common here, represent it as a great Lordship. It may be a loss to a beggarly individual, but it must form a great accession to the wealth of the Country.

Thursday.—Left Corsygedol, and passing through Barmouth, take the Ferry boat for our horses, and a small boat for ourselves, as we wished to go up to Dolgelly, by the Road on the opposite side. The Buildings at Barmouth amazingly increased. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the View on approaching the mouth of the Estuary, appearing like a vast Lake, with the Boundaries uncommonly grand and varied, several of the little woody projecting Knolls having the appearance of small Islands. Landing the other side, and the Tide having ebbed sufficiently, we gain a most charming ride over the sands, quite smooth and hard, till at the farther end we cross the Beach, and get into the Turnpike road which winds amazingly on the edge of the marshy flat opposite Barmouth. The road is so far recessed that we don't see the water but seldom. In looking back we have a fine View of Barmouth, seen at one View, and its peculiar site most distinctly marked, in that part where the Houses rise over each other. Pass under high craggy rocks well wooded, particularly that part before you come to the spot that belonged to a Mr Roberts, Surgeon, of Ruthin, where he had perched a pretty whimsical building on a Ledge of the Hill, and beautified it with several plantations, to make the retreat more agreeable to a Mrs Pryce, who after the death of her husband, had buried herself in this retirement. Just below this House, near a new Bridge, there is a new Chapel of Ease to Celynnin. The Woods of Garth Angharad next attract notice, through which over a narrow Dingle superbly wooded, and ending at a little Influx of the Estuary, the new road passes, and above which, the present Possessor has built a Mansion on an eminence that must com-

mand the most delightful View of all the opposite Mountains, Llyn, Barmouth, and the whole reach of the wide part of the Estuary. Here the ground is broken into the most picturesque forms imaginable, and every point clad with trees as the Painter could wish. Hence through a tract of a mile or two very uninteresting, barren and woodless, and out of sight of the water.

Pass Penmaen, the Port of Dolgellau, where goods are shipped and unshipped, as Vessels may come up thus far Ebb tides. Hence by a most beautiful little Farm called Tygwyn, prettily shut in amongst woody Knolls, with a pretty form extending from it to the West wood, and watered by a fine Mountain Stream that runs under Pont Frydain we cross in ascending to Cader Idris. Just after crossing the River, the Eye, turning through the well wooded narrow Vale through which this stream precipitates itself, encounters suddenly only the two grand points of Cader Idris over the Crater Lake seen over fine Woods. This of all the places I ever saw has more capability of being made a fine and a practicable place, being on the edge of a navigable river, with a Mill near, a fine turnpike road, within 3 Miles of a Market and Port town, having rich land around it, and some of the finest features of this country are breaking upon it from several points most enchantingly.

Hence leaving Bryn Adda and a charming new House of Mr Ranely (?) of Bryn gwyn on the right, each place being most delightfully wooded. Got to Dolgelley by 4 o'clock.

N.B.—There are three large Flats of Turbary between the Beach we crossed from Barmouth to Dolgelley, one near the Beach, the other half way up, and the other near Dolgelley, on which most of the Inhabitants within that District depend for their firing.

Friday.—Left Dolgellau and took the Road to the North of Cader Idris to Ynisymangwyn, a party just before us going up to the Mountain under Convoy of old Robert Edwards, the long accustomed Guide, who now near 90 ascends on an average during the Summer 3 times a Week the summit of the Cader, and when he comes down seems as active as a schoolboy, and often takes his rod and goes afishing. He was married, as appears by the register of the Church, 64 years ago; so that it is most probable, from that circumstance and others confirming it, he is 90. He owns to 86; and of that age, he is certainly as surprizing a Man as ever lived. He is a little Man, and has been given to drinking all his lifetime when he could get it. For

these 25 or 30 years he has had his support chiefly from the Revd Mr Nanney of Llwyn.

Though clear but warm below, round the lower point of the Mountain towards the Sea, there was a thick fleecy cloud forming, and advancing towards the highest peak. We pass under it, and yet beyond find everything in Sunshine. The Mountains to our left high, but losing gradually their craggy character. Towards the estuary, a heap of craggy Knolls, covered with stunted growth; to the right, and very near the Lakes of Cryg gynon, you see what is called Llys Bradwen, about 300 yards from the road, on a gentle slope above a small mountain Stream, being no more than antient foundations of the rude palace of the above Chieftain, one of the 15 Tribes of N. Wales, marked by large coarse stones, marking out the Ichnography of two Apartments, one a square and the other circular, with all round it a number of other smaller foundations, of the huts, probably, of his Vassals. In one of the lakes of Crygynog, abounding with Trout only, there is a small Island. There is to the left, in a deep Hollow under a precipitous ravine in the Mountain, a Lake called Llyn Ceri, *Qu:* The Road, which though paid for, and meant for a turnpike, begins to lose all pretensions to such a Character, being rough, stony, and in many parts hardly traceable, and taking its course up very steep pitches; then going on tolerably straight, overlooking a most uninteresting tract, woodless and barren, to the Estuary of Barmouth. From hence of ugly appearance, though seen from Barmouth like the most charming Lake I ever beheld. Such is the difference between a Landskip seen from above, or below. Hence we have a distant Bird's eye View of it, and from Barmouth we look from below on the Expanse of Water, and the grand Boundaries rising from it all round. After crossing the ridge of a very steep ascent, turn a little to the left, where the Mountains change into fine Downy Hills, though of great height; extensive sheep walks, and well peopled with the Inhabitants best suited to them. For some Miles not a habitation, unless here and there, in some sheltered situation, an Havodty. Continue winding a few Miles through narrow dingles at the foot of those hills, watered by numerous mountain Rills pouring down in every direction. Not a tree to be seen. In short, Merionethshire here assumes a character totally different from what it exhibits in every other part of it, and of a very peculiar kind, the Hills not displaying a single Crag, but downy to the top,

and not broken like the other high grounds at the summit; and this peculiarity seems chiefly confined to the Hundred of Celynin.

After a dreary ride and a considerable bend to the left, our attention is most suddenly arrested by the opening of the two Vales of Towyn and Peniarth, and at a spot just where the present new road falls into the old descent towards Peniarth, opposite to a bold Hill rising in front of you, which, projecting into the Vale, entirely prevents the eye from seeing the union of the Vales. Every traveller should stop and satiate himself with a View full of such sort of beauty and peculiarly picturesque diversity, that few portions of this or any country can rival. On one side to the right, the fine expanded Vale of Towyn, almost made a meadow of out of a Marsh and a Bog by the patriotick exertions of Mr Corbet, whose fine Seat rises on a little elevation in the middle, spreads itself to the Sea, with the Estuary of the Dysynny winding through it, shewing meanders, with the Ocean beyond. On the other side, a more confined, but rich little Vale, out of which the Bird's Rock rises with its fine picturesque and broken summit to the South; another craggy projection nearly facing it to the North; and a voluminous succession of Mountains, gradually heightening to the Peak of Cader Idris, towering most awfully above the whole.

From hence we may best form an Idea of the height of Cader Idris, as you have an opportunity of measuring it by so many intermediate heights. The new Road is marked out to turn that projecting point which hides the junction of the Vales, but is not yet in a state to be used. However, we rode round it, and were delighted with the pleasing effect of seeing that Landscape just before apparently so widely disunited, forming one grand interesting scene bounded by the Ocean to the West, and the picturesque gradation of the majestick altitude of Cader Idris. Descend to Peniarth, a Seat of the Wynnes. The House seems new, and apparently so placed as not to take in the principal beauties it might command, having its front to a Hill not Quarter of a Mile from it, and neither facing its Eastern boundary the Mountains nor its Western the Sea. Hence to the little Village of Egrin.

Dean Tucker told Mr Williams, Apothecary, of Aberystwith, that he was brought up in the School at Llanegrin. I heard my Mother say that she remember'd him keeping school at Llanbadarn.

Descend to a Bridge across the Dysynny. To the right, before we reach the Bridge, observe a fine large perfect Tumulus

of Earth. Hence to Ynis y Mangwyn. Time enough to see some very striking improvements of Mr Corbet's before Dinner.

Saturday.—After seeing Mr Corbet's pleasure Grounds, and making the circuit of his Gardens, enter on his new Embankment, under the Act for inclosing the Common in the township of Vaenol, by which the River Dysynny is thrown into a straiter Channel, that is less winding, and close to the Egrin side of the Vale, causing the estuary to be deeper and the navigation to be easier. The Allotment all together to Ynis y Mangwyn is about 500 acres, about 100 of which belongs to Mr Corbet himself, independent of his tenancy for life in the Ynis y Mangwyn Estate, as belonging to a Tenement he bought of Mr. Powel, his Son in Law. The Embankment is at its base about 30 Ft. wide, with a bevel on each side, and about 13 or 14 Feet to the Apex or summit. The divisions of Mr. Corbet's Allotments are by drains cut at right Angles, which, taken all together, make 6 Miles. Some of these drains are made wide enough to admit of being made a navigable Canal, with an eye to the probable success of the Coal Mine.

When I recollect the nature of the boggy Marsh I have just traversed its extent, and the difficulties that must have been encountered, from a tide river, the work appears like Enchantment; and now to see, in some parts, the first year fine Corn, bending under a weight of Ear, and in other parts, Cattle feeding and fattening in a much shorter time than on any other pasture. Horses have been brought there fairly hacked down, with greased heels and other disorders, and in a Week's time they get rid of their disorders, and get fat and sleekerated.* In order to make his navigable ducts with a view to the expected Coal Work, he has fallen on an excellent Method; they branch out like great Arteries, all branching from one spot or Wharf, to which they extend at the base of the Hill where the Coal is, and are ramified so as to end at different landing places near the Estuary to be shipped. The method he adopts is this: the land being all the finest turf bottom, he with an appearance of uncommon generosity makes an offer of as much turf as they can dig in certain directions to all his neighbours, who accept it with thanks and avidity, as being much dryer than what they get out of Turbaries nearer their habitations, and easier of carriage, beside having a fine dry land to harvest them on. By this means his

* This might also be read "sleekenated," but neither word is entered in the New English Dictionary (Dr. Murray) —Ed.

Canals will be all made for nothing, and his Land well manured by being covered with the Turf spread on it to dry.

I saw some of the finest Meadows near his house in my memory, boggy, reclaimed by judicious draining, undergoing the process of irrigation, with as productive an Effect as those in the downs of Wiltshire, and by the simplest process imaginable. After the Walk over and through the new reclaimed Land, which extends in Length from the former old Embankment of Towyn Demesne to the Beach about two Miles, and in breadth about a Mile, walked by the Well of Towyn, lying on the edge of the Marsh. There I saw two Boys and an old Woman bathing. The Water was foul and turbid, but is esteemed uncommonly efficacious in various complaints, particularly of the Rheumatick kind, though Mr Corbet has told me he finds great relief from it in fresh contracted Coughs, but then he follows the Water up to the Eye, just at the back of the Cemetery to the N. West. It certainly has some degree of sulphur and sea salt in its composition. Pity it is not well analyzed.

Went into the Church, a good large cruciform building. Odd round stubby Pillars, quite plain, supporting the Nave, as it has something like narrow side Aisles, formed from without by half roofs. The Tower once stood in the centre of the building, now removed to the West end. In the Chancel there are two plain Canopies, under which are two figures recumbent.

Sunday.—Sir Richard and I mounted our Horses immediately after breakfast, and set off by Pont fathew for Peniarth Vale. Pass a fine flat, wet and marshy, now disfigured with Turf Stacks, but which Mr Corbet, as owning the greatest part of it, has in contemplation to get an Act for inclosing it, by which division it will become drained, a revolution that will add great beauty to the Vale. It had been my good fortune, from a long acquaintance with this Vale, to see Craig y Deryn in every degree of Approximation from the Beach at the Estuary of the Dysynny to its very base, and I can't help observing, that, unlike most other grand mountainous or rocky objects which generally diminish in interest as you get nearer, this improves, for at a distance those fine Breaks constituting its principal beauty are lost or too indistinctly seen; and Sir Richard Hoare confessed that he never saw a single Mountain so extremely picturesque, and that admitted of more variety on a nearer approach. In coming up the Vale by the road on the South side, it seems a thin flat projection, with an irregular Summit

stretching out into the Vale, but on coming under it you find it a mass of Rock broken into the finest Shapes, particularly its summit, which has three principal points, one next the main Hill, another in the middle, of a singular shape, looking like an old truncated tower or old Encampment surrounded by a Wall, which proves to be nothing more than a regular Line of white Spar encircling its base; and the principal Head inclining forward towards the Vale, from which a bristly ridge stretches fairly down to the flat below.

All this, which seen from the Marsh below Ynis y mangwyn, appears like a smooth sided projecting Hill, now assumes when under it forms and inequalities picturesque in the highest degree. Here and there some tangled growth is seen from the interstices and hollows of the rock, but when we doubled the Cape, what appeared but a narrow thin projection, presented a Front of vast extent and height of pure rock rising half way up from a lava of Stones sloping down to the road, and that part exactly under the principal point, a side of rock smooth as a wall bending forward most tremendously. Round these Crags Cormorants and other Sea Birds that build here are hovering and screaming incessantly, greatly contributing to the wildness of the Scene. Nor is this rock uninteresting seen in approaching it from the upper part of the Vale. In short, this fine feature looked at any way is wonderfully striking. In our way, stop at Pervethnant to look at the Druidical relick called Cromlech, resting on 2 Stones, the recumbent stone being rather large. There seems just by another of the same Character overturned. All the Hills to the right of the road well fringed with wood all the way up as far as Cae'rberllan. We only just rode to catch a peep of the Knoll on which stands Castellabyry.

Return the same way. Observe a Tumulus in one of the Fields of Peniarth issa. Peniarth ucha, which, with its former accompaniment of Wood, seemed a beautiful place, has now lost its charms. Rode up to Bronbyban, the Farm on which Mr Corbet is now trying for Coal. Met Mr C—— and his Men with fire and Lamps to light us through the subteraneous Adit. It has already been carried horizontally about 120 yards, with two shafts at certain Intervals driven perpendicularly for Air. Various are the Strata that are already gone through, and they are now got to what Miners call Clunch, a kind of whitish bluestone edged with orange Colour crocus. In general, this Stratum is within a small distance of the real Coal, many strata of bastard having already been passed. The Adit is on a

sufficiently inclined plane for the Water to run, of which there is a considerable Stream. I think that Water should be analyzed. Too much praise cannot be given for his perseverance in a work liable to such obstructions as might fatigue any patience; but he has simplified his plan of operations so as to render the expence comparatively trifling to the vastness of the speculation, which is by no means visionary, and all his Expences are fixed to £32 a month, that is, £384 per Annum but his Banker issues £10 a Week, which makes £520 p^{r} Ann., that is, £136 for all extraordinaries, an allowance more than what will cover them. This is all his Expence for working both the Coal and the lead Mine, of the latter of which he has about 200 Ton ready prepared marketable.

In the evening went in the Coach to see his Lead Mines, which I entered, as I never had seen anything of the kind, but saw a great deal of rough ore on the Bank, and under the different sheds a great deal properly managed for the market Great prospect of an immense Vein, it being already larger than most Veins known. The ore is of the richest quality.

Monday.—Left Inis y mangwyn and followed the Vale up to Talyllyn. At Abercanolwyn a tributary stream comes from the Mountains to the right and falls into the Dysynny at that place, and both joined take a Course to the left by Caerberllan, and in the Vale of Peniarth, receiving many other tributary rills, proceed thus enlarged to the Estuary. There is through that mountain opening whence the Canolwyn issues an old road that leads one way to Machynlleth, and another way to Pennal. *Quere*, could this be the Roman road that perhaps might have gone up by Talyllyn, through Stratwen, the fair pavement, up by Minfordd on to Caerynwch, where probably there might have been a station between Pennal and Tommen y Mur and Caergai?

Proceed by the Inn, on the Banks of the Lake, to Dol y cae, where, taking a shepherd Boy, barefooted, for my guide, who picked his pilgrim steps over the bare flint before me, I ascended to Llyn Cae. After a most steep and arduous winding walk, through Crags and spongy wet Ground for near 4 Miles, I got to the Lake, quite circular and full to its rocky sides. It is to the South bounded by perpendicular Rocks for two thirds of the Circle; the other part facing the opening towards it a high Bank covered with large detached Rocks. The Lake had the appearance of being very deep, but much of its grandeur was

lost, by the mountain summit being capped with thick mists, so that not above half their height appeared. All the way up to the right of the path I took, the Boundary of the Pass was wild, abrupt, and finely broken; yet in this desolate region I found a shepherd and his Dog pursuing his flock, where I should have thought there was nothing to sustain them. From the South East corner of the Lake issues a Stream which, by receiving small rills that here and there pour down the Mountain side, in a white line, becomes a considerable river, and forms a series of very beautiful Lakes above the House of Dol y Cae.

In Stratwen Common remains of some Earth Work and something like an old Grave near the Edge. *Quere*, what it could have been.

The Vale of Talyllyn perhaps yields to few scenes in North Wales for grandeur and picturesque beauty. The lake is large and very beautiful. Its fish are large, cut of a yellowish red, but tribe rather muddy, and rise freely; many are a pound weight. The North side of the Lake is made of Cader Idris and its dependencies, broken into many wild and abrupt ravines, intermixed with very cheerful fertile down and a good deal of Wood, particularly in the several dingles, through which the mountain discharges its various cataracts. On the other side the Boundary, though high, is a fine green sheep walk, falling very steep to the edge of the Lake, at the West End of ye Lake, where it discharges itself through a one Arch Bridge. On one stands a publick house, on the other the Parish Church of Talyllyn, elevated on a little bank. Its Churchyard, as it is a most extensive parish, is very full of memorials of the dead, on fine slate Flags neatly worked and pitched on end.

The East End displays some very rich fertile fields and Meadows, and above those the Vale fairly closes as seen below, so that no person would conceive any exit that way; but the Machynlleth Road to Dolgelly takes that course, between a very wild pass formed by the Mountains on each side, terminating in very high and broken craggy Summits. Under a very craggy point on the North side is the small lake of the three Grains, by the edge of which the road passes. It takes its name from three detached masses of Rock lying on its Margin. To enquire if it has Fish.

Hence over a tract of Turbary ground. The Road leads directly strait. Leave Werngraig on the left, the original Mansion whence Sir Robert Vaughan's Ancestry sprang. About

the middle of this strait reach of Road, a fine View of the Cader Idris tract, as you see the three points at once in a very grand style. Abandon the old Road to Dolgelly on the left and follow the new Cut to the right, which takes a most charming direction, through a well wooded part particularly near the new Mansion of Counsellor Richards, seemingly a charming situation and fine Grounds, if Wood, Water, and prospect can produce them. The new Road all the way most interesting quite to Dolgelley, and commanding the best View of the Vale of any place, as it winds above it through woods for near two Miles.

Tuesday.—Visited the Church of Dolgelley, being an old Church in an entire new Case. It consists of a Nave, very wide, and side Aisles separated by 4 Wooden slender Pillars for the roof to rest on, or rather, a very wide roof coved with a wooden cieling, and those tall disproportionate wooden columns introduced to take away from the awkward width. It has this great singularity that it has no Pews, only Forms of Wood, with the Names of the different proprietors painted on the back; but they are not as Moses Grant has represented so calculated, as that the Audience faces the Altar, whereas half the Seats face the Altar, and the other half face the contrary way, in my opinion, producing a very awkward effect, but certainly, by being open, they are more likely to induce those who sit in them to deport themselves more decently than when they are bored up in high-sided Pews.

There are 4 Windows, round-Arched each side, and a large Window of the same sort in the bowed east end, where the communion table stands, by which means the Church is rendered very light. The Pulpit and reading Desk very judiciously placed, for hearing and light, in the space between the Windows on the North side, so that there are two Windows on one side and two on the other of the pulpit. It has a Tower, not very lofty, at the West end, and the Church is covered with blue slate. Within the Church, just at the Entrance into the Chancel, under a plain Canopy, is the Effigy of a Warrior a little raised from the ground. He is in Armour; Legs not crossed; shield charged with his family Arms on left Arm; his right holding a sword passing across his Body obliquely from right to left; his feet resting on two Dogs with their Heads different ways, and one seemingly in the act of laying hold of some little creature like a rat or Weasel. *Quere* if there was anything meant by such representations on Monuments.

Round his Shield is inscribed—*Hic jacet Meurig filius Ynyr Vychan*, being Meurig ap Ynyr Fychan of Nanney, Grandfather of Howel Sele, who lived in Glyndwr's time: and I cannot help observing a propriety in the above inscription I could wish had been more generally attended to, that of not attempting to latinize the Welsh Names, by giving them the inflexions of Cases, or, what is still worse, by changing them into Latin Names, as Eynion Clud into Eneas Claudus. I am certain that this practice has been a great detriment to history, and has begot great obscurity and confusion. Proper names should remain indeclinable, and never should be attempted to be transfused into other Languages.

On the South side of Chancel a Mural square Tablet of Slate or black Marble in a frame of wood—*Ludovic: Nanney Gent: sepult: fuit* 17. *Feb. A.D.* 1708.

A mural marble Monument—

M.S.

Underneath lyeth the Body of Robt Nanney late of Llwyn in this Parish Attorney at Law who dy'd the 26th day of Novr 1751 aged 71. During the course of his practice he acted with more than common lenity uprightness and integrity, as his sweetness of temper and humanity made him beloved and respected by all his acquaintance, so his death was much lamented; in gratitude to the memory of one of the best of Fathers Lewis Nanney of Llwyn af^{d} Esqr his only Son by Mary Wynne daur of Howel Gwynne late of Llangower Esqr deceased caused this Monument to be erected.

Underneath also lyeth the body of Mary Nanney daur of the said Lewis Nanney by Anne his Wife who dyed the 8th of May 1751 aged one.

Another mural Marble Monument—

Underneath lie the remains of Lewis Nanney of Llwyn Esqr one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for this County who having lived much respected and beloved died sincerely regretted by his family and neighbours in particular, his acquaintance and the publick in general, on the 27th of August 1779 aged 63. This Monument tribute of her esteem was erected by order of his mournful Widow Anne Nanney.

There is another Monument, but I had not time to copy it.

N.B.—The Font is a handsome Vase of black and white Marble on a pillar of the same.

Our ride to Bala was rather unpleasant, as it rained all the way, but not attended with wind. Noted the approach to that turning in the Vale before you reach Drws y Nant, to be, I think, more beautiful on this side than on the other, as the Mountains break in above the woods most charmingly on the View.

In the Evening, Mr and Mrs Meyrick Hoare, whom we had met at Dolgelly with her sister, Mrs Mostyn, drank tea with us.

Thursday.—Mr Charles Wynne, Brother of Sir Watkin, called, to whom I was introduced. He is a Barrister; seems a well informed man, and a great Enthusiast as to Welsh Antiquities and its Language; proffered in the most handsome way his services as to their vast MSS. Collection at Wynstay, and pressed me to visit it.

Friday.—Rode to Rhiwlâs. Mrs Pryse a most charming, pleasant Woman. A beautiful place, but it is a pity it was not placed nearer the Road, as it then would have seen Aran and a greater reach of the Lake. Saw Humphrey Llwyd's portrait on boards. Took a walk to a little Knoll above the House. From thence we see the Aran, the Arennig, Cader Idris, and Snowdon—a singular occurrence, and what perhaps no other situation in the Country can command.

Never were two people seemingly so formed for mutual happiness as Mr and Mrs Pryce; he manly, plain, and unceremonious; she totally devoid of affectation, with Manners just sufficiently refined to stamp her the Gentlewoman; both domestick, seldom leaving their home; she superintending her Nursery and Household; he carrying on farming on an extensive and judicious scale, and therefore much employed out of Doors, as well in overlooking so great a Concern, as in the season in planting. It were well for the Country if more of the great families in it were disposed to live as they do. Mr Pryce is a good husband, a good father, the best possible landlord, the best neighbour, a zealous, useful Patriot, a good Magistrate, and, in a Country overrun with sectaries and fanaticks, a strenuous Friend to the established Church.

The Source of the Dee.

It rises just under a thorn tree to the right, a 100 yards of the Farm of Pant Gwyn. There are two springs with an equal claim on the honour of being wet nurse to this celebrated river, which, it is said, obtained the name of Dwfrdwy, *subaudi* ffynnon, on this account. Before the water of either of these springs can take anything like a run sufficient to fret a channel for them, a mountain stream, seemingly, from the depth and attrition of the bed it passes through, of a wild character at times, falls

into the line marked faintly by the stream the above springs shew, which thus increased give some beginning to them, whereas this tributary rill contributes much more to the feeding of the Dee than Springs that at its junction with them were hardly got into motion or currency. Much folly discovered in endeavouring to settle the source of rivers, from that of the Nile to that of the Dee, Abyssinia or Merionethshire.

Continued my Merioneth Journal, Sepr 30th 1808 at Dolgelley.

Wednesday Sepr 28th.—Set off from Trawsfynydd. Evening cloudy, cold, and mizzling rain, or rather half sleet. Nothing can exceed the uniform dreariness of the region round Trawsfynydd—a cold, spongy soil, and turbary. Even the Mountains that divide that Country from Ardudwy are not of a very striking Character, if you except the pass called Drws Ardudwy. The Road to Dolgelley for so long a reach, the straitest I ever saw, and with the least possible up and down hill. It runs above the Eden. The Village of Trawsfynydd lies between the Eden and the Prysor, which join and encrease the Mowddach, which receives the Cain and the Maw, and then uniting with the River Wnion by Dolgelley, forms the Estuary of Barmouth or Abermaw.

Stop at Dolymelynllyn to see the beautiful and picturesque falls on the Canfa, a river that has its course rather precipitous all the way, being, in the greatest part of it, much inclined to a cataract, but the two principal falls are just above an Alpine Bridge, over which you go to Mr Madox's charming cottage. I question whether in all Wales there are two finer falls seen at once, and so happily disposed of and with such rich accompanyment of Wood and Rock. A remarkable Oak of considerable size grows out of the solid Rock just above the Bridge. The upper fall ought to be looked at from a point higher up than that from which you see the both together, as you catch a part you don't see from below, and the different sheets are seen to cross each other in a curious way.

Ride up to see the cottage, which is most delightfully situated on a little Knoll, with pleasing swells and inequalities in the little lawn about, over which some very fine old Trees, Oak and Birch, together with younger growth, are sprinkled. A fine meadow beneath, and at the back a noble Wood terminating in a range of Rocks with an even front, towering above the Wood. The Cottage has a Veranda quite rustick about it, consists of 3 Rooms

below, with Offices behind, and bed Chambers above. Near one end of it, scarce seen amongst shrubs and Trees, is a Gothick building to imitate a ruin overgrown with Ivy, which Mr Maddox made a Ball room of. It is now occupied by a Mr Bowes.

Pursue our Road above the Maw to Dolgelley. Come to a beautiful turn of the River at the opening of Llanelltid Vale. which is one rich Meadow. Just at this bend there are some noble Woods belonging to Mr Nanney of Cefndeuddwr. At the bottom of this Vale stood Cymmer Abbey, the Monks of which had all this rich Land in Demesne and a Wier. The Site of the Abbey is now occupied by a Farm house called Vanor, or the Manor house, and the small Ruins that remain are entirely hid by Ivy and Trees. It stands on the Nanney side of the River, opposite Llanelltid Village and Church. Reach Dolgelley a little after Night, and take my lodging at Llwyn. Saw at Trawsfynydd 3 Daggers and a Lance head finely wrought found in a Cistvaen or in a Carnedd not far off.

Thursday, Sepr 29, 1808.—Was on Horse-back by eight o'Clock. A fine morning in the Vale, but with Snow on the Cader. Air keen; and joining my Friend W. Owen we proceeded half way to Barmouth, on the Turnpike Road, then turn up, by a steepish ascent, the old Road to Harlech above a rattling mountain Stream, having pretty falls on it, that passes under Pont du at the manufactory there. We enter an extensive opening among the Mountains consisting of several respectable Freeholds well wooded, and in good cultivation, being the remnant of Gavelkind division, this being a tract given to one of the Sons of Osbwrn Wyddel, and again subdivided among his posterity, where they became a Clan. Here my Friend Mr Parry lives, at a place called Hendreforion Still ascend, then descend and come to a flat above Sylvaen extending a Mile or more, till we reach the Base of a pretty high Mountain, over which is the pass to Hengwm, the place of our destination. The ascent is very steep, long, and winding, and bears a very appropriate Name, being called Bwlch y Rhiwgyr, the Pass of the pointing Ascent. Just in the Bwlch, which was very cold, highly gratified by a burst of Sea prospect on one side bounded by Llyn, and on the other the whole range of Cader Idris, with its points capped with Snow.

Hence we descend, alighting from our Horse, through loose stones and over stone steps to a considerable sloping flat open to the Sea on one side, and shut up behind by the high Mountains

separating Ardudwy from the other part of Merionethshire. This flat seemed to have been covered with heaps of Stones, and once marking ancient habitations, with a large Circle surrounded with an Agger of Stones, with several smaller Circles without it and touching it.

Just above the little Stream that falls from the Mountains into Hengwm are the two famous Carneddau Hengwm. The largest, in length, 4 Tapes, in breadth, one and a half. At the East End there is a large Cist Vaen surmounted by an immense incumbent Stone, seemingly slipped from the more horizontal position it once had. In several parts of the Carn there appears to have been a large incumbent stone covering Cistvaens and those covered with small Stones of which the Carn is composed. Under one of these the Shepherds have formed their Hut and kindle fire and keep their food. The smaller Carnedd seemed to have had bedded in it 4 upright Stones or Meini Hirion, of about 12 feet long, one only now erect, the others fallen; and near the West end of it are immense horizontal stone covering a Cist vaen. The Carneddau are long, or rather Oval, and may have been a sort of family Mausoleum of the Reguli who ruled in this district, or more probably of the Druids who officiated there, their sepulchres, in my opinion, being always distinguished by Cistvaens, a circumstance that accounts for their not being so frequent as plain Carneddau or Tumuli. And I can't help thinking but the true Cromlech was still for sacrificial or other sacred purposes as an Altar, that is, the incumbent Stone with some small inclination resting on this or three upright Stones; but that the Cistvaen, which was a stone Chest covered with an Altar Stone pointed out the Sepulchre of the Druid or Priest.

Proceeding still downwards towards Egrin, observe several antient inclosures of various shapes, and two circular ones, with a little square inclosure attached to each, like a Vestibule, in the Field just above the Plain of Egrin. To the Right of Hengwm, on a projecting point of Land, is an old Fortification called Dinas Corddin, which signifies its being circular. This perhaps was placed here to defend this extensive Establishment, whether we consider it as an immense British town or a scene of Druidical ceremonies. By the Gentleman who was my Cicerone, M[r] W. Owen,* who, when a young Man, had lived at Egrin, the Farm to which this tract was a sheep walk, that the South side of the Dingle of Hengwm was at that time covered with stunted

* Afterwards better known as Dr. Wm. Owen Pughe.—Ed.

Birch, much Hazel and Mountain Ash, &c., and was a famous nutting place, but now, what is most surprizing, not a single bush appears, the whole being fairly worn away, not grubbed up, in the course of 30 years, a proof that the climate has in that time undergone a revolution unfavourable to that species of vegetation; and such is the change that you might as soon expect to pick up a Diamond as a Nut, unless you could gather them from a few low straggling Furze bushes, the only surviving growth.

Hence by Egrin, that seems to have been a mansion rather above the pitch of a Farm House, to the great road leading from Harlech to Barmouth, a place considerably increased within these few years, having many good houses built there. The most remarkable part of the place is a cluster of Houses built many years back, occupying the sides of a little Gully in the Mountain, and rising one above the other to the very summit; looking like a Lava of Houses, as if they had been vomited out from the Rock.

Dine here and have a pleasant ride to Dolgelley.

Tuesday.—Left Dolgelley. Mizzling Rain, gentle the greatest part of the way. Met Counsellor Richards, who very cordially encountered me. Was much struck with the line of Rocky Ridge, *hérissé*, and in some parts tremendously projecting, that overhangs the Pool of the Three Grains, and continues to skirt the road down to Minfordd. Before you reach this Inn, you see a most redundant Spring of most brilliant water, issuing from the base of ye Mountain, which soon becomes a considerable stream, and falls with the increase of several streams pouring adown the Mountain on the right hand side, having a crest of ragged Rocks very wild and bristled, into Talyllyn Lake. The Three Grains Lake does not appear to have any water running into it, or out of it, unless by violent Rains. At times it may happen to overflow its banks. The South side of Cader Idris very grand, especially contrasted with the downy hills opposite forming one side of the Lake of Talyllyn, which is a beautiful piece of water, well stored with Trout, said to be of good flavour, if taken in April and May, afterwards they taste muddy. They are red, and some pretty large. They leap freely. Banks gravelly; good walking for the Angler. Out of this walk issues the Dysynni, or the soundless River, being in all its course, as flowing through a tame Level, a River of the tamest Character we have in this mountainous Region. Arrive at Ynisymângwyn. Time enough for Dinner. Met Mr. Owen and the fruiterer and his wife there.

Wednesday.—Rode to Peniarthissaf. Saw a most prodigious fine Ilex there, perhaps the largest in the kingdom, larger than that at Ynisymângwyn, though that is a handsomer tree and more healthy and vigorous. The one at Peniarth seems to have been the head of that family.

Thursday.—Had the Seat removed to examine the Effigy of Griffith ap Adda in Towyn Church. He is represented in Armour of the ring kind, close Headpiece, a swinging blade at his side and his hand on it. His Shield on his arm. Could not see low enough down to find out if there was any inscription. To be left open.

Close to it, nearer the East end, another plain Canopy, having under it an Effigy of a person in a clerical habit finely executed, but nothing to lead one to a knowledge of who he was. The Church very antient, Cruciform. Tower once stood in the middle. Remains of a rood loft. Nave has small side Aisles, Saxon Arches, heavy clumsy pillars. The Tower is now at the end. In the Churchyard they show the Grave of Cadfan the Patron Saint; 3 small stones pitched in the Ground mark the Spot. There was another pretty long upright stone of the same grit as those at the top of Cader Idris, on which there is a very rude inscription. and the sign of the Cross on two sides. I was not able to make it out. It is now removed to a small building meant as a Mausoleum for the late Mrs. Scott but never finished.

Monday, Octr 10th.—Left Ynisymângwyn, accompanied by Mr. Corbet and the Ladies to Aberdovey, where I was shewn his Copper Works, now at a stand till his trial for Coal be determined that he may smelt the ore on the Spot. The Works occupy the broken ridge of Hills above the Port and just at the back of the Houses. A great deal of Copper, ready prepared lies on the Bank. In many places appear old Cavities, supposed to be the Works of the Romans, and in one place, the highest up, where there was an appearance of Ore on the Surface, upon opening they found an old excavation filled up with the Rubbish that had been taken out of it, wherein were found hard Stones worn round by the attrition of being used as Mallets to pound the Ore; which seems to imply as if the early Inhabitants, prior to the time of the Romans, had begun their simple operations there, before they had become acquainted with the use of Metal. The Port belongs to Mr. Corbet. From Aberdovey to Machynlleth a new road is begun, which will skirt the Estuary all the way till

it joins the Pennal Road on a dead Level, and will form one of the finest rides in the Kingdom. It will unite with Towyn by way of the sands.

Barmouth.*

Meet Corbett there. His character, Dress peculiarities. Attended by Hassell, and J^no^ Davies. Former a quoter of Hudibras; the other a mere ale sucker and quidder of Tobacco; Working coal Mines after a perpendicular shaft, which he drove horizontally. Young Cantab.

An old Cherokee Country Squire; affected to talk hard; carried a hunting pole; dress old Costume. Gold Bobbin Waistcoat, and gold lined front; 3 or 4 Terriers. Talked of the best days of the Druid Society, when he remembered at ye Bull as much Smoke as when the Groves of Mona were fired by the Romans in the time of the old Druids; when the old King of Spain and he, though their Pipes touched, could not see each other for half an hour. The same with old Sir Hugh at the Friars. He remembered a young Barrister entering his smoking room once, with whom he talked, knowing him by his voice, through a cloud for half an hour. Conversation very mellow through such a medium; but I suddenly lost him, for he had slunk away by force of the cloud smoke to the Ladies; a mere milksop, not fit for the company of such enlightened beings as we were in the clouds; a fellow full of small talk and poetry, famous at handing round a plate of light cakes, and could write an ode on the head of a pin.

Talking of Ale—Why, Gents, they have lost the Art of brewing. I remember the days of the Cæsars. You perhaps may not understand my reference to the Roman Emperors. Which way are you travelling, Sirs, for if you are going my road towards Barmouth I can bring you better acquainted with the history of the Cæsars. He then told us that there was an ancient mansion house in the neighbourhood, Cors y gedol.

Shared a room where people drank it from morning till night. Possett. Pedigrees of game cocks.

Parry: Face enriched by the use of Cwrw. Was at College same time as Chas Fox. Active Magistrate.

A man who had kept an E.O. Table and a Cyprian priestess, buzz went round. He had a fine carriage; talked of his hounds,

* No date. Inserted here from MS. 2.48. Ed

his hot-houses, and his manners ; and she affecting piety, talked of nothing but Hannah More, the Society for the Reformation of Vice, and the B——p of St. D——s. Talked of Sir Wm Jones.

Doctor Griffiths quoted Horace and Homer and talked of Jesus College.

An Irish fortune hunter. A man of great parts. A strolling player going to Tremadock races.

Such is the company from an *Oikophobia* that we submit to associate with.

So much sand that a man before night becomes a perfect Hourglass.

Commenced my Memoranda for Merionethshire.

July 18th 1813.—Mounted our horses at ½ past eleven to go to Crogen, the seat of Bil Lloyd, Esqr. Pass a grotesque bridge about 2 miles from the bridge at the End of Bala Lake. Ride by many turnings under the aftergrowth of fine Oak and Birch, cloathing high and picturesque hills, whose old Tenants have yielded to the Ax within these few years, the property of B. Lloyd. Pass Pale, whose owner has planted largely, chiefly Larch, and has cultivated apparently very poor barren ground to the summit of his hills at a great expense. See Llanderfel the other side of the River, near which there is a new house building by a Mr. Davies, son of the great Stocking Merchant at Bala, who married one of the young women representatives of the old paupers who succeeded as next of kin to Jones the Brandy Merchant, who left Bala without shoe or stocking, and died worth half a million.

Crogen we feel the approach to for a mile before it is seen, by the excellence of its roads, neatness of its fences, managem^t^ of its woods, fine old and young woods. Stuck on the banks of the Dee, but on a knoll raised so far above as not to be annoyed by its overflowing. Called ; left card. Mr. Lloyd not within.

In the whole ride take occasion to remark how much the spirit of planting is gone abroad. Larch everywhere, and everywhere thriving.

Epitaph in Llanelltyd Church.

Near this place are interred the remains of Sir Robert Howel Vaughan of Hengwrt and Nannau Baronet Who died on the 13th day of Octr 1792 in the 69th year of his age. He married Anne Daũr and heir to Edwd Williames of Ystym Colwyn in the Co. of Montgomery and of Mellionydd in the Co. of Carnarvon Esqr by whom he left issue 3 Sons Sir Robt.

Williames Vaughan Edward Williames Vaughan Salisbury of Rug Esqr and Griffith Howel Vaughan of Hengwrt Esqr who as a sincer mark of the affectionate regard they bear to the memory of the best of Fathers have caused this Monument to be erected. Ann the wife of the said Sir Robt. died the 4th day of March 1791 in the 60th year of her age and was buried in the Parish Church of Erbistock in the C^{o} of Denbigh. Catherine Vaughan died 21st of Jan. 1807 aged 86.

A Pillar of white Marble over the Tablet, broken, just falling.

Tommen y Mur and Beddau Gwyr Ardudwy.

On Friday 30th [July, 1813] started early and called on Mr. Lloyd of Cefnfaes. and with him rode to the Station through a byway which appeared to be part of the old Roman road. Certainly saw a bit of it where it issued from the Station exactly in the line it must have taken to have gone to Segontium. Examined the Tumulus which had been dug into for Stone, and there appeared a perfect wall. the stones being placed in regular courses, so that there seems to have been a stone Castelet surmounting the Tumulus. But the people having found enough of Stone for their purpose have deserted it, so that the little that is done will not at all serve to throw light on the origin or use of the Tommen.

Pursue the Road towards the other object of our enquiry, nearly in the Track the Road from the station must have taken to Dolwyddelan.

Saw Hugh Llwyd of Cynwal's house to the left above his pulpit. Pass by a place called Bryn y Saeth, and another called Bryn y Cyfergyd, and another called Bryn yr Eryr Gronwy, perhaps the scene of the Conflict where the slaughter happened to occasion the graves.

Arrive at the Beddau, which Pennant seems totally to mistake, the upright stones being the bounds of the Cistvaen bedded in a Carnedd, most of which were plundered of old to make the Roman road which seems to intersect them. Those that were not plundered then shew like circles with the upright Cistvaen stones bare. As to the Circle of 52 feet in Diameter which Pennant talks of, my fancy put to the rack could not supply.

In my way stop at Pontnewydd, where the river Cynwal forces its way in an interesting torrent through a deep channel worn in the rock, growth hanging over it on all sides. To the left of the Graves at the foot of Mannod Mountain in a deep hollow, descend to see a small farm house, over the door of which, cut in Greek, very old, Εἰρήνη τῷ οἴκῳ τουτῳ. House called Hafod Yspitty, a summer dairy perhaps to Yspitty Evan.

Ride to Ynismaengwyn. The opening beyond Cefn y clawdd very grand, leaving the farm to operate in making out the pass; begins to assume a very grand air above the pool of the Three Grains, and continues to improve in interest at every yard descending to Talyllyn pass, being narrow, and the boundaries on each side very precipitous, with serrated summits, but grassy for a great way upon both sides, but just above and near the pool of 3 Grains.

What I saw at Mr. Corbet's about 4 years ago just embarked and perfect sand, now in the greater part was covered with Dutch Clover. The first appearance of vegetation was a kind of Samphire or Glasswort here and there, and when they died away, a little tuft of Grass would appear, which was succeeded by a thick crop of Dutch Clover over the whole. His Hedges round the finished fields are of immense breadth, made of turf and sods dug out of wide Ditches on each side, which serve as permanent drains. The top is planted with two rows of Willow, Poplar, and Privet, leaving a sufficient walk between, so that he can see all his fields and Stock at once, and perfectly dry. He is going on with it, and will go round the whole in this manner. Coal found.

Cymmer Abbey, or as it is now called Vanor.

The ruins consist of one long building, which had a tower at West end, and an Entrance. The East End has 3 Lancet Windows. On South side of Chancel 3 Recesses of wrought stone for the officiating priests. Near is a plain canopy open to the garden on So. side, once tenanted most probably with the founder's Effigy. The Choir seemed to have been entered by three Arches opening on each side which communicated with side Aisles. Length 40 of my paces at least. Too much overgrown with Ivy to make a drawing of it. At the dissolution, the family to whom it was granted converted some of the building into a Mansion, and from having been the Manor house, it obtained the name of Vanor, which was abandoned for Hengwrt. Nothing of the old house now up but the old hall. There remains a fine old Avenue of flowering Lime trees. Near farm house of Pentre a tommen, and here might have been the Castle said to have been built by the Sons of Uchtryd at Cymmer.

Monday, 26th July.—Rode to Llanfachreth Church. Very neat and simple. Fine Monument of white Marble to a Mrs. Ann Nanney. In quest of the Roman Road, which from Pen y

street, where a portion is very visible, must have crossed in its way to Pennal over Rhyd Uniawn, and so sloping over a low pass in the Hill to the right of Caerunwch over Gwanas towards Aberllefenny; and it is still known by name of Sarn Helen.

Glynn.

An ancient house belonging to Miss Ormsby. The most correct specimen of the kind of architecture in this Country, about the time of James and Charles the first. It is entered by a building similar to that of Corsygedol, which appears to have been the original Pattern; under which there is a Gateway large enough for a Coach, with a hatchway for foot passengers. There are several apartments over. The summit of the Front ends in Gable end Windows. Casements with labels over. You come into a hall in which is a staircase: on one side is a dining room with a long table filling up one side, curious oak chairs with carved backs, and two side boards, fine oak ornamented, of a singular but most convenient construction. On the other side is a parlour with an Escutcheon on stucco, on which are blazoned the different Coats they quartered; that of the house being the Arms of Osbwrn Wyddel. In one corner W. W., and in the other K. W. over 1638. The lower rooms all flagged with a very poor sort of flags. Above stairs was a room of a good size, which might be called the drawing Room, hung round with family pictures, one said not to be one of the family, with a Cap on, seemingly of Leopard Skin, holding in his hand something like a Mace. *Qu.*—who is he? The chimney piece of wood, not badly executed. Goat particularly fine. Over it some sort of Escutcheon of Arms quartered and blazoned as in parlour, but with a date of 1639. Same initials. In that room an old Harpsichord, handsome old Japanned Cabinet, and a magnet of great attraction. Miss Ormsby's own portrait, small, sitting; rather a pleasing face. The old Mottoes in the walls done over with modern colouring. The House is kept very clean. The situation not a bad one, in the bosom of fine woods, with a view of the Sea and promontory of Llyn, from a raised look-out-place at the Corner of the Court, and I suppose from an elevation behind the house, a view of Harlech.

In our way back, charmed with the sudden appearance of Llyn Teewyn, which bursts upon the sight at once. A very peculiar lake, most completely filling its bason, so as not to admit of any walking round it, of the most [illegible] colour,

extremely clear, and seemingly getting very deep soon. On one side, very precipitous rocky boundaries, but of no great height. Proceeding to a Gate near the summit of Ascent from the Vale of Tanybwlch, you come suddenly to a view of only the richest and the most beautiful part of it, involving so many charming ingredients as to render it the most unrivalled view of pleasing Vale scenery in the Principality.

N.B.—The portrait which stands first in the row clothing the Walls in the drawing room of Glynn House has, on the back side of the frame, this inscription—Mr. Mallory alias Doctor Marshall.

Nannau.

This venerable residence of the chief descendant of Cadwgan ap Bleddin, Pennant says, is the highest inhabited mansion perhaps in the Kingdom. It is situated in an opening formed by Moel Orthrwm on one side, and a much lower wooded ridge, bounding Llyn Cynwch, on the other. The present house, with an exception of some small portions which some of the offices occupy, was entirely built by the present possessor, and is the 3rd House built since the destruction of Howel Selef's home by Glyndwr; the first built by his immediate descendant, the next, I presume, on the same site, by Hugh Nanney, Esqr in Queen Eliz. time, and the present. On the Lake side there are fine old woods, but on the other, particularly to the East of the Pass which the House occupies, it is too bare, yet Sir Robert Vaughan's young growth is likely soon to render that remark unnecessary. The Gardens are at a good distance from the house, in a sheltered hollow to the South East of the House, and abound with vegetables of all sorts, and, at the time we visited it, with all fruits then in season, viz., Strawberries, Raspberries, Gooseberries, Currants, &c., Cherries. In the Garden stands the celebrated old Oak, called Ceubren yr Ellyll, in which tradition says that Howel Selef, who took part against Glyndwr, his Cousin, was inshrined after being put to death by him. It is a most venerable relic, and yet not so decayed but that it has a few branches productive of foliage, and within these 5 years, of Acorns, from which Sir Robert V. shewed me two or three thriving young plants. Sir Richard employed his pencil on this curious survivor of the old foresters, and made a charming drawing. Nothing seems done to turn the situation to account; everything immediately round the house appearing in a state of great neglect,

and very little done with any taste, which if exerted there would produce great magnificence. The fine lake ought to be made part of the Grounds, and might be charmingly connected with it by walks or rides through the woods, which might be made to feather down to its margin, as it does to one side all round.

The view of Cader Idris that breaks on the eye at the bottom of the lake is very grand. Indeed, that Mountain, seen everywhere, is a noble object, but here particularly fine, and in numerous places might be made subservient to the great beauties of Nannau: but the Baronet is farming, which he carries on on a great scale, and with great success, maugre climate and cold ground. The approach to the house, from the side of Bala, is by a new road of 5 miles, the greatest part of the way through the Baronet's Woods, and all over his own land for 5 Miles, on so judicious a level as that scarce any ascent is felt. With a view to the better managing his very extensive tract of Woodland to the North of the House, a new road has been made to wind for several miles. Through them above some very picturesque Mountain torrents that water the Vallies.

At a new bridge, about a mile and a half from the house, occurs a most beautiful Waterfall, which meets the eye in the happiest way, and boasts of the richest accompanyment of rocks and wood, and tumbles into a very deep fissure, much of the same character with those chasms at the Devil's Bridge. Out of the hollows among these rocks grow the Rododendron, Arbutus, and other plants, loving bogearth most luxuriantly, and in many places beautiful tufts of that elegant little plant the Cymbolaria.

Here the road winds through thriving Woods that clothe very high hills, and is carried on a dead level, sometimes at a frightful height above the River, but very safely, for some miles, and is meant to be continued by a most interesting and judicious course, nearly as far as the celebrated falls on the Cain and the Mowddach, to terminate in some pavilion or convenient accommodation for company to rest, who visit the falls, which we went to see, but at a time when their Urns were very scantily supplied. That over the Cain tumbles from a greater height than the other over the Mowddach, and when full is considered the grandest cataract, but at all times its neighbour has a more beautiful character, though shorn much of its charms by the absence of the Wood lately cut down on one side of the great and deep bason that receives it. The first time I saw (about 22 years ago) the other fall it was after a violent flood, and to increase the horrors of the scene, there was a sheep that the torrent had

swept away suspended in the branches of a tree overhanging the fall and dangling in the spray.

Here we parted with our Cicerone, and took the road toward Pen y Street, calling in the way on an old Man 107 or 8, who walks about, and whom you would not take for 80. Thence by Rhiwgoch to Tan y bwlch, which is made a most commodious Inn since we last saw it.

Visited Harlech for the 2^{d} time, Tuesday 3^{d} Augt 1813, in company with a large party from Gwynfryn. You may revisit Harlech a 100 times and yet find new beauties. The whole keep a fine model for a castellated Mansion. Being so perfect and magnificent, it must have been, one would think, with a view of lodging Edward himself, and not as an appendage to the Garrison, without such a consideration. Found that what is called a Font in the chapel over the Gateway is only a Piscina, having the bason for Holy Water. Miss Ormsby has erected a new house on the site of the old Town Hall, which in my opinion has deprived the place of one of its chief curiosities and relics of Antiquity—the uncovered shell in which the Member was returned, a room that retained traces of respectable and antient Masonry, which naturally carried the mind back to former ages, when the place could boast of an existing corporation and annexed privileges; now all buried and overlaid with a heavy pile of true Merionethshire Architecture.

Particulars of the Great Flood at Llanwchllyn.

Evan the Fisherman gave me the following account of it, he being at that time about 25 years of age. As to the time when it happened, that is known by reading the inscribed stone fixed to the battlement of the new bridge, which succeeded that which was swept away. The bridge is there said to be built in 1781, and the flood happened in 1780. He said the greater part of the Village of Llanwchllyn was swept away, and the Houses that rose in their stead, as well as a large meeting house, were raised with the stones brought down by the flood, after blasting and breaking them, for some of them were enormous masses, and were carried down for a mile, filling all the flat in the Village, on the Margin of the River as well as the Channel of it. A prodigious quantity, and some of the largest remain to this day. The Lake of Bala was covered with the wreck of the different houses, and one person recovered 2 feather beds floating on the Lake, and one with a looking glass on it as she had left

it when she left her house; and several articles of furniture were dug out of the sand and Gravel the flood had left. It lasted for 4 or 5 Hours, but at Bala they had not a drop of rain, all fine. The Lake of Bala did not clear for three years, and the Pike all were destroyed, as well as a great deal of other fish.

Bala Lake

is a beautiful expanse of water, varies its appearance every half hour. Early it has a calm glassy surface, reflecting most distinctly the inverted Landscape. Seen to much, if not most, advantage, from Sir. R. Hoare's Villa, Vachddeiliog, for you have here a fine reach of it without seeing either end. The Lawn here terminating in a Hedge, with growth in it concealing the road passing under it, admits just the Lake without seeing any of its boughs or beach. Llanycil Church, among its Yew trees, and its little Village, a pleasing object. The first ridge of Hills bounding the lake, not very high, composed of Fields, meadow pasture, and Corn. The Mountains beyond blue with a purple tinge. The principal are the Arennig, exactly facing Vachddeiliog; on the same side, lower down, the Dduallt; and terminating the prospect, the three heads of Cader Idris. Then from the other side, the Aran, with its broken precipitous Ravine, and the Cower, but beats fully formed hills from Rhiwlas to the Vale of Edernion. The Town, though mean and shabby when you enter it, yet seen from Vachddeiliog interspersed with trees, where only the tops of the houses are seen, makes a very agreeable object, backed by Rhiwlas and its woods. In short, Bala Lake, to judge of its beauties, must be seen in every stage of its infinite variety, from the first purple dawn to the last flame of Sunset.

I don't agree with the definition of *Pimble Meer* as if it was *Pum plwyf Meer*, as 5 Parishes border on the Lake. I would rather look for an entire Saxon origin for it. As *Mear* is certainly Saxon, why not *Pimble*?

The River that enters it from under Castell Carn dochan is called Llafar, that is, the babbling brook. Another is called the Lliw, from its having ran with blood after a fierce battle fought on its banks.

Arennig Mountain

rises to the North of the Lake of Bala, and sheweth itself very boldly over a low part of the intermediate ridge immediately

bounding the lake. It is beautifully shaped, having two summits (like kidneys) of nearly equal height, and falling in a ridge singularly broken to the West. The fall to the East not so broken. *Quere* if the name Arennig may not be translated kidneyed, with reference to its summits. There is a Lake on the South side of Arennig.

Roman Road.*

On Wednesday, 31st July, 1816, set off after an early breakfast from Nannau, the sublime seat of Sir Robt Vaughan, in company with Colonel Vaughan of Rug and Captn Anwyl, when after riding circuitously for about 6 miles we came to the pass where we met the Men who were to furnish us with all the inherited traditional direction they had collected as to the supposed course of the Roman Road. Through this pass, which exactly pointed to Rhyd Helen, crossing the Dolgelley River to the Right, and leaving the range of the Robell Mountains to the left. For two or three miles a road is perceptible, still called Llwybr Helen, with several pieces of coarse pitching bared; but I must confess only in wet boggy places, where it would have been impossible to have passed without such aid; so that decides nothing. If any portion of the decided perfect road remained, it would be very difficult to discover it, as the whole line ran through deep heath, and ground altered by the revolutions that track of turbary are liable to get (and that is the best criterion). There was no other practicable line for the road to take from Pen y Street, a most decided piece of a true raised Roman Road, so as to go through the fords titled Helen, and take the course of the trackway bearing that name for some Miles, and lying so as, in all its bearing, to connect with Pen y Street. Yet I cannot help thinking but that the finished Road went no farther than Pen y Street, or rather that they had there begun, the perfect road working back on Tommen y Mur, or the Station of Mons Eryri, going over ground that required not so much labour as the other part, which was to cross rivers, and surmount a variety of unavoidable difficulties; and that the course of the Road, in its whole extent, might have been only chalked out in the rough, and left to the last, as attended with more labour.

On this account, the part they began to finish was therefore

* From MS. 2.56.—Ed.

called Pen y Street, for by way of almost positive confirmation of this, and that they worked, finishing back on the Station; for though there is as fair level ground for about a few hundred yards from Pen y Street, had it been continued forward, and where no possible revolution appears to have taken place to obliterate the work, had it been carried forward, yet not the smallest trace of such a continuance is visible, but Pen y Street either ends or was begun abruptly.

After winding through the trackway distinguished by the name of Llwybr Helen for a few Miles, here and there jumping through portions of very infirm ground, I came to the brow of the Ascent from Pont Abergeirw, also called Pont Helen, where, as cultivated lands took place, all track was lost. But the road here must have yielded to the natural form of the Country, here a little precipitous, but still comparatively with what surrounds it very accessible. I crossed the bridge, and by an easy oblique ascent on the other side, came to a moory mountain flat, through which the present Country road passes towards Trawsfynydd, pointing to Pen y Street, which I soon gain after passing the River just under it, and a trifling ascent. Leave Porius's monument to the right in a Hayfield, about 50 pace from the road.

On Friday, 2^{d} Aug^{t}, in company with Sir Richd Hoare and Sir Robt Vaughan, I set off for Rhyd Helen to endeavour to make out the probable Road that was carried on on the other side, to unite with the Stations of Caer Sws and Pennal. From the Ford ascend gently an ancient rough road, carried on obliquely towards the right, and pointing toward Bwlch Oerddrws, the pass leading towards Dinas Mowddy from Dolgelley, through which pass the road must have gone in its way to Caersws, and branching to the right to Pennal.

Before we approach the Bwlch, for two miles travel over a road that betrays its origin to be Roman. After falling into the Dinas Road it must have taken the course of the present Turnpike, the Vale being too narrow to admit of any choice for its course. As to the other branch, in all probability, and in the opinion of the celebrated Antiquary, Ed. Llwyd, it must have taken over Wain Llefenny, above Cefn y Clawdd, by Machynlleth Bridge to Pennal. So much for what relates to Roman Antiquities.

Neither Sir Richard nor I had ever rode from Dolgelley to Dinas, so that at the Bwlch we entered on quite new ground to us, and with reference comparatively to any other ground in

Merionethshire quite new. The entrance into the Pass justifies its characteristic name Bwlch Oerddrws, the Pass of the Cold Door or Entrance. The Hills are very high, rather precipitous, verdant to the summit, and of the most velvety surface, charmingly involved. For a few miles there is scarce a house to be seen, the principal Inhabitants are sheep. 'Tis a perfect solitude in other respects, but rather cheerful.

Denbighshire and Flintshire.*

From Llanrhaiadr to Llangollen.

Saturday [Aug. 27th, 1808].—Montgomeryshire leaves us soon after we pass Llanarmon Chapel to the left under the Hill, a chapel of ease to Llanrhaiadr. After threading a few winding Dells, ascend the Hills and ride over a fine Downy Sheepwalk for some miles. Look back and gain a fine view of the Vale about Pool and to Powis Castle Park. See Rodney's Pillar, but at a distance ; catch a peep of part of the Vale of Llanarmon to the left. Then opens the Vale of Ceiriog, which we descend into, following the various bends of the River within sight and hearing of its water all the way. The sides of the Hills prettily fringed with wood or green sheep walk to the top only where two or three fine rocky points break in on the view forming a charming contrast. Come to a Bridge that crosses a mountain stream issuing from a narrow Dingle to the left and falling into the Ceiriog just below a new Flannel Manufacturing House on the right and close to the Bridge. Here is a little Village of half a dozen houses. The Vale here takes a sudden turn and proceeds rather strait till we come to Llansantfraid ; then the Vale turns to the right and expands considerably, and is cheerful and prettily cultivated, and empties itself near Chirk into the Dee. Here we leave the Vale of Ceiriog and mount a tremendous steep, leaving the Church to our right, which has been built about 30 years ago. Just at the foot of the Hill, each side the Ceiriog, there are Quarries of fine blue Slate. Pass an uninteresting heathy tract. Towards the middle intersects a Road that goes towards Chirk ; then descend a most precipitous road and stony to Llangollen. In our ascent have a fine view of Wynnstay Woods and Park, Castle Dinas Brân and the Glisseg† rocks.

* MS. 2.54.

† Now, usually, Eglwyseg, which is for Eglwysegl, the name of a township of the parish of Llangollen, which had a church so called, now extinct, but is marked on Saxton's and Speed's maps. The name has nothing to do, as supposed by Edw. Lhuyd, Pennant, and others, with the Eliseg of the Pillar, but seems to derive from a diminutive of *ecclesia—ecclesicula*, a churchlet, or chapel. Cf. *caregl*, a chalice, from *calicula*, dim. of *calix*. Du Cange gives *ecclesiuncula* as dim.—Ed.

First, the Church, which consists of a Nave and North Aisle. Roofed with Oak curiously wrought; Arches separating Nave from Aisle slightly pointed. A handsome Canopy of stone on North Wall upper end of North Aisle, but no Effigy or monumental memorial. School House in Churchyard built at Parish expense.

In the Evening, sally out to scale Dinas Brân. Pass the Bridge of 4 singularly pointed Arches. Fine masonry, perhaps the grandest Bridge in Wales, over a wide part of the Dee, that here in Winter covers its rocky bed, and precipitates itself furiously over it, now shrunk to one small Channel, forming a very deep Pool running under some overhanging Wych Elm. When we consider the height of Dinas Brân, we ought to calculate from the Bridge, for thence our Ascent begins, and the part from the Bridge to the base of the Hill on which the Castle stands taken in the account. To get to the top is a formidable task, especially as the grassy path is so slippery. However, the Evening being very fine and clear, Sir R. Hoare and I persevered, and got to the Summit.

The Castle is evidently built within an old British Encampment, and one of the oldest, with one Agger inclosing a large Area. following the shape of the conical and insulated Hill on which it was placed. The Castle occupies a rocky foundation near the Western Side of the ancient Entrenchment, there being a large space between it's Eastern extremity and the old Agger skirting the Eastern summit of the Hill. There was a Hollow like a Moat of a good depth cut through the rock on the East side and South side of the Castle, and of a competent Breadth, and keeping the form of the Castle, these sides being more weakly protected than the others, which are very steep and precipitous. A Moat it could not be, for there could have been no Water. There appeared to have been a drawbridge at the East end or a Path, leading over an Arch into the Castle, as well as an Avenue or covered way between two Aggers of vast height, formed by what was dug out of the Ditch. There was a principal Entrance at the East End through a door way that once, by the bits that remain, like all the other apertures, whether Doors or Windows, had all cut stone casings richly wrought. Entering the Door, you go through an arched Passage, into which 3 round holes open from above, and on the right hand side of this Passage, the remains of a small but rich room lying East and West, perhaps the Chapel or Justiciary, as it appeared to have two Pointed Arched Niches, not much recessed, and reaching to the top, as if two benches might have once been placed there. It seemed, too, to have been

richly groined. To the left of this Entrance a large square room making the most projecting Eastern Extremity of the Building, where no Windows are seen. There appears a heap of Rubbish and Cinders, with many of the stones almost vitrified, proving beyond a doubt that this part had been destroyed by fire. At the Western Extremity there are fragments of a rich Canopy of Freestone round a Window looking out to the North, to the curious Rocks of Glisseg, over a little narrow Vale at the base of the Mountain, clearly belonging to some little Oratory or Lady's private apartment, and the Window might be called the oriel Window. Hence perhaps Myfanwy Vychan might have looked out to expect her amorous Bard Howel ap Einion Llygliw. The whole building was of very substantial and fine masonry, the Cement equal to the Roman, the Walls very thick. The Length of the whole building 113 yards, and the Breadth, exclusive of Bastions or Projections, between 40 and 50 yards, making in the whole an immense oblong Square.

Mr Pennant derives its name from the river Brân that runs at it's base or near it, but I find no such river, and I am of opinion that it must have been first occupied by Brân ap Llyr, and that it exhibits some of the most antient Masonry in Wales, and is the most remarkable, taking everything into consideration, of all our Castellated buildings. Very little history of it may be collected from our Chronicles.

On the North side of the Castle and on the opposite Hill are the curious Lime Stone Rocks called Glywseg. They range in 3 or 4 horizontal lines of Strata, appearing quite white.

From Llangollen to Ruthin.

Sunday [Aug. 28th, 1808].—Ride along the Canal—which, though it may bring commerce to a Country, yet in a picturesque point of View disfigures it—till we turn up the Vale of Llan Egwest, or Valle Crucis, and almost at the entrance of it, in a wider part of it, too much shut up with Trees, stands the ruins of that beautiful Abbey, on the margin of a mountain stream that rushes in and supplies a large Pond to the East of the building, and close to it. This Abbey is undoubtedly as fine a specimen of Masonry as any Monastick building in Wales can produce. The Window at the West End is very fine, of the early Gothick like Salisbury, but the tracery is going fast to decay. Above the Window high up, there is a line of Freestone, bearing embossed

Letters, but too distant to be read, or, rather, too much worn out. The East End is much plainer, having three lancet shaped Windows. The Church was Cruciform. Tower in the centre supported on four lofty handsome Arches. In the South Transept there is a Canopy of rich stone work, under which perhaps the founder might have been buried. It is now filled up with rubbish almost to the top. The Church is of considerable length. On the South side there is a handsome Doorway leading to the Abbot's Apartments, a large building now a Farm house. All the lower Apartments are groined, and upstairs over a Fire-place there is a cover of a Stone Coffin, with a great deal of curious tracery on it, and a broken Inscription with *Hic Jacet* making part of it. There is over a door leading to an outhouse a rudely sculptured head of a religious found somewhere in the ruins. In the Abbot's Buildings there is a Window that once had very rich tracery, now stopped up, and the principal doorway Saxon. The whole building was highly finished. It had round it a handsome stone Cornice, that of the South transept almost entire.

N.B.—In the Chancel grows a very large Ash Tree, whose Branches fill the space, and, if felled (and it is marked), must I think fall and demolish that part of the building.

The Vale though sequestered is uncommonly cheerful.

In a Barn a little removed from the ruins, round the Door there are fragments of cut stone put in from the ruins, and one remarkable one bearing an embossed Lion passant with a Rose under its Belly. About half a Mile farther on, exactly opposite the 3rd Milestone from Llangollen, to the right in a Field, stands the Pillar of Elisseg on a square Pedestal surmounted on an elevated heap like a Tumulus. Still pursue this sequestered little Vale, and before we come to the road that takes the Hill, have a fine opening to the right, letting in a grand portion of the Glwyseg Rocks, finely contrasted with the green hills on each side. The Road ascending from the Vale, which seems to end here, is, though managed in the best possible way, prodigiously steep, and continues so for a mile and a half. Then we come to a Mountain tract and open an extensive View. See the Arrennig, our old acquaintances, and have a clear View of Snowdon.

Hence we cross the Ridge that comes direct from Bala towards Chester, and over which Sir Richard Hoare is very judiciously of Opinion a Road went from Caergai to Holt, and so to Chester, as on that line there are names that indicate its course. See at the edge of this mountainous tract, on the slope of it towards the

Vale, 2 Tumuli, and a little farther on Tommen y Rhodwydd, evidently a Fortification of the Castelet kind, having its little outwork appendage opposite the directing-post at the cross Road. Odd parallel lines of Limestone Rock, the Stratum continues to the right for some way, then it is broken off by a stratum of a hard purplish stone, but the Limestone soon appears again and continues to make the Boundary each side of the Vale of Clwyd. From the Descent of the Hill as you enter the Vale of Clwyd, you have a most charming and extensive View of the whole Vale from its narrow beginning to its most expanded reach, exhibiting a most rich and finely wooded prospect, but tame and not picturesque. Hence, by a charming road, finely shaded with Hedge Rows, to Ruthin. Here we dined, but could not stay to see it, and in the Evening, after a most delightful ride, to Denbigh.

N.B.—At a place called Kilgwyn saw the finest Tree of that species of Poplar called the Asp, near the margin of the River Clywedog, I ever beheld or Sir Richard Hoare, and less formal too. We likewise on our way, in a field to the left close on the roadside, saw a Row of Sweet Chesnuts of immense Girth and of uncommonly old Growth. Mr. W. Owen* supped with us.

Monday [Aug. 29th, 1808].—After breakfast Sir R^{d} Hoare made a drawing from the Window of the Crown Inn of the odd group of antient and modern buildings, with the Cross in the Foreground, making an odd Composition, and very difficult as to perspective. When he had finished, Mr. W. Owen joined us, whom we called on, and walked up to see the Castle and the View from it. The entrance of the Castle very striking, a specimen of fine Masonry. In a Niche over the Gate Way, an almost effaced Statue of Lacy Earl of Lincoln, who is said to have built it. A little within the Gateway, there was an Octagon room as a Vestibule to the interior of the Castle, which when all up was a most stately thing. The prospect from it is extensive and rich. There was another inclosure surrounding the borough or privileged part of the town, entered by a Gateway in a large turreted building, called to this day the Burgess's Tower. Within this outer Wall was the old Church, and the new Chapel founded, but never finished, by Leicester, which, since Pennant wrote,

* Later, the well-known Dr. W. Owen Pughe.—Ed.

has had an inscription discovered on a corner stone, till within these few years covered over with rubbish. Thus—

Fundamentum Christus
Exedificatio Christiani Compago
Caritas Numen Spiritus Sanctus
R Leycester
1° Sep^{bris} 1578.

The greatest part of the present Town was a Suburb. A very fine portion of the outer Wall comes down over the rocky part of the Hill below Mr. Clough's House and now forms the Wall of his Garden. At the extreme Corner of it, coming down quite to the Base of the Rock, and built over it, is a very fine Tower called the Goblin's Tower, in which is a fine Well that supplied the Garrison. On the Northern side of the Castle at its Base—this being the ascending side—a deep earth work. A Fragment of the Castle Wall most whimsically represents a profile with a flowing Wig, like the late King. Quere, who first observed it. From the Meadow below the Goblin Tower you look up on the Castle to great advantage. The ruins of the Priory at the bottom of the town are very inconsiderable, but I have not yet visited them.

Sir Richard and I rode to Llewenney, taking it in his way to Brynbella. Lord Kirkwall was engaged to dine there, but said he expected me to take up my Quarters there while I remained in the neighbourhood. Promised to be with him at Night, being engaged to dine with my Friend Mr. Owen. Returned just in pudding time, but it being 4 o'clock, the whole Evening, the little of it that was left, was passed in mere eating and drinking, without an opportunity of taking any mental food. Got to Llewenney before Lord K. returned, but met my old acquaintance Rev^{d} Mr. Anwyl, so that the Hour till his Lordship appeared went off pleasantly.

Heard from the Denbighshire Apothecary that a Stone above Lord Bagot's, on the Mountain, has been discovered with an inscription and a date proving it above 800 years old. To enquire of Mr Williams, of Cilgwyn, the Agent. I was told at Denbigh, by a Parson there called Squire Jones, that the Hall at Denbigh was built 300 years ago.

Tuesday [Aug. 30th, 1808].—At Llewenney, a day of confinement, it being boisterous and rainy.

Wednesday.—By appointment met Sir R^d Hoare at Bodfari to make a search for the Station of Varis, but owing to heavy showers, which kept us under cover for an hour and more, our Morning was shortened ; and the Fields were too wet to pursue our researches on foot, the only effectual way of attaining our Object. However, we first crossed to the South side of the little River Aberwile* and followed a narrow winding road, at the base of the Hill called Moel y Park, and then recrossed the River and got up to Lord Kirkwall's Warren, proceeding as far as Maes Mynnan, but could discover nothing like the Station we were in quest of. There is on the little Stream above mentioned an iron forge and a Woollen Manufactory, both on Lord Kirkwall's property. Returned the same way as it threatened rain, *re infectâ*, and convinced that the Station must have been somewhere under Bodfari on the bank of the Clwyd. Got home just in time to dress for Dinner.

Thursday, [Sept. 1st, 1808].—Appointed to meet Mr. Roberts, the Parson of Tremeirchion, who had accompanied us yesterday at Bodfari, to continue our search and to visit Caerwys. We fell in with each other about eleven, and immediately proceeded by the same road in the Vale as we took in returning yesterday, and beyond Maes Mynnan turned to the left, a pretty sharp ascent, till we came to Caerwys, one of the Contributory Boroughs to Flint. It consists of two long ill built streets intersecting each other at right Angles, with a large Elm, surrounded by a little Bank, growing in the Centre. It is on a bed of Limestone, and therefore there is a great lack of Water, the inhabitants being obliged to send to a great distance for it, an inconvenience alone that must have prevented it from becoming a great town, which one at first sight might be tempted to suppose had been in project. They shew you a large old House which is said to have been the Town Hall, and there is a record that the Assizes were held there in the time of Charles ; and there had been a person executed there, as appears by a warrant to the Sheriff, now in the Possession of Mr. Pennant. There is another large old house, the greater part of which they say was the Prison.

I was shewn the Church by Mr. Hughes the Curate. It consists of a Nave and side Aisle, or rather, a Nave dissected into two equal parts, with two large Windows, stone tracery, at the

* Properly, the River Chwiler, Anglicised Wheeler.—Ed.

East End. An Arch pointed plain separating the Belfry part. On the South side of the Chancel a stone Canopy, well wrought, but void of Effigy. The Pews that surround it belong to Lord Plymouth by marriage with the heiress of Griffiths of Caerwys Hall. There was an escutcheon carved on Wood on one of the Pews charged with 3 Boars' heads, with I : G. 1684. Church dedicated to Michael the Archangel, and there is a Well below the Town in a Wood, called by the name of the Saint, to which there is great resort on Easter Day in the morning, and it is said to have marvellous Virtues. No wonder that a Well should be visited and held in such veneration in a place where Water is so scarce that it cannot be found unless you dig to an uncommon depth. Old painted glass in the Windows. Mr Lloyd, a clergyman, son of *Blodau*, Mr. Pennant's Cicerone and great Assistant, shewed me some Coins, which were not worth looking at and had no history annexed to them, and he likewise shewed me a *Glain Neidr*, with something of whiter vitrification, like the twine of a snake appearing round it. It was of a whey colour and very like Agate. His Sister said she had an antient *Discus*, but it could not then be found.

In our way down to Maes Mynnan rode over the edge of a beautifully wooded Dingle belonging to Sir Thomas Mostyn. It seems Maes Mynnan was occasionally the residence of the last Llewelyn, and his Palace, if Palace it might be called, was said to have stood under the Hill exactly opposite to the present House, just on the Margin of the little stream, and that he had a large inclosure behind occupying a great tract of the Hills for his Venison, called to this day Moel y Park, and traces of the Fence that inclosed it may be seen somewhere under this Hill. There was dug up some few years back an earthen Vessel with some trinkets, and one golden chain was sold at Chester for £140.

Hence by Bodfari again, beneath which Village I observe several slight eminences between that and the Clwyd, that I make no doubt, but what after a little search in that direction, the Varis might be found, nearly in the Line there is a place called Hendref, where probably it might be found. Bachygraig, lately the seat of the Salisburys, was built by Sir Rd Clough, partner in Trade with Sir T. Gresham. The House is a most singular building, built, by the size and form of the Outbuildings, with a view to future Commerce, the Knight having had it in contemplation to make the Clwyd navigable to this place. You ascend into the great Hall by a flight of Steps, on each side a Portico. The Room is large and Antique, and Fire place large.

Behind this is the Drawing Room, in which there are large casement Windows, ornamented with painted Glass of Escutcheons of Nations, and of private Gentlemen, the Knight's alliances. His own Arms occur often with R. C. 1565 ; and in one place I saw the Arms of his Partner Sir Thos. Gresham, 1559. There is a bow Window at one end of the Room. Here are hung several old family Portraits, and one modern and a good painting, of Mrs. Piozzi's Uncle, the Judge Advocate, in his judicial robes. In an inner room there is over the Chimney piece a fine portrait of the Knight by Sir A. Moore, and portraits of the present Mr. and Mrs. Piozzi. The Chimney piece in the great room, where the painted Glass is, is very grand, in the old Style. The Knight was so fond of giving his coat of Arms, that on his outer door, massy as that of a prison, he has described it by the Nails stuck over it and over the knocker in the Iron work, 1565. Nay, you see his Arms in open work in the Vane on the Top of the outbuildings. There are several bricks with fine *bas reliefs*, now stuck the outside of the Parapet of landing place of Stair in front of the house, which formerly had their place behind the fireplace in the great hall. The most uniform and handsomest front is towards a Garden, or perhaps what was once a bowling green, to the East. On the Door that led out this way his Arms are made out by nails, and date, R 1568 C ; and over the Door in the stonework, in raised letters, Richard Clough made this House in the yere of our Lord God.

In my way back to Llewenney, pass by what was once Denbigh Green, now enclosed and in cultivation.

It is said that the Bricks of which the Mansion house as well as the granaries are built, came from Holland ; but that is very unlikely, as the Vale beneath the House afforded the very best materials for making Bricks ; probably he might have had a Flemish brickmaker, and that accounts for their durability, being so well made.

Clough was originally a skinner at Denbigh, of low extraction, and left the Country, for some trifling *faux pas*, to which circumstance he owed his fortune. N.B.—The Hinges of the great Shutters very curiously wrought, and had all been plated.

Friday, 2d Sepr, 1808.—Left Llewenney, highly pleased with the very interesting account Captain Fellowes gave of his distress and wonderful preservation, in which he shewed himself properly sensible of his most providential deliverance. Was to have breakfasted at Brynbella, but could not for the rain get in time, so took

that repast in the Vale. Met Mr and Mrs Hoare coming from Brynbella. Was very politely received by Mr. and Mrs. Piozzi. Saw it before 7 years ago. The woods amazingly grown. Mr P. one gouty concretion. Mrs P. as animated as ever—all Soul. The situation of the House delightful, on an eminence above the Vale, and yet backed by a ridge of higher ground. Perhaps no spot in the Kingdom, from *one* window, can command so delicious and so finely varied a prospect, for you see the whole of the Vale of Clwyd, with Denbigh rising most magnificently in the middle of it—St. Asaph, the Promontory of Ormc's Head and the Sea, with, nearer home, many gentlemen's Seats, and particularly, just under it, the Mansion and fine park of Llanerch.

Took leave of this sweet spot, which involves within doors an elegant and pleasing suite of Rooms, of the most comfortable size, and with every appendage of fashionable life; and admirable Gardens abundantly cropped with choice fruit trees.

The Clergyman of the Parish Church of Tremeirchion attended to shew us his Church, which, though small, contained the Effigy of David ddu of Hirathig, under a rich stone Canopy; and the Effigy of Sir Roger [Robert] Pounderling, covered with Pews and trod under foot. It represents a very stout Man in Armour, with his Shield charged with a Lion rampant. I could have wished to have had a light, and to have washed his face, that I might see if he is represented with only one eye. The Chancel Window has stone tracery and fine painted Glass. On the floor in the Chancel are several Brass plates to the Memory of the family of Bachygraig, whose Vault is underneath. In the Churchyard was a Cross to which they ascribed miraculous powers. Part of the Shaft lies broken on the ground, and a stone sculptured to represent our Saviour's Crucifixion. There is likewise to the West of the Porch an old tomb stone, now formed into a step of a flight of external stairs, and having curious fret work all over it. Letters worked below.

There are in the churchyard a few old Yew Trees. Hence to St. Asaph to Dinner.

Vale of Clwyd continued.

Saturday [Sept. 3rd, 1808].—The Cathedral of St. Asaph the least dignified of all the Cathedral Churches in the Kingdom. It is a cruciform Building. Tower in the Centre, on 4 Pointed Arches. The Nave divided from the two side Aisles by plain

Columns and pointed Arches. Roof plain, of wood, slated. The Choir, which is not separated from the Chancel, is a light handsome building; the Canopies of the stalls richly wrought in Wood work, and the East Window of painted Glass, put up by Subscription about 7 years ago.* Done by Egginton of Birmingham. I was a Guest of Sir John Williams at the time it was opened, and attended Divine Service at the Cathedral that Sunday. Doctor Bagot was then Bishop. The principal Scripture piece is surrounded by the Escutcheons of Arms of the different Subscribers, which produces, from the vast mixture of colours to give the changeful blazonry, a brilliant effect. There were some so squeamish, as much to censure, the associating badges of human pride with a sacred subject; but I fear if human pride was not a little flattered we should not have the good works performed that are.

The Stucco is so badly done that great patches of it have fallen down, and threatens still more to peel away. Perhaps there may be in the Stone of the building a saline quality, and if there is nothing will long adhere to it. I was surprised to see but one Effigy in the whole Church, and that is of Dafydd ap Owen,† which was once recumbent, but now is removed from where it originally stood, and placed erect near one of the Pillars in the South Aisle. The Bishops of this Diocese seem to have been all lost to sepulchral pride, being all contented with plain grave Stones; even the great Doctor Isaac Barrow lies buried just without the West Door, having nothing to commemorate him but a very perishable sort of plain tomb of Freestone resting on little pillars, in the ordinary way of burial in this Country. The North transept is formed into the Bishop's Court, and the south into the Chapter House, being both separated from the other part of the Church by a plain wooden skreen. The Tower is very low, and bears a Clock Dial plate on its North Front towards the Town, which consists of only one Street, or rather high road, with a row of houses each side. The Bishop's palace is entirely shut

* The present East window, of seven lights, is to the memory of Bp. Carey and his wife. When it was put in, in 1864, the window of 1800 was presented to Llandegla Church; but the armorial shields surrounding the central figure of our Lord's Ascension were transferred to the two East windows of the South Transept, or Chapter House.—Ed.

† It is much more probably the effigy of Bp. Anian (Y Brawd Du o Nannau), the rebuilder of the Cathedral after the Wars of Edward I. It was formerly recumbent at the East end of the Chancel, and is now erect against the wall in the South Transept.—Ed.

up with high Walls and trees, and surrounded with a Wall. There is a door opening from the Gardens into the Churchyard. The principal Front faces the Church, but if you except its roof, you can hardly see it from any part.

I am sorry to say that the Churchyard is kept very slovenly, Nettles of great height being suffered to grow in a grove under the Walls of the Church ; and there is an awkward excrescence on the North Side just to the East of the North transept and joining it, which is an adit to a Vault belonging to the Bodelwyddan family, which has a most disgraceful external, being covered with Nettles. It is not a painted sepulchre. It wears no Mask ; it almost tells us that there is nothing but rottenness within.

After Dinner mount our Horses and ride to Rhuddlan, on the North West side of the River under Pengwern, and so over the Bridge to Rhuddlan. We first examined the Church, which lies to the West of the main street of the Village. It consists of a Nave divided by a row of Pillars exactly in the middle. Wooden roof. Church strewed with Sedge, and the bottom of every pew ; a very warm sort of superstratum, and rather clean if changed often, and not suffered to contract damp and grow putrid. No Canopies or Effigies ; but saw one Grave stone on the floor of the Church seemingly ancient, with a sculptured circular tablet at the broadest end of the Stone, from which is marked a Cross extending to the other ; and one Inscription. More modern tomb stones in the Churchyard carved after this model. Architecture pointed, and the East window of the Northern division of the Church, there being two roofs. A Lancet Window of 3 apertures.

Could get no intelligence of what was said to be the house where the Parliament met, and the Statute of Rhuddlan was made, but that it had been new built on. In going towards the Castle, observe an old House, and part of a ruined Wall with a Gothick door in it. The Castle was a large strong building, very regular, being a Square, with two Bastions at the North West Corner, where the principal Entrance was from towards the River, and two in the opposite Corner, with a corresponding Gate Way. Each Bastion consisted of 3 Stories ; the two upper Stories having fire places. The two other Angles had each one Bastion only, and a small projection in the Wall each side of each Bastion. It was moated on every side but towards the River, that being rather steep slope, but too low not to require additional defence ; it therefore, connecting with the Moat, had a high Curtain on that side, with a square tower at each end, and a covered way without the Curtain ascending to the principal

Entrance on that side. There was a high parapet running round the side of the Moat, with Eyelet-hole Windows and oblique funnels from each, through which anything might be voided; stuck fast in one of which I observed a round Ball of Stone, such as frequently were fired out of Canon.

There is a little way to the South East of the Castle a large Tommen, that appears to have been the antient British Work to guard that Pass. Returned by a road the Rhuddlan side, above the Clwyd. See at a distance on the left an immense Carnedd on the summit of a Hill, and the Pharos beyond it; and pass a large Barn having old stone cased Doors and Windows and much ruins near. Quere if this has not been some religious House. Ford the Clwyd and get again into the Vale of Elwy, which brings us to our Inn. As we approach St. Asaph from this side, it has a consequential and picturesque appearance, the best point to see it from.

Sunday, Sepr 4 [1808].—Left St. Asaph, and passing Pengwern, where we called, but did not find Sir Ed. Lloyd at home, arrived at Bodelwyddan in time to take a walk into the Garden and look about the place before Dinner. Bodelwyddan stands high, and has a fine slope towards the flat on Rhuddlan Marsh, to inclose which there is an Act, which will much improve the prospect from the Houses looking this way, and be a great accession to the Wealth of the Country. Sir J^{no} Williams, since I had the pleasure of visiting him 7 years ago, has given a new front to his House, and almost totally altered the inside, by which he will gain a very handsome dining Parlour, drawing Room, and Library. The two great Rooms will occupy two projections in front, between which there is a Colonade, and over it a Balcony, into which a dressing room of Lady Williams opens. Found a Letter from Panton, who was in hopes to have returned there to dinner, but did not come; and the Post brought me another Letter from him from Downing, with a pressing invitation from Mr Pennant to Sir R^{d} Hoare and me to come there. After passing a pleasant day, with great good humour, various conversation, and several curious particulars of Roman Roads and Relicks, communicated by Mrs. Griffiths of Caerhun, we retired at a sober hour, anticipating our proposed ramble the following day.

Monday, Sepr 5th [1808].—This day opened most propitiously, bringing the glorious news of our defeat of the French in Portugal and the surrender of Junot, not without a considerable loss of

several brave officers, and several hundred Men. After Breakfast we mounted our Horses, Sir John Williams our Cicerone, to visit the Natural Arch in the Rocks of Cefn, &c. The Day began to lower. We arrived at the Cave, of which Sir Richard Hoare made a drawing below it. This Archway opens through a projecting point of the Lime Stone ridge at the back of Cefn. The Entrance on the West side is lofty, but narrow, to that on the other. The Interior, expanding into another Chamber to the left, shews a most stupendous and picturesque roof. The Excavations on each side, within 5 Feet of the bottom, still filled with a deposit of gravel and sand, evidently the deposit of Waters, and with which the Cave to that height once appeared to have been filled. On each side of the Entrance, I, about 7 years ago, discovered strata in the Earth and gravel, of 4 or 5 Inches deep, of small Bones, such as those of Rats, Squirrels, or some small Animals; and, from their form, some that must have belonged to animals now unknown; and Quantities of Stags Horns of a great Age, with marks of their having been sawed and hacked with an edged tool, and some half burned, with quantities of Charcoal. But in this visit I found the Strata had been plundered, and the Earth washed away; but still here and there there were traces of Charcoal; so that I conceive this to have been a place of Sacrifice, perhaps a rude temple to some British Deity that presided o'er the Chace.

Hence, with showers in our train, which ended in decided hard rain, we got to the height of Garth allt Maynan; and on our right leave a most beautifully wooded dingle, above which was the House of Catherine of Berain, the noted Husband Killer, whose portrait is in the possession of Mr Hughes of Cymmel, who purchased the Estate, and was presented with the portrait by the late Mr Fitzmaurice. In these Grounds there is a Walk that skirts the summit of its woody Hill and comes to a Seat called the Divine Cage, whence you gain a View perhaps not to be equalled by any in North Wales. We rode to the back of it, but owing to the rain could not get to the point of View, which we could only do afoot. We then rode down through a stony descent to the charming Vale of Wickwear, through beautiful woods; ford the Elwy, and gain the fine Meadow embosomed with Woods, in which stand that redundant Spring called Ffynnon Fair, and ruins of its pretty Chapel. Before we come to the Chapel we pass two of the finest and most picturesque Wallnut trees I ever beheld, and weighed down with Fruit. Ascend to

Wickwear; ride up to the Door; but the *Philosopher** was not at home, being gone to visit his friend Sir Joseph Bankes. The rain grew harder. Passed through noble Woods of Oak; and by Cefn House, wet and capable of enjoying a good Fire, which we found in our Chambers, and the comforts of our Host's hospitable Board. The family of Plâs Newydd,† the Heatons, dined with us.

Tuesday, Sepr 6th, 1808.—After Breakfast, Sir R^{d} Hoare and I mounted our Horses, and first rode for Cymmel Park;‡ hearing the family was not at home; wishing to see Catherine of Berain's portrait, but there was a prohibition not to shew the House, and the portrait in question was locked up in the Library. It is a handsome house and well situated, and will be much improved by the intended inclosure of the Marsh, where the Eye, after passing with pleasure over the fine woody slope of the Park, is now disgusted to settle on that dreary flat, which, when waving with yellow, or verdant with meadows, will greatly enrich the prospect.

Cymmel Park is pretty ground, but it is narrow, and the finest part of the Woods belongs to Sir John Williams. In approaching the House, pass a Fir tree, which has an immense tuft of various small branches grown into a ball of vast size, suspended by one small stalk. This globular aggregate of branches displays the most lovely verdure, while all the other part of the tree (a pretty large one too) discovers evident marks of disease, still vegetating, and that is all. It would be curious to examine the Branches minutely, in hopes, by such an examination, to find out the Cause of the Singular phenomenon.

* By "the Philosopher" is meant John Lloyd of Wygfair and Hafodunnos, LL.D., Fellow of the Royal, Antiquarian, and Linnæan Societies, M.P. for co. Flint, 1796-9; *ob. innupt.*, 1815. He is still familiarly referred to locally under this sobriquet. The Sale of his wonderful Library of nearly 10,000 vols. of Books (many early printed—Caxton, Wynkyn de Worde, Pynson, &c.) and MSS. (some 38, mostly Welsh), "Philosophical Apparatus," &c., took place at Wygfair on January 15, 1816, and 12 following days. Colonel Henry Lloyd Howard, C.B., has at Wygfair a boxful of letters to "the Philosopher" from many of his distinguished correspondents—Sir Joseph Banks, Sir Geo. Shuckburgh, Thos. Pennant (who addresses him as "My dear Pupil"), Mrs. Piozzi, &c.—Ed.

† Now Plâs Heaton.—Ed.

‡ Now Kinmel Park, the Kilmayl, "Mael's Nook or Corner," of the Survey of the Honour of Denbigh, 1334.—Ed.

Descend through the Park and fall in with a road pursuing the edge of the Marsh, to Vaynol, an antient House of high respectability in its day, and one of the best models in point of Architecture for its day, the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, there being, over the Chimney piece in one of the best rooms, the date of 1597 ; on one side an escutcheon of Arms, while on the other one the embossed Capitals **I : L.** and **M : L.** The escutcheons are charged, the first, Argent, a chevron between 3 boars' heads sable, quartering Vert, a Stag trippant Argent, attired or, impaling Gules, a Chevron Ermine between 3 Saxons' Heads, quartering Gules, a Saracen's Head (now borne by Sir Edward Lloyd of Pengwern) ; at bottom the Initials of A. D. Sir Richard Hoare made a drawing of the House. It had a large appendage of outhouses, and a handsome stable to the right of the Court Wall, in the same style of building with the House ; Walled Gardens and large Orchard. The Stable had a Clock over it. In the Garden we were shewn a Stone Coffin without a Lid, formed to have been placed in a Niche, as only the front was ornamented with Gothick arched Compartments, each compartment including an escutcheon. The Cover was gone. I went to see the Field where it was found. The field is called Caercelyn, having much holly in its hedges ; and the spot shewn bore strong marks of there having existed an inclosure once in that place, including the space of half an Acre of land, the middle of which betrays various inequalities, so that I make no doubt of its having been a Chapel or some religious house. Sir John Williams has promised to dig further there.

There was on the edge of the Stone Coffin an Inscription ; therefore the Lid, when it had one, could not have lapped over it but must have gone within the sides. Over the Front door you read *Vive ut vivas*, and a date of 1725. Did not prosecute our ride further, but returned. N.B.—In one of the Rooms above stairs, the Boards of black heart of Oak, not entirely planed but rendered tolerably even by the Adz.

Wednesday, Sepr 7th [1808].—Parted with Sir Richard Hoare and felt an awkward blank. Heard from my dear John, some Counterbalance for the pain of parting with my Friend. Mounted my Horse. Called on Sir Ed. Lloyd. Gone to the Assizes at Mould. Proceeded to Rhuddlan Abbey,* being told by Sir J. Williams

* The best account of this Dominican Friary, with its sculptured and inscribed monuments, is that in the Journal of the Flintshire Historical Society, 1914-5 (illustrated).—Ed.

that Grave stones had been dug up there. I found his report correct. One was the Tomb of an Abbot, his figure being well figured and with great expression, by Lines only, having his Mitre on and Crosier in his hand—with an inscription much effaced round the Rim. I could read *Pur L Ame . . . Frere William*. Another Stone, with a finely sculptured raised Cross fleury on it, and round its edge, *Hic Jacet*; a name ending in *us*, both the Christian and surnames; *de Briuelton*, or some such name. Another with a cross having a circular part full of rich sculpture at top, without inscription. Another a very curious Effigy, with a close dress round the head, whether Armour or a religious Coif, with several ligatures round the Body, and holding between its hands something like a hammer, and having by its left side something like a weapon of considerable breadth, in a sheath strait down, I never recollect to have seen any figure so habited before. The Farmhouse, which consists of what was once the Abbot's apartments, has a great number of arched doors, now shut up, as well as windows. These Buildings make 2 sides of a small square, and I think I trace the ground of the Cloysters. Part of the Church still remains near the roadside, but in all the Hedges round about you perceive fragments of Masonry and mouldings of Door and Window Casings everywhere. The above Monuments were dug up to the South of what I presume to have been part of the Abbey Church, in perhaps its South Aisle.

Thursday [Sept. 8th, 1808].—Took a ride to Abergele, passing at the back of Cymmel Park wall, through the opening in which I catch a fine view of the widest and a very fine part of the Park, reaching quite to St. George, where Mr. Hughes is building a most splendid Lodge, to be the principal Entrance into his park on this side, where none at present exists. The Road beyond St. George takes a little turn to the right towards Abergele, a small mean town situated on the edge of that tract of flat land joining Rhuddlan Marsh, and which skirts the whole Line of Coast. Of late years it is become a bathing place, in consequence of the general Mania prevailing all over the Kingdom, for quitting home and every comfort for 3 Months every Summer, to experience all the miseries of contracted Apartments and every species of imposition. It must be very inconvenient for Sea bathing, as it is a full Mile from the Sea.

The Church is the principal Object, being a long building with a respectable Tower, furnished with the only set of tuneable Bells in that Country. The Nave and Chancel are

divided by a Row of 7 Arches moderately pointed, resting on neat slender octagon Pillars. The Nave is about the length of that at St. Asaph, and about 14 yards broad in the clear. The two East Windows are long and handsome, with well wrought tracery and some painted Glass. There is no old Monument, but the Walls are well covered with mural marble Tablets to the memory of the neighbouring Squires and former Vicars. The Clerk shewed me without the Porch a large Stone of a blueish demi silicious quality, totally different from the nature of any Stone in that part of the Country, which he said for ages had lain under the poor Box, and had been excommunicated in his memory; and he made no doubt but it had been a relick, only that the tradition respecting it was lost. He shewed me the inscription on a stone in the Churchyard wall referred to by Pennant, but it was modern, and set up by the late Vicar, Mr Anwyl, but he gives no authority for what the inscription purports; therefore much to be doubted, and not at all to be relied on. But he shewed me in the outside of the Wall a fragment of a Stone thus inscribed—

A LICORP.

He had no story annexed to it. The church is a Vicarage of great Value, the Bishop being Rector.

Friday, Sepr 9th, 1808.—Rode out in Company with the Revd Mr Williams to see the Church of St. George, of which he is Rector. The church is but a mean building externally, being one length of double Roof, dissected by a row of 4 Arches, almost Saxon, on slender octagon pillars. Roof Wood. When Sir Geo. Wynne possessed Cymmel, to which estate the whole parish almost belonged, he beautified the whole inside by new pewing it, and making an Altar piece; marking all the Pews with his Crest, a demi Lion Rampant azure charged with a mullet or; and erecting a new font; so that within few Churches have a more becoming appearance. Mr Williams told me that part of the west end had fallen down a few years ago, and he was surprised to see such bad masonry in the old Wall, it being composed of lumpy paving Stones, and earth Mortar, in a Country all limestone, as if it was so old, that at the time it was built there was but little or no use made of lime. The Church has no tower. In the Churchyard there are two or 3 old yew trees, as there are in almost every Churchyard in North Wales, whereas in S. Wales, Pembrokeshire particularly, for one Churchyard that has an yew

tree in it, there are ten without. In the Church I was shewn a most magnificent old Spur, kept as a relick under the Pulpit, but the Man who shewed it could give no history of it. It had been richly gilt, and was of a portentous size. *Ingens gloria calcar habet.* The Clerk of Abergele told me that they had in that Church as relicks the Sword and Spur of St. George. No Sword was to be found, and the Man who shewed the Spur went no further back for an Owner than Oliver Cromwell. On the South Wall, on the Outside, appeared a small oblong stone, shewing itself through the plaistering, and marked.

Hence we ascend the Hill above the Village, called Park y Meirch, whose Summit is crowned with an antient British Fortification of great extent and strength; on the South west side protected by three deep Vallums; on the North side, being a precipitous side, by a single Agger; and on the other sides in proportion to its natural strength or weakness. On this Eminence there is placed a modern beacon, as being a point commanding a most extensive View. The prospect was most charming and clear, both towards the Sea and the Land. Owen Gwynedd is said to have taken this position whilst the English King lay at Rhuddlan prior to their conflict on the Marsh below; but allowing the North Wales Prince to have availed himself of this aerial Camp, we must not ascribe its origin to him, for it has a character of much earlier antiquity, being one of the earliest British Works, which generally consisted of only one Agger, augmented by Danes and Saxons, who in their turns may have taken possession of it, who found it necessary to increase the strength of the original works, and taught the Britons the necessity of doing the same.

Descend from this Hill, and rest at Mr Williams's rectorial House, at its base, a neat little building, in which his Clerk lives. The Glebe consists only of one little Meadow, of about half an Acre, and a Garden in Front well sheltered with trees. The View from the upper Windows is very pleasing. When we had rested a short time we took to our Horses, and entering by the new Lodge rode the whole length of Cymmel Park.

Wednesday [Sept. 14th], 1808.—Met my old Friend Panton. Heard everything was properly settled with Mr Pennant, so that if we met we should not pass each other like Thunder Clouds.

Thursday.—Left Bodelwyddan, and parted with Panton, he going for Anglesey, and I for Denbigh. Dined with my Friend

Mr Owen, and after Dinner, the Weather being delicious, mounted our horses, to search for the Roman Road. Struck off to Denbigh to look for Pen y Palmant. Found it, but it appeared to have reference to a raised causeway, that ran in totally a different direction to the course the Roman road must have taken. Passed in front of Plâs newydd, a House too much shut up in its enbosoming wood, many of the trees being like wives stag-horned, and awkwardly towering over the younger and more flourishing growth.

Hence to Gallt vaenan, and entered a shady walk about quarter of a mile long, with all its turns, and arrive at a Seat (called the divine Cage) which commands a view of three Vales, as seemingly separated by the projecting point of a woody Hill preventing our seeing the whole course of the Elwy ; so that the Vale, which is seen most beautifully wooded and winding to the right till it opens into the Vale of St. Asaph, appears to be distinct from the reach of that part of the Vale to the left ; but that View to the left is seen in such a way that the River Elwy is seen all at once in one strait shining line, as far as the eye can go. This certainly is a rich landskip, but very little of the grand and sublime comes into it, and I think I could select many finer Views in Wales. Pass by Henllan, where Church and Steeple are at variance, and through several pleasing dingles back, by Gwaenynnog, to Denbigh. Mr Owen concurs with me in thinking that the Roman road passed by Denbigh, and crossed the Vale below Henllan, as being the nearest course and the most practicable to Tâl y cafn, whereas if it had gone any other way, it would have had considerable steeps to have encountered.

Friday [Sept. 16th, 1808].—Resumed our search after Varis and the Roman road, and took the Turnpike to Pontryffidd. Passed by Tyddin y Palmant, but saw nothing there pointedly indicative of a Roman road. Cross Pontryffidd, and observe a beautiful Meadow stretching down from the Mansion House to the Clwyd, whose banks on the Llewenney side are finely cloathed with Wood. Rode up to the Fields under and about Bodfari, traversing them in every direction, but found no traces of the Station. But on our return, we hailed a farmer in an adjoining field, who, to satisfy our various Enquiries, said that close by, in a plantation belonging to Pontruffydd house, he had been present at the planting of the present trees on the spot, and in digging the holes to receive them, many Urns were found. This induced us to look at the spot referred to, and never did a

place strike us as better situated for the situation, being the first gentle eminence that occurs after crossing the Clwyd. And I fancied I could, notwithstanding all the changes the spot must have undergone, as a pleasure ground, garden, and plantation, trace something of a square, besides the old Road that went through it formerly; and it is called by a very remarkable name, Cae yr orsedd, the Field of the Supreme Council, it having been a great place of British Convention before the time of the Romans, as we were shewn the Maen Gorsedd, or the great Stone which stood in the Gorsedd, or the circle of the Council, on which the sheathed sword was always placed, a token of peace. We were told by one of the Labourers about the house, who was likewise present at the digging up the Urns, that they were red at bottom, and black in the bellying part, and had covers of the same manufactory, which clearly proves them Roman. On enquiring what became of them, he said they were again buried, as they contained ashes and bones imperfectly burned.

Mr Owen has undertaken to try to get permission to search again for the pottery. Never was a spot so well calculated for the Station, as it had a fine stream skirting it on the South, and the Clwyd just below it, and on every side commanded a wide view.

Turned up a Lane opposite to Hendref, where Mr Chambers the Clergyman lives, and where, from the Name, I supposed there might have existed some antient Establishment, and probably there did, as here the Artificers and others might have lived, as in a suburb out of the Station. Near the House saw a very large old Oak, entirely stripped of its bark, trunk, and branches, all but one branch, which was in leaf; but Mr Chambers could not inform me of anything relative to the subject of my Enquiry.

Got home just time enough for dinner, and after dinner, walked down to see the remains of the Friary. Very small, being only the Chapel, now converted into a malt house and granary. It had a fine East Window, with handsome stone tracery now dark, and curiously wrought side Windows of five compartments. Two stalls of stone Niches South side of Chancel for the officiating Priests. Over the West Door there is inserted in the Wall a stone tomb of soft cut stone with the effigy of a Priest, seemingly with Hands folded in a praying posture, ill executed, and an inscription round the Edges. Could see nobody of whom to enquire where it was taken from. The out houses near appear, by the doors and windows stopped up, to have been the Apartments of the Friars.

Hence ascend the Hill, to see the present Church of Denbigh, which, till within these few years, consisted only of a Nave and Chancel, very neat; but there has been a North Aisle added, separated by 5 Saxon arches on Octagon pillars rather slender, made out of the cut stone taken from the Pillars of the Skeleton of a Chapel built by Leicester, but never finished. The Arch dividing Nave from Chancel is lofty and pointed. No monument of any kind in the Church—this being considered only as a Chapel to Whitchurch where are all the Interments. Measured the intended chape,which was about 140 Feet long and about 60 broad. The Inscriptions Pennant mentions all gone. 9 Pillars each side and as many side Windows. I observed here as in all the other Churches of this Country, that all the Pews are marked with the Crest of the Family to whom the Houses whose occupiers sit there belong, a Custom that ought to prevail in every Country to prevent any altercation and law suits frequently instituted about such rights.

Saturday [Sept. 17th, 1808].—Walked to the Coffee House, Denbigh. Was fasten'd on in the Street by a most singular Character of that town, one Squire Jones, who was eager to communicate the news of Junot's surrender. At the Coffee House met Mr Williams who owns the Friary I explored yesterday. He said the Church had been 14 yards longer than it is at present, which must have made it of an immense length without a break in the Roof. He said the Earth round, where the Cemetery was, is full of Bones and other sepulchral remains.

After Breakfast, took horse and rode to Llanrhaiadr. The Church is a plain neat old Building, having a porch and Tower, a Nave, Chancel, and N. side Aisle running the length of the Church. Has two handsome East Windows of painted glass, the one terminating the N. Aisle representing the Stock of Jesse, the root of the Family tree being fixed in and branchins through all his descendants. The Colours are very vivid, and the whole very curious. During the Civil Wars it was taken down and hid, by which it was cracked and otherwise injured, so that it is at present much disfigured, by the very various and irregular seams of lead crossing it in all directions. The other Window was likewise of painted Glass, but half hid by the Wainscot behind the Communion table extending over two thirds of it. The Roof is of Wood curiously and not inelegantly wrought; the Nave separated from the Aisle by 4 Arches, almost round.

In the Church are several Monuments, chiefly mural Tablets,

small, but there is one to the memory of Humphrey Jones Esqr worthy of Westminster Abbey, bearing the figure of the deceased in the dress of the time, with a full curled Cannon, well executed, which Pennant ridicules amongst the many circumstances of funebrial absurdity he there discovered; but I differ much from him, for I think there is a much greater absurdity in dressing the Figure in Masquerade in a Roman Habit, or half naked. I think Monuments such as this in question, if well executed, are very valuable, as they perpetuate the costume of the time. On the S. side of Altar a handsome mural Tablet representing an elegant female figure in white Marble leaning over an Urn, with this Inscription—"In memory of Watkin Edwards Wynne of Llwyn Esqr, Major Commandant of the Merionethshire regiment of Militia, who died of a fever on the publick Service at Dover the 21st day of Octo^{r}, 1796, and in the 42^{d} year of his Age. He was a Gentleman of a most respectable family, the existent heir male of the ancient house of Gwydir, of amiable manners and a benevolent disposition, qualities which endeared him to his Friends, and made his loss the deepest affliction to his Widow, Anna Maria Wynne, of Llewesog lodge, who inscribed this Marble as a testimony of his merits and her affection." Another wall tablet on the South Wall has this elegant inscription—"Here lie the Remains of Miles John Thelwall Esqr, who dying May 11th, 1807, at the early age of 24, was an instance that a life which lasts but a few years may be long enough for the exercise of many Virtues.

Blame not a Mother's struggling sigh
Nor ask why tears suffuse her eye,
T'is Nature's Tribute o'er the Bier
Of Youth worth talents buried here."

Just at the Entrance into the Church there is an immense Chest executed out of a most venerable knotty piece of black Oak strengthened with Iron bandages on all sides, and having most venerable Iron Locks, with a Post erect at the Centre and rising above the Lid, in which hollowed is the poor box; a most venerable relick of Antiquity, and perhaps co-eval with the Church. In it is kept the Church plate, and I suppose the Surplice, Books, &c. In the Churchyard, where there is a Vault belonging to the Wynnes, the Clerk told me that there was found, buried in the Sand, a box lined with flannel, containing only the head of a Man, supposed to be that of a Captain Wynne in the time of the Civil Wars, and who was either beheaded or killed at a place called to

this day the Captain's Bridge. There were several modern Welsh Epitaphs.

At the West End of the Cemetery there is a neat building, an Alms House, erected by the relict of the Man whose Wig, taking buckle in Parian Stone, so much displeases Mr Pennant, bearing this inscription on its West Front—"Jane, the Widow of Maurice Jones Esqr of Llanrhaiadr, and Daur. of Sir Walter Bagot of Blithfield in Staffordshire Esqr by Jane his Wife, Daur. of Charles Salisbury of Bachymbid Esqr, Erected and Endowed this Almshouse in the year of our Lord 1729."

You pass through the middle of the building. Each Pensioner has her set of Apartments and a Garden. Passing to the left, you descend into a deep and narrow Dingle shaded by very lofty trees of Ash and Wych Elm, &c., through which a small stream ripples o'er a pebbly and rocky bottom; which stream is fed by the Spring of St. Dyfnog at the upper end of the Dingle arched over, from which the Water used to fall through a Pipe in the Wall into a Bath, whose bottom was paved with Marble, with a building round it and roofed, but now exhibiting one shapeless ruin, the Bath being choaked up and all the building fallen in —a most shameful neglect, as this Dingle, connected by a Tunnel going under the Road with Llanrhaiadr, constitutes the prettiest part of their Grounds, which, if you except this sequestered Spot, is all one low dead flat. Several Walks wind on the side of the Hill above the little rill. The Water seems remarkably soft to the taste, and possesses an uncommon degree of coldness; and has been noted for its Salutary effects.

Proceed to Bachymbyd, where the great Chestnuts are, and then return, but strike out of the Turnpike road, and through pleasant Lanes enter Denbigh, having a fine view of it all the way, by the way of High Gate, a part of the town so called.

Carnarvonshire.*

On Monday, July 2d, 1810, to make a tour of Carnarvonshire, it was my good fortune to set out for that purpose in company with my learned and valuable Friend Sir Richard Hoare, from his elegant Villa on the lake of Bala; and after a dreary ride of 15 Miles over the most uninteresting and unvaried tract in the whole county of Merioneth, for which nothing could compensate but the honour and advantage of such a companion, and the anticipation of the effect to be expected from contrast, I enter the County which was the object of my excursion at the Village of Yspitty Ifan, situate on the River Conway, which here divides the County of Denbigh from that of Carnarvon, the Inn and a few other houses being in the latter, but the Church and the greater part of the population in the former. The River Conway or Cynwy, *eminentiæ gratiâ*, the chief or monarch water, takes its rise in a large lake of that name a few miles to the West of Yspitty, situate very high in a region of dismal solitude amidst a cheerless boggy waste, where the sound of its waters is interrupted only by the discordant screams of a species of black back gulls that during the breeding season frequent some little Islands it contains, and are then exceedingly clamorous and fierce. There is an air of uncommon neatness and cheerfulness in this village, perhaps the more observable in consequence of the desert we had just passed.

The Church is ancient, but has of late years undergone such thorough repair that it may almost be said to be rebuilt. The roof is entirely new, and it is paved and furnished with decent pews, the care with which it is kept doing credit to the necessary revival of the office of rural Dean, too long neglected. The East Window is large and handsome, and still shews some fragments of painted glass in the upper part of it, as I have had occasion to remark most of the Churches in North Wales even the meanest do. It has the aisles one on each side of the chancel. In the North Aisle, on a projecting ledge of the Wall, are placed three Alabaster Effigies cumbent, the one of Rhys Vawr ap Meredith of the neighbouring house of Plâs Iolyn, on whom the

* MS. 5.12.

honour of bearing the royal Standard* was conferred, it is said, after the fall of Sir William Brandon, who gallantly interposed to check the impetuosity of Richard's attack on the Earl of Richmond. The next is the figure of Lowry, his wife ; and the third that of Robert ap Rhys, his son, Cross-bearer and Chaplain to Cardinal Wolsey, in a clerical habit. The figures are finely executed, particularly the ecclesiastick, and the Lady whose headdress, as well as the whole Drapery, are specimens of superior sculpture. They are at present much mutilated. The male figures headless, and the Warrior legless too, reduced to a mere Torso. The latter had a Collar, to which appended something of a badge not unlike that of the golden fleece, as if he had been a knight of that Order, unless it might have been to designate the military rank he bore, or a peculiar mark of honour, probably established by the new monarch after the sweep of Bosworth field, at once to commemorate the event, and to confer on those his faithful adherents who had shared with him the fortune of that day. If one may judge of the Warrior's dimensions by the proportion of the part which remains, and that standard is to be relied on, he was Rhys Vawr not on account of his bodily stature, but the greatness of his fame as a Warrior. Lowry, the Laura of the Bards of that age, though the elegance of her figure and gracefulness of her dress might incline to attach every idea of female delicacy to her character, it is to be suspected had imbibed a considerable share of the Amazon to accommodate herself to the wild Foray of the times, and was a fit companion for the hardy chieftain her husband, the Bosworth Standard bearer, for Sir John Wynne in his memoirs of the house of Gwydyr speaks of her as ministring to the rough partisans of the Lancastrian interest, particularly washing the eyes of Evan ap Robert, his Ancestor, her Uncle, which were bloodshot by fatigue and long watching, with white wine, at the house of Plâs Iolyn, where Evan ap Robert, on his return from Chirkland, whither he had gone to assist the Kyffins against the Trevors, used to sojourn. Robert ap Rhys their Son was the favourite of Cardinal Wolsey, and fell with his Master and Patron, who had lavished so many benefices on him, that as a Pluralist he was a match for the Cardinal himself, holding at one time the following benefices,† viz., of Llanyfydd, Llangwm Dinmael, Llan Elian, Llan St Fraid in Rhos, Llan-

* According to Rapin, Sir John Cheney took Brandon's place, but was overthrown, so that most probably it was Sir John Cheney that Rhys vawr succeeded.

† Ed. Llwyd MS.

gerniw, Llandrillo in Edeirnion, Llanvaur in Mhenllyn, Llanwchllyn, Llanbrynmair, Llanjestyn, with several others, which enabled him to maintain 14 Dairies, and 200 Wild Beasts, horned Cattle, 180 Wild Mares and Colts, &c, &c. Besides, he had interest to get his Son when a Minor appointed Abbot of Conway.

Had tradition been silent respecting the original situation of these figures it is evident that they must have experienced a subsequent removal. On the wall of the South Aisle there is a very singularly shaped mural tablet of Brass, ornamented at bottom with two large hands united, and some small figures of the Parents and Children kneeling, with a legend on one side—To die to live, and on the other, To live to die, erected to the memory of a Robert Gethin of Cernioge, A.D. 1598.

This place was an Hospitium once maintained by the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, and should therefore be more properly called Yspitty Jvan, with privilege of sanctuary no doubt coextensive with the Manor to which it belonged,* and by affording an asylum for thieves and murderers, even after the suppression of that religious order, became a source of great evil to the country. Being considered a district exempt from all jurisdictions, it was soon peopled by wretches given up to violence and above all law, "so (as Sir John Wynn expresses himself) that there was fostered continually a Waspes nest which troubled the whole country, no spot within 20 Miles being safe from their incursions and robberies, and what they got within their limits was their own. Their numbers at times were above a hundred, well horsed and well appointed." Their ravages were felt for years with impunity, till at last extirpated by the persevering bravery and prudence of Meredith ap Evan, Sir John Wynne's Grandfather.

After a ride such as I have described, though the appetite could not be supposed to be very fastidious, yet it may be of use to future travellers, who may chance to take our route, that the clean little Inn here is capable of furnishing a very comfortable Viaticum. Leaving Yspitty we cross an angle of Carnarvonshire, gradually descending to a new Bridge of one very lofty Arch and

* Rotulorum Patentium in Turri Londinensi. Secunda Patent' de Anno 8°. Regis Edwardi Tertij. M. 19. "Pro Hospitale Ierosl' de Dolgenwall in Wallia."

Lord Treasurer's Remembrancer's Office. "Spyttye. De Elizeo Pryce, Arm., occasionato ad ostendendum quo Titulo tenet Manerium & Rectoriam de Spyttye-Dolyngwall in Comitatu Denbigh. Trinitatis Recorda, 14 Eliz. Rot. 52"—(MS. 2. 49).

of wide span over the Conway, built in 1780. Here we fall into the great road that leads from Shrewsbury by way of Capel Curig to Holyhead, continuing on the Denbighshire side to follow the course of the River, which hereafter having been increased by several small tributatary streams assumes a respectable appearance, but having passed the bridge it is suddenly straiten'd between Rocks, through which its waters have fretted an intricate and narrow channel, lost in its deep and romantick boundaries, finely shagged with tangled growth. The River consequently is more discovered by the ear than the eye, which rarely is admitted to a peep of some beautiful little falls, the River when full being a series of small Cataracts from the many rocky shelves over which it is precipitated. To the right of the new bridge are two Mansion houses, Glan Conway, and Rhyd Llanvair, prettily embosomed in wood of some respectability, and producing a most pleasing effect, from their situation on the edge of a dreary waste of considerable extent at their back. And in that portion of Carnarvonshire just crossed from Yspitty is Pantglâs, formerly the residence of one of the many sons of Rhys Vaur ap Meredith, from whom were descended the Families of Rhiwlâs, Plâs Iolyn, Voelas, and Giler, of which latter was that patriotick character and upright Lawyer, Baron Price, ancestor of the present Mr. Price of Foxley, in Herefordshire. Of this house of Pantglâs was Captain Richard Vaughan, a poor Knight of Windsor who in 1600 founded an Almshouse at Yspitty for 6 poor men.

At every step the ride increases in interest, by the boldness and richness of the features which the surrounding Landscape here begins to exhibit. A few miles on the Vale takes an abrupt turn, near another new Bridge over the Conway, which the Shrewsbury Road in a direction to the left crosses to Capel Curig and deserts us. At this point the Vale suddenly expands, and a most delightful view at once bursts on the sight, presenting too great a temptation to the picturesque eye of my fellow-traveller not to resort to his pencil. Keeping still on the Denbighshire side pursue the road to Llanrwst. In our progress the Vale continues to widen and exhibits specimens of rich land, and seemingly the most judicious husbandry. The projecting Hill of Gwydir, richly clad with wood, presents a feature seen from all points grand and picturesque, but here in profile is an object that cannot be sufficiently admired, and perhaps constitutes the principal if not the only very striking beauty in the vicinity of Llanrwst.

Llanrwst, being without the limits of my present tour, it is not my intention to say more of it than as it is connected with

Carnarvonshire, and it is only in its Church, which includes the Mausoleum of the Gwydir family, that connexion principally exists. The Church itself is a small plain building consisting, as usual, of Nave and Chancel, with a stunted wooden steeple; but there is a building attached to it on the Southside which constitutes it one of the most interesting Churches in North Wales. This seems to have been from a very early time a Chapel appropriate to the house of Gwydir, as in it is the Monument of Hoel Coetmor, the former proprietor of that mansion, and most probably the founder of the Chapel, though it owes its present elegant exterior, as well as the decorations within, to Sir Richard Wynne Bar^{t}., who, by an inscription affixed thereto, built it after a design, as it is supposed, of Inigo Jones, in 1633. Though Meredith ap Evan and John his Son have votive tablets to their memory, yet it is certain that Sir John Wynn, Meredith's great Grandson, was the first of the family who was interred here, whose successor undertook to render it worthy of the illustrious dead it was destined to contain, as it ever after became the depository of the remains of the family of Gwydir whilst inhabited, as well as of the family of Mostyn, since the death of Mary, Daughter of Sir John Wynne, and wife of Sir Roger Mostyn, Bar^{t}., in 1653, to the present time. For the different Monuments of those families and engraved brasses, as they involve a great deal of genealogy, I refer my reader to the appendix,* and shall here only mention one of the brass tablets thus inscribed :—

> To the memory of Dame Sarah Wynne, Wife to the honoured Sir Richard Wynne of Gwyddir Bar^{t}. and one of the Daughters of Sir Thos. Middleton of Chirk Castle Kn^{t}. Shee departed this life the 16th of June, 1671.
>
> Guil: Vaughan sculpsit.

The Lady, a half length figure, small life, is represented with uplifted hands in the attitude of prayer, having an escutcheon of Arms on each side with this motto, Nec timet nec timeat, first used by her husband. Above are two Cupids holding a wreath over her head. The Engraving is in a masterly style, and much superior to the others, which are of the size of life, and yet neither of these artists appears to have been of that celebrity as to find a place in Lord Orford's memorials of Engravers. Robert Vaughan is there mentioned, and as in the enumeration of his works, a head

* This has not been found.—Ed.

of Sir John Wynne occurs. This William probably might have been his Son, though if we may judge by the comparative merit of the specimens they have left of the Gwydir family, the Son seems to have had a higher claim on the notice of the noble memorialist. The Monument of Hoel Coetmor, coæval undoubtedly with the appropriation of the Chapel to the house of Gwydir, bears the cumbent figure of a man in armour, and if any reliance is to be placed on monumental sculpture, above the ordinary size, and is thus inscribed round the Rim, Hic jacet Hoel Coetmor ap Gruff: Fychan ap Dafyd . . . the word *goch*, which by his pedigree should have followed, being effaced. This Warrior owned and resided at Gwydir, whose Son David sold it to Meredith ap Evan, great grandfather to Sir J. Wynne. This monument a modern tourist, Mr. Bingley, says was lately removed from under the stairs of the Church gallery, where it had long lain amidst the Rubbish, an assumption totally unsupported by any authority, written or traditional, as to its late supposed removal. We have the correct coincidence of Mr. Pennant, who describes it in its present state, near 40 years ago, to disprove it, and by every one who sees it, it will, I make no doubt, be pronounced to occupy the place of its first destination. By its side is the Sarcophagus of Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, or the Great, a chest of Granite 4 inches and a half thick and 8 feet long in the clear, the outside ornamented with Quatrefoils in relief, having a ledge to receive the lid, which it wants. This venerable relic, the coffin that once contained the ashes of the princely founder of Conway Abbey, had at first a place within its sacred walls, but was translated with the monastery to Maynan, and at the dissolution, being huddled into a stable among the ruins experienced for many years disgraceful neglect, till Sir Richard Wynn found it and removed it to grace his new Mausoleum, and reflect honour on the collateral kindred of the illustrious personage whose remains it once inclosed, descendants of the same common Ancestor, Owen Gwynedd. There is a tablet to the memory of a Schoolmaster bearing an inscription, the oddity of which offers too strong a temptation not to transcribe it :—

Prope jacet Corpus Griffini Lloyd
de Brynniog olim Ludimagistri indigni
Llanrustiensis nuper Lectuarii indignioris
et Rectoris indignissimi Doegensis
Sepult : decimo quinto die Martii AD : 1719
Nil de defuncto dic, scribe putave maligné.

Just without the Gwydir Chapel in the Chancel Floor is a large Slab covered partly by and shut up by other Tombstones, so that only a small portion of the Rim can be seen, on which is plainly legible—*Civitate—liber*—words that cannot fail to excite a curiosity to get at the whole inscription, and the history of the dust it covers. The wooden Skreen separating the Nave from the Chancel, once the facade of a Rood loft and said to have been brought from the Abbey of Maynan, is of exquisite workmanship in part of its ornaments, particularly the Frieze of Vine leaves, very similar to that so much admired specimen in the little Church of Patricio, near Crickhowel, in Brecknockshire, though altogether much richer, particularly in the canopied ornaments over the front of it. If the Doorway leading through it was of the same, it seems to bespeak the age of Henry the seventh. On the Nave side, and attached to this Skreen, is the pew once appropriate to the Gwydir family, loaded with grotesque decorations, having pyramidal pillars at the four corners surmounted by Animals, viz., a crowned Lion, an Eagle with wings extended, and a dog gorged with a rich collar, each holding an Escutcheon charged, the Gwydir Arms (coat) impaling others. The 4th pillar has lost its device. I searched and enquired in vain for a Welsh inscription, which Robert Vaughan the great Antiquary in a MS. Note of his in my possession refers to as existing in his time in the Churchyard of Llanrwst, on an ancient tomb, thus copied by him :—Yma rwyfi yn gorwedd Madoc ap Iorwerth ap Gwrgeneu pen Ystiwart Arglwydd Cymru—that is, Here I, Madoc ap Iorwerth ap Gwrgeneu, [High Steward] to the Lord of Wales, lie buried. This Madoc was great grandchild of Rhun, who, to expiate the Crime of his Father Nevydd Hardd, gave the land on which the Church was built. On the pine end of a ruinous house looking into the Cemetery there is a freestone tablet inscribed :—

IO : WINN DE GWYDER FIL. MAURICII MILES
ET BARONETTVS FUNDAVIT A° 1610.

and on a side wall of the same another bearing a lamb and flag sculptured on it of the same date.

This is part of a range of buildings including an Alms house for 12 poor Men, each having a separate room, and a School. The Rectorial tithes of Eglwysfach, now of considerable value, were appropriated to the maintenance of these charitable institutions. The School had a Master with a stipend of £20 p^{r} Ann : and an Usher with that of £8, who being in orders was to receive £5 more for officiating as Chaplain to the Almshouse, and £3 and

a mark for doing duty in the Church of Bettws. There was also an endowment of £4 a year attached to the chapel of Upper Gwydir for service performed there 4 times in the year, generally given to the Schoolmaster, who, as well as the poor pensioners, were to be appointed by the representatives of the founder, but which pious provision, I should suspect from the dilapidated state of the Almshouse and the other buildings, cannot be applied to the extent of the pious founder's intention. The Church, though from Mr Pennant's time to this it has been the fashion to dedicate it to Restitutus, Bishop of London, claims for its real Patron Saint Grwst, a descendant of Coel Godebog, King of Britain.

Hence I visit Maenan and Ardda, two townships that form a part of the Comot of Llechwedd Issav, in Carnarvonshire, though on the North side of the River Conway, which in its whole course separates that County from Denbighshire, with an exception to these Quillets, which, no doubt, at the translation of the abbey were apportioned as a Grange for its immediate support. The situation of Maynan, like that of all our monastick buildings, is low, and the land surrounding it rich, but liable to suffer from the overflowing of the Conway rendering it unwholesome. There are few of our religious houses that have undergone such a thorough revolution as this, as not a fragment of the original monastick pile meets the eye, or, I believe, can be traced, the whole having been converted into modern edifices. The Abbey of Conway, afterwards revived in Maynan, destined to be the Mausoleum of the Princes, and the depository of the records, of N. Wales, as Strata Florida was for S. Wales, was first founded A.D. 1185 by Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, or, as he is better known by a title he well merited, Llewelyn the Great, and by a terrier set forth in his charter most liberally endowed with lands, signal privileges, and immunities, yet Llewelyn's charter is dated 13 years after. The founder was interred there, and for near 200 years after it continued the burying place of his successors and family, as well as of the chief Men of the Country. But Edward the first, when he had fixed on that spot for his new garrison, from a consideration that piety and the din of arms was incompatible, and more out of respect to religion than from any dread of the intriguing spirit of the Monks and having them so near him, he removed them to a place higher up on the river, and better calculated for a life of devout seclusion, having purchased lands from Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, and others, to settle on them in lieu of what they had lost, and made every suitable provision for their comfort and maintenance, confirming all the grants of the founder excepting

what he had reserved to accommodate his court and his vast military establishment, yet for which he had made them an ample compensation by the exchange. The Abbey was of the Cistercian order, and was valued at the dissolution, according to Dugdale, at £162 15^{s}, but according to Speed at £179 10 and 10^{d}. It was granted in the 5th year of Queen Elizabeth to Elizeus Wynne Esqr of Bodvean, in whose posterity it has continued, and is now the property of Lord Newborough.

Return and cross the Conway into Carnarvonshire by the celebrated bridge said to be the work of Inigo Jones after a design he borrowed from Italy. Its great lightness and symmetry are generally admired, and I had once the pleasure of hearing the late ingenious Mr. Ravely add his testimony to the justice of such admiration, and in his company of witnessing that oscillating property so much talked of, the consequence of the delicacy and perfection of the structure in all its component parts. In support of the supposition that Inigo Jones was the Architect, there is in the valuable MS. Collection of my friend Paul Panton Esqr of Plâs Gwyn, in the Isle of Anglesey, a record of the Quarter Sessions for Denbighshire, that this Bridge, having become ruinous, was directed to be rebuilt by a letter from the Privy Council in the 9th year of Charles the First, Jones being then surveyor of the Board of Works, according to an estimate which amounted to £1000, to be levied equally on the Counties of Denbigh and Carnarvon. That he was of Welsh parentage, who most probably traced themselves to this part of the principality, there is every reason to believe,* though Lord Orford goes rather too far in his fancifulness when he says, " the very cast of his countenance (which certainly argues no great share of placability) might bespeak his country." And his name of Inigo, to account for which so much has been said, some making it Ynir, and others Ignatius, only more vocal, a transmutation it might have undergone in Italy, may help us perhaps to find out the spot whence his Parents might have first migrated to settle in London. Sir John Wynne, in his account of the House of Gwydir, commemorates one Robert ap Ynco, Foster Brother of one of his Ancestors, and says that his great grandfather placed one of his most trusty retainers, William ap Robert, most likely a Son of the former, in a tenement of the township of Gwydir called Pencraig *Ynco*. Now the transition

* On the fly-leaf at the beginning of the Carnarvonshire Journal No. 1 (MS. 2.55) there is the following note :—" The Arms of Inigo Jones on the Frame of his Portrait were the Arms of Tudor Trevor—proving him to have been a Welshman."—Ed.

from *Ynco* to *Inigo* is easy, and may serve to account for the name and his connexion with this part of Wales, and the honourable family whose patronage he appears to have had, and by whom he undoubtedly was employed as an Architect on some occasions.

The present Bridge was built in 1695. Having crossed this Bridge, visit the venerable mansion of Gwydir, a name which has most wantonly put Etymology to the rack to betray its origin, which the simple analysis of the word, without torturing a single letter, or doing greater violence to it than what the genius of the language is subject to, at once discloses a compound of *Gwy*, Water, and *Tîr*, land, more perfectly characteristick of its situation as liable to frequent inundations from the overflowing of the Conway, on the banks of which it stands. The House is an heterogeneous aggregate of that Architecture of a century varying from the time of Henry the 8th to the end of Elizabeth's reign, varying with every addition, and the different state of the respective contributors, but the principal part of what is now seen is of that species of building which marks the reign of Elizabeth, chiefly of wood and plaister intermixed in patterns, and here and there a few portions of stone work of a later date.

It is entered by a gateway leading to a large irregular court, the sides of which are made up of the Mansion House, with its offices, Stables, and Barns, the latter on a prodigious scale. The first founder, as his epitaph informs us, was Meredith ap Evan, who had recently purchased the place from a Son of Hoel Coetmor, most probably in his latter years, when after he had civilized his country at home, and gallantly fought in her defence abroad, that meritorious character sought and found honourable repose in this vale ; yet certain it is that it was built after he had quitted Dolwyddelan and Penanmaen, the latter of which, by a date there still existing, he rebuilt in 1512. But what part of the structure may safely be ascribed to him is difficult to say, as the earliest date we discover is that of his son on one corner of the entrance, 1555, with the initials I.W., who had most likely not only altered and enlarged, but totally overlaid the original work with some new device. There appears no memorial of his son Maurice having done much, and it was left for his son Sir John Wynn to perfect the whole, which he did by the addition of a stone building over his Grandfather's Gateway, forming a suite of apartments for himself, a large sitting room with a library within it, the walls of which still retain many classical and moral mottoes, appropriate to the design, and where, till they were dispersed and suffered to perish, the curious papers of the house were deposited.

The principal room, for its day, was done up in the first style of magnificence, with carved oak wainscotting and deep cornice of a curious pattern. Over the Chimney is an escutcheon bearing the family arms raised and blazoned in stone, and the Mottoes of *Nec timet, nec timeat* and *Vix ea nostra voco*; date, 1597. On each side are rude figures like supporters, with the name Julius over the head of one, and Augustus over that of the other. Within the Court there is a handsome bow-window of stone, giving light to a staircase which, with much of the other wrought materials, some contend come from the Abbey of Maynan, a thing very unlikely, as so early as the 5th of Elizabeth, we find a grant of that Abbey made to a different family, though of the same name. I should therefore rather suppose that much of the materials might have been removed from Upper Gwydir, where there can be no doubt the former possessors resided, and contributed to such parts as chiefly consist of stonework, the incorporation of which with the other building, the date fixes on Sir John Wynne.

In his time Gwydir was in the zenith of its glory, and in him had found a herald and historian well qualified to blazon the pride of ancestry and perpetuate the annals of his house, which he left behind him in a form that does not seem to have experienced his finishing hand, but notwithstanding involves in its indigested state many very curious particulars of the Age they relate to, and are perhaps the only authentick records of the several characters introduced. To run up his Pedigree, therefore, to his illustrious Ancestor Owen Gwynedd, Prince of N. Wales, and in the roll to note such of the names as were most conspicuous might not be uninteresting were it only to make us better acquainted with the origin and progress of this venerable mansion. Sir John Wynne was Son and Heir of Maurice, Son and Heir of John ap Meredith ap Evan ap Robert ap Thomas ap Rhodri ap Owen Gwynedd, so that he was eighth in descent from him. Of his Progenitors before Robert, we have nothing very distinct to collect from the confused and scanty documents raked together by Antiquarian industry, but that they were men of power and had their principal possessions in Evionydd and Llyn. Robert, however, became the theme of the Bards, the first of the family, as his descendant and biographer observes, who had been honoured with that distinction. Having espoused the cause of Owen Glyndwr, and being outlawed, the Bard Rhys goch of Eryri, who celebrated his fame, dared not address him by name, but as a Hero descended from

Griffith ap Cynan, and couched under terms so clearly designating the person meant, that he could not be mistaken. But his Outlawry was reversed, and he received a pardon in the 9th year of Henry the 4th from the Prince of Wales, who stiles himself *Locum tenens metuentissimi nostri regis*, &c., dated at Carnarvon, and became Lessee under the Crown of several valuable holdings, a proof at last of his power, and how formidable as a foe he could be, whose friendship it was such an object to conciliate.

His Son and Successor Evan ap Robert had a spirit formed to suit the turbulence of the times he lived in, when the contention of the houses of York and Lancaster was at its highest ferment, and broke out into deadly feuds all over the Kingdom, dissolved the ties of kindred, and brought War and bloodshed home to every man's door. The district of Evionydd more particularly, where Evan ap Robert chiefly resided, was a melancholy instance of the effects of such factions, and he was made of materials that were not likely to incline him to neutrality. He inherited his Father's valour, and excelled in stature and bodily strength all his contemporaries, being the tallest man by a head in the Country, which much exposed him to his enemies, as he became an obvious mark. Besides, he had a ferocious intrepidity that well assimilated with the Character he felt a necessity of sustaining, as head of a disorderly gang of retainers, the *Llawrudd* of the Country, who flocked to his standard, and who never submitted to any sort of dicipline, but from a consciousness of such qualities in their leader, as no opposition, no violence could appall. He strenuously adhered to the Lancastrians, and had for his neighbours men equally powerful and formidable with himself who were as much attached to the other rose ; so that their lives were one continued scene of ambuscade and skirmish, engendering an implacable hatred that often survived to their posterity. Had it been Evan ap Robert's lot to have fallen on a better age, he did not want for talent to have done honour to his country. He died of the plague at his house of Gesselgyvarch in the flower of his youth, in the 33rd year of his age.

His Son Meredith ap Evan had the good fortune to be fostered by a respectable freeholder in the neighbourhood of Carnarvon, a town of great resort in those days, where the King's common law courts, as well as the Exchequer and Chancery for North Wales, were then kept, by which means civility and learning flourished more there than in any other part of it. Here Meredith was put to School by his Foster Father, and was not only taught to read and write, but where, as his great grandson and biographer

relates, "he learned the English tongue and to understand Latine, a matter of great moment in those dayes, soe as to the honest man, his foster and second father (for he gave him with breeding alsoe his inheritance) may be attributed his good fortune (God's providence always excepted) which sometymes worketh by secondary meanes, whereof this man was the instrument, and there never was a stronger instance than in him of the wonderful effect of education, imperfect, perhaps, as it might be suffered to be, which, as the Poet says, always in some degree

'Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros';"

for, instead of, like his Ancestors and even his own Brothers, who had not his advantages, priding himself upon his bodily strength and his possessions, because they better enabled him to act the successful tyrant, give a scope to the most brutal passions, and to resist those laws which were made to restrain them, his whole life was laid out in endeavours to restore order, aid the civil power, and give new nerve to the palsied and vacillating arm of justice. He at first for some time occupied the little property his foster father had bequeathed him, but as his family increased his Establishment called for enlargement. He could have wished to have returned to his kindred and his paternal residence in Evionydd, but as there the same hereditary feuds subsisting, a sort of domestick warfare was still carried on, he durst not hazard the provocation of becoming an actor in such bloody scenes, therefore he purchased the lease of Dolwyddelan Castle of the Executors of Sir Ralph Berkinhead, to whom it was granted by Henry the 7th; whither he removed, thinking it much more honourable to risk his life in extirpating wretches who had forfeited the protection of the law, with whom the unfrequented country round his new settlement was infested, than in his own defence, even should he escape the temptation of acting offensively among his nearest relations.

During his abode here his time and fortune were employed to civilize the country and soften the features of the times, and in a few years he had the satisfaction of enjoying the fruits of his spirit and laudable exertions by seeing the neighbourhood, which for many years had been the asylum of such as Crime had driven from society, become a scene of peace, subordination, and industry. On the expiration of his term in the Castle, he built the Mansion of Penanmaen not far distant from it, which he never finally quitted, till after he had accomplished his glorious work of civilization, and opened a new Era in his Country, when having

purchased Gwydir from a descendant of Howel Coytmor, he removed to the fertile and more accessible vale of Conway and founded the present mansion, which he placed, in conformity to the taste of that age, in a low sheltery situation, amidst rich meadows, to minister better to that more enlarged hospitality which was then beginning to be established. Having no enemies to fear at home, he was called to serve his Country in her wars abroad, for as his Epitaph expresses it, he was *Bello Tornatensi fortissimus*, and it is thought that, though he might have purchased the estate of Gwydir before he went on foreign service, yet that he did not build or reside there till after his return. He was succeeded by his Son John, of whom his Grandson, in his memoirs of the family, has left us no information, so that for his character we must resort to, and take it on the credit of, his sepulchral record, by which we learn that he was just, pious, emulous of his predecessor's virtues, and in every respect a Son not unworthy of such a Father. By dates appearing on some parts of the building, he improved on his father's plans, and made additions to the first structure.

Of his Son Morris we have not even an epitaph to help us to any account of him, and no date or cypher occurs to induce us to suppose that the dress of Gwydir was altered or improved in his time; and perhaps the most memorable occurrence of his life might be, his becoming after his Widowhood third husband to the famous Catherine O'Berain. Yet we are justified in supposing him a Man of taste and spirit, and one who had mixed with the world, as we find that he gave his Son a most liberal education, having brought him up at one of the Inns of Court, and introduced him into the first circles of society, for he was so far noticed at Court, as to be found among the earliest list of Baronets, a new honour sparingly conferred, and consequently sought with greater avidity. That he profited by such a bringing-up, there is evident proof, as he was not only a scholar, skilled in the antiquities of his country, and a great collector of such materials as tended to illustrate them, but a general Patron of learning. His Establishment was princely, and his hospitality of an enormous Caliber, if we judge from his annual account of the expenditure of his kitchen, as given in the Appendix.* And here I must beg leave to differ from the learned Editor of the Gwydir Memoirs, who asserts that he lived chiefly in retirement, and thinks that interesting particulars could not be expected from the period he

* We have not come across this.—Ed.

lived in. That he was a Courtier, and of the first circles, his very wardrobe, as given by Mr. Pennant in his Appendix, convinces us, and surely no one will be so hardy as to deny that the period from 1574, the year of his initiation into publick life, is full of interest or that a man of his attainments and observation was likely to turn it to account. The command which his rank and great possessions gave him, probably the times that still a tendency to relapse into that lawlesness which his patriotick Ancestor had devoted his life to curb, required him to exercise with some rigour; and this might have got him the character of an oppressor, which doomed him to eternal penance ingulphed beneath the Waterfall of Rhaiadr y Wennol, where his boisterous spirit raves and foams, the Genius of the Cataract. And that a greater portion of learning, than usually fell to the share of the Country Gentlemen of his day, should involve him in a charge of Necromancy, is not to be wondered at, a charge that tradition has alike attached to the Character of George Owen his Cotemporary, a man of high rank and large fortune in Pembrokeshire; such was then the low state of learning, and the prevalency of superstition, that his superior endowments were supposed to be the effect of some demoniack agency.

Sir John was succeeded in title and estate by his Son Richard, who at an early time of life became a favourite at Court, for he was groom of the bedchamber to Prince Charles, and attended him to Spain, of which he wrote an account. He was also Treasurer to the Queen, and died without issue. He was succeeded by his Brother Sir Owen, and he by his Son Richard, who by a daughter of the old Royalist, Sir Thomas Middleton of Chirk Castle, left one daughter Mary, sole heiress of his vast property. She married Lord Willoughby, first Duke of Ancaster, whose great granddaughter, Lady Willoughby de Eresby, married Sir Peter Burrel, since created a Peer by the title of Lord Gwydir, to whom in right of his Lady this place that gives name to his Peerage belongs. The ancient Baronetage fell to Sir John Wynne of Wynnstay, Grandson of the first Baronet by his 10th Son Henry, and is now vested by descent in Sir Watkin Williams Wynne.

At the back of the House of Gwydir rises a bold rocky hill, called Carreg y Gwalch, the hill of the Falcon, or the crested hill, its top being indented like a Cock's comb, magnificently wooded with the thriving aftermath of a most venerable forest that once clothed its sides to the very summit, which, from its serrated character must have exhibited the most beautiful broken outline imaginable, now disfigured by a strait belt-planted line of grim

fir trees. Why will not men in such cases leave Nature as they found her, without presuming to spoil her appearance by an over solicitude to dress her anew? On the plain above this lofty and abrupt hill, which extends for above a mile of the same character, forming a most majestick feature in the Landscape, was a spacious Deer park, and a house for the keeper, having noble timber in it. Though now disparked and denuded, it still boasts of being an excellent sheep walk, a change perhaps for the better! But about 30 years ago there existed there one solitary survivor of the old antlered family; and Kimmel Park was first stocked with deer from this so early as 1658. Turn up through the wood to see Upper Gwydir, seated on an extensive and beautiful level ledge in the midst of the hill, where it is said, Sir John Wynne built a summerhouse, or *Maison de plaisance*, but which I am inclined to think was but a remnant of the ancient residence of the original proprietor, Hywel Coytmor, who shewed infinitely more taste in the choice of his situation than his more refined successors, at once commanding and yet well sheltered, which Sir John seemed to admit, by his reserving enough after the plunder of the principal part of the old structure to inlay modern Gwydir with, to fit up a Boudoir for himself, whither, being a man of research and study, he might be well delighted to retire.

Here is a plain small chapel with a handsome east window, another proof of an ancient establishment there, prior to that below, for if the chapel had been constructed by the new purchasers, it is natural to suppose they would have made it part of the modern plan, and it would have been found an immediate appendage to it. Besides, I observed a very large old Sweet Chestnut near the house, by its growth seemingly of a much earlier date than what the building ascribed to Sir John Wynne bears (1604), an infallible criterion of the prior existence of a house of some importance on the same spot. This whole region abounds with minerals, and as a Country Gentleman in a pamphlet entitled "Impartial thoughts on the intended bridges over the Conway and the Menai" (as late as 1802) informs us. "At Gwydir Nant, near the town of Llanrwst, the mines are worked with considerable spirit and success. The product is lead, Calamine Pyrites, and small quantities of Copper. One vein was worked near this spot of the thickness of 18 inches. The lead and Calamine are sent down raw to Conway. Sulphur of an excellent quality is manufactured on the spot, by means of subliming furnaces erected by Mr. Roe of Macclesfield. A stream of sulphurick Acid, which might be turned to good account, is

suffered to run to waste. The mines are the property of Lord Gwydir."

But this is not a late discovery; the existence of this subterraneous wealth being known above two Centuries ago, though our mineralogical knowledge since has enabled us to turn it to greater advantage, for in a Letter from Sir John Wynne to Lord Eure, then President of Wales, dated 1607, he "talks of a mineral that lieth in his land of an earthy and dry substance, being far more rich than any water can be, which he says is abundant, nature having brought the substance to perfection without art. He mentions Copper oar being in the Chinks of the Rock that cover the mineral in the mine, and great store of brimstone, all lying within two Bowshots of a navigable River. He likewise talks of Alum, as the chief thing to be respected, adding that Porphyry, or speckled marble, white and red, was found in the same hill, but that none had skill there in the Country to polish it."

Leaving Gwydir, I take the Road to Conway, which winds at the foot of high hills, a continuation of the same range that backs Gwydir, all covered with young plantations to the summit, but with rather too great a proportion of the Scotch fir. The Larch seems to suit the Soil best, and outshoots every other species of tree. The Mountain Boundary of the Vale, on this side the River, is of a much bolder character than that which limits it on the Denbighshire side, and at intervals the line is broken by precipitous Ravines, through which pour down in torrent falls several tributary streams to swell the state of the Conway. Pass Trefrhiw, a village, whose name like that of Gwydir, has put Etymology to the rack for no good reason, fancifully considering it an appendage to the *field of slaughter*, the *Gwaedtyr*, and therefore meriting the name of *Trêfbriw, a hospital for the wounded*, whereas, like its neighbour, to suit which it was tortured, without varying a single letter composing the word, nothing can characterize the name better than the name it bears *Trefrhiw*, a Vill on the acclivity of a hill, for so our great lexicographer Doctor Davies interprets *Rhiw—Collis ascensus*. Beneath this village the Conway begins to be navigable, and two or three small wharfs, with vessels lying alongside of them, covered with slates and limestone, and a lime kiln, seemingly of an excellent construction, mark the commencement of the quality of its commerce.

The Vale now expands into a dead flat, soon assumes a moory appearance, and a little lower down degenerates into perfect turbary. The overflowing of the Conway, like that of the Nile, most wonderfully fertilizes the Lands it inundates, and contributes

to the production of most abundant crops, more than repairing the loss they may sustain by sudden casualties from autumnal floods, or a longer submersion from rainy seasons. Beyond the dreary space disfigured by Turbary the River takes a bend inclining to the Denbighshire side, and the vale almost contracts itself to the Channel of the Estuary, before it arrives at Caer Rhun. Perhaps no River in so short a run ever received a more copious tribute of waters than this does, particularly from Trefrhiw to its Embouchure, and as the traveller who crosses them cannot fail to be struck with the beauty of the scenery round them, furnishing everywhere choice studies for the pencil, to enumerate them, and trace their origin and descent may not be uninteresting.

In the dryest season, being fed by a succession of lakes on the heights they issue from, their Urns are not scantily supplied, but after floods run over with irresistible violence. The first that washes the Village of Trefrhiw has its source in Llyn Crafnant and Llyn Geryonidd, and as its fall is less precipitous, is much the tamest. The next has its source in Llyn Cawlyd, and formerly ministered to the working of a Grist and a fulling mill now in decay. The third, called Porthllwyd River, which has its rise in Llyn Eigiau, improves in interest, and tumbling down the craggy ledges of the Alltwyllt forms a series of Cataracts of no unpleasing character, were they not so destitute of that material accompaniment, wood. The Noise of these falls, it is said, is heard to Flintshire. *Credat Judæus, non ego.* The fourth is Talybont River that rises in the Lakes of Dulyn and Melynllyn, and after forcing itself through a precipitous rocky chasm under overarching wood, exhibiting little falls here and there crossed by Alpine bridges, and everywhere affording the richest studies for the pencil, works Talybont Mill without a Dam, in the dryest season, and after a course of 3 Miles unites with the Conwy. It passes Garth Maelog, once the residence of Maelog Crwm, one of the 15 Tribes of N. Wales, famous for a Memorable battle fought there between Idwal Ywrch and the Saxons. The fifth has its source in the great hollow of Bwlch y ddaufaen, and ere it leaves the Mountains which it drains, is swoln to a boisterous river, whose winter fury has been found to be resistless, sweeping away everything that may chance to obstruct its torrent, as it did the County Bridge of Pont y Vottygwyn in 1799, with many other ravages in its way to the Conwy, which it reaches after a run of 3 miles. The 6th, of a much tamer character than the former, springs from an upland region called Ffrith y Ddaufrwd, to the

East of Talyfan, and after taking a Northern direction through the Parish of Llangelyn[in] passes through that of Gyffin, whose name it takes, and discharges itself after a course of 5 Miles into the Conway, close under its Castle walls.

I cannot take my leave of the Conway without remarking that a fresh water Muscle found in it contains pearls of which there have been specimens of such extraordinary value that many have been sold for £10; and there is a tradition that Sir John Wynne presented one of an uncommonly large size to Queen Elizabeth, which was honoured with a place in the imperial Crown of Britain, where it still keeps its rank. The Muscles producing these pearls are the Mya Margaritifera, and the Musculus niger, according to Doctor Lyster, *omnium crassissimâ et ponderosissimâ testâ*. But on the Sands at the Mouth of the estuary of the Conwy, there is a great fishery carried on of the Sea Muscle, for the small pearls they involve, which are sold at so much an ounce, to make pearl dentifrice and a fucus for the fair who deal in artificial faces.

In this Vale between Avon Dôlgarreg and Porthllwyd River, a little above, stands the house called Ardda'r Mynach, where Doctor Thomas Williams was born, who is better known by his additions of Sir and of Trefrhiw. He was son of William ap Thomas ap Gronwy, of the tribe of Ednowain Bendew (fat head), one of the 15, and Catherine, natural daughter of Meredith ap Evan, the founder of Gwydir, and this alliance perhaps, more than the vicinity of his residence, or his literary fame, accounts for his connexion with Sir John Wynne, the Mæcenas of his day. He was a man of general learning, but devoted most of his studies to the cultivation of the language, the genealogy, and antiquities of his country, having left behind him in MS. a large collection entitled, "The primitive pedigrees of all Wales," begun 1578, enlarged 1585, and still more in 1589, a Book of Proverbs Latin and Welsh, and a Dictionary Latin and Welsh, compiled, as he says in a letter to Sir John Wynne, with so great labour that he frequently did not know what day of the week it was, and which was the principal material groundwork of the Dictionary afterwards published by Doctor Davies; not that he was inattentive to such studies as assimilated better with his profession of a physician, for I have in his own hand writing a medical treatise, with his prescriptions in most common cases, an herbal, and a tract on the connexion between the planets and human disorders, then superstitiously relied on, and the fragment of a system of rhetorick. He was reported to have been a

Papist, and believed to have been privy to the Gunpowder plot, as he came to Sir John Wynne most earnestly dissuading him from attending Parliament that Session, being unwilling that his Patron should suffer.

I now come to Caer Rhun, the ancient Conovium of the Romans, a word latinized from the British name of the River Cynwy, on whose banks it was placed, but which again yielded to a British appellative, when Rhun, the son of Maelgwn Gwynedd, who, about the middle of the 6th Century, fixing on this spot for his residence, converted the remains of the Roman work into a new City. In old law writings it is therefore called the King's town of the Castle, a name it obtained from involving, first the Roman, and afterwards the fortress of the Welsh Prince. Probably Rhun might have begun his works in the lifetime of his Father, to be near him, who certainly had his Castle at Tal y Cafn, where there is to this day a large Tommen called Castell Maelgwn and Bryn y Castell, and the tract from Caer Rhun to Tal y Cafn still retains the Name of Trêf Maelgwn Gwynedd. To Mrs. Griffiths' polite attention I owe that, for the second time, I have had an opportunity of examining without hurry the whole of this very interesting [station] and her Museum of relics of antiquities at different times discovered there, in which there was a great variety of Roman pottery of every kind, one lamp in high preservation, and a Roman shield very entire, with the strong leather that lined it not perfectly destroyed. In shape it was round, and formed of several concentrick circles, studded with brass knobs and a projecting Umbo of Iron. It was 15 Inches in Diameter, and the projection of the Umbo 5 inches, but I refer my reader to the accompanying plate* from the correct hand of that ingenious artist Mr. Buckler, not presuming to suppose that anything I could say, by way of additional description to illustrate the subject, would convey so clear an idea of it as his pencil is capable of communicating. Among other relics I saw one of those ribbed glass beads, usually found in places of Roman sepulture, which was one of many strung together on something like Catgut, but which fell to pieces as soon as it was taken up.

Some of the pottery had a stamped mark of MALLIM and PATRICI on the bottom of the Vase. The immediate station was a rectangular square, each side measuring about 459 feet. If you except that part of the Area occupied by the parish church and its cemetery, filling the South east angle, very little of the

* This has not been found.—ED.

station has been materially disturbed, and remains with its agger now visible, but in the whole circuit round it, for a considerable way, on every side, wherever the plough and spade have been used, every spot has been found to teem with evidence of its former possessors.

Leaving the Station, I follow the Road issuing from it which kept an oblique direction from the South to the East, till it comes to that part of the River called the Arw, a rocky shallow running across, on which the Romans fixed their subaqueous Causeway, serving them for a bridge to pass into Denbighshire, and continue their itinerary to their next station of Varis, where to this day part of the road may be traced. From a gentle elevation to the left above this, catch a view of the artificial mound near Tal y Cafn ferry, called Castell Maelgwn or Bryn y Castell, most probably the work of the British Monarch to defend that pass, and turning, look up the River, then at full tide, like a great lake almost filling the Valley, with a sloop at that moment towing down, and producing altogether the finest possible effect. To this favoured site it has long being in the contemplation of the family of Caer Rhun to have removed the old Mansion, so placed at present as to command not the least view. On my return, visit Erwgaer, or the Acre of the Camp, a gentle rising above the river, with a slope towards the water, where some few years back the late Rev. Hugh Griffiths, whose early loss his Country will have just cause to regret, in company with that judicious and indefatigable antiquary Mr. Lysons laid bare a large range of buildings, a Roman villa, consisting of several apartments, Baths, and a Hypocaust, floored with brick and resting on stunted pillars of a reddish stone, such as Chester Cathedral is built of, but of which an accurate and minute account has been given in the "Archaiology," [Vol. xvi, p. 127], rendering it unnecessary for me to presume to get more into detail on the subject.

From the detached pieces of Clay found there, the vast quantities of broken pottery, and a great deal almost perfect, Mr. Griffiths was inclined to suppose that here might have been a Pottery and the residence of the Master of the work. A field to the N. West of the station, called to this day Cae'r prydd coch, The field of the red earth, probably supplied the materials for this manufactory and their Bricks. But little yet has been done towards discovering what remains lie underground, all that has been attempted being very superficial. Observe within the Agger of the old station a square pit, in which had been found a skeleton. The aperture seemed as if it had been a Roman bath, so that I

suspect the Skeleton may be ascribed to the age of Rhun, after he had raised his new City on the Ruins of old Conovium. There can be no doubt but that the Romans had here a large and important establishment, being a central post between Deva and Segontium, and most commodiously situated on a navigable river, for the exportation of the mineral wealth which the adjacent mountains abounded with, and is evident had not escaped their knowledge. A little above Erwgaer stands the Parish Church, occupying one Angle of the actual station.* In the Churchyard are three very large Yew trees, all sound and vigorous, particularly the one to the South of the Entrance porch, which measured in girth 17 feet, the spread of its branches forming a circle whose Diameter cannot be less than 60 Feet, the largest tree of the kind I ever saw in so healthy and flourishing a state, with no hollow or other visible symptoms of decay, notwithstanding it is probable that it may be coeval with Rhun's new work, and was of his consecration, who is reputed to have been the founder of the Church. Such is the acknowledged slowness of that tree to arrive at maturity, and its longevity after.

From the South West corner of the Station, in a line towards the present mansion of Caer Rhun, issued the continuance of that road I noticed as pointing to Rhyd Arw, now marked by a hollow foss for some distance, the pitching having been long since dug up for the stone, but in the lane opposite to the entrance gate to the house occurs a very perfect bit, which progressively in small portions may be traced through the intricacies of ground, much intersected by enclosures and otherwise altered by agricultural cultivation. It seems to have taken its course much to the left of the present great road to Bwlch y ddaufaen, a narrow pass between the mountains marked by two Meini hirion, from which it takes its name, and whither our search was directed in search of it. And just where the modern road, which from its first desertion of the Roman strait line it set out with, took a considerable bend to the right, reunited with the ancient line, we recognize and hail its reappearance on the acclivity of the hill, near a slender Maen hir, marking its easy oblique ascent from the Vale. This stone was probably raised, as was usual in such cases, as a directory to the travellers from below, as being more

* Additional particulars from his Journal, MS. 2.55 :—"The Church is a plain building, longer than the country churches in general, and occupies nearly the South East angle of the Station. It has rather a curious little covering externally for its bell, and over the West door a stone tablet inserted in the wall, with a crucifix embossed on it, and white-washed over."—Ed.

slender and less rude, it materially differs from the true British Maen hir, one of which, at no very great distance to the right, presents itself, as does a very perfect Cromlech. From the above supposed Directory the ancient raised ridge runs for a considerable parallel to the present road, close within the stone fence that bounds it on the left hand, and occupies half of it. Hence it passes the pine end of a slated cottage built on it, at the entrance into the heathy mountain tract of Bwlch y Ddaufaen, and near an old Finger (but now fingerless) post, where its raised character, by the revolutions the ground there has undergone, everywhere cut up by the present various trackways, is lost, but by the judicious and accurate eyes of my fellow traveller is so satisfactorily made out, in a most perfect state that we rode on it in preference for above a mile, till we come to the two columnar stones that give name to the pass ; and there again owing to the ground being broken into a variety of intersecting trackways, gullies formed by waters, scattered fragments of loose stones, and deep heath, we are again at fault, but again recover occasional traces in ground not so overgrown and disfigured, till at last the Vestiges, from a number of cooperating causes, the nature of the soil in many places degenerating into Turbary, deviation from the true bearings, or a total loss of reckoning, became so faint and undetermined as to leave us in doubt of the course it must have taken to the level of the Sea Coast, which we are satisfied it must have passed in its way to Segontium ; and from a critical examination of all the different practicable openings that present themselves to the lowlands from this height, I am in the concurrence of my judicious companion's opinion that it could not have followed the most direct line, which we were at first disposed to give it, towards Aber, owing to the precipitousness of the descent into, and the narrowness of that Vale, with difficulty in some places admitting of a sheep track above the bed of the torrent stream that fills the other part, but must have inclined, to the right, a variation they were obliged frequently to submit to in this Country, where nature opposed so many difficulties to the continuance of the Strait, which they otherwise invariably kept. And in that case, from the hollow crossed by a mountain stream, where we seemed fairly to lose it, it must have taken a slight inclination to the right, and followed a stone fence, beginning at that point to where it terminates on the Summit of the hill, whose rising is as gentle as is its declivity on the other side ; and here without too great a stretch of fancy was clearly perceived a broader road than ordinary, though

grassed over, and in many places with a little swell, yet, by being the constant Mountain trackway for the neighbouring farms to their sheep and turbary, much beaten, and not so highly raised as it would have been in flatter and less dry ground; and this appearance may be followed for some way, sloping gently towards the Vale with scarce any deviation from the first change of its course at the deep ravine, where we lost decisive traces of it quite to Aber, at the base of the hill above Gorddinog, by this means making for that point, without any material intervention of precipice, river, or other impediment, and by a much less distance. Its reappearance at, and continuation from, Aber will be noticed in its due place.

Here the Eye the least accustomed to British Antiquities finds constant exercise, and supplies abundant food for reflection; and on my return from this successful Roman road hunt, I had leisure to examine relics of far greater antiquity, which on every side solicited my attention in form of Cistvaen, Maenhir, Gorsedd, and Druid Circle, and every shape of ancient habitation, which begin to appear soon after you emerge from the narrow Vale ending at Aber. But the most remarkable was a Cistvaen of rather a singular construction. It stood in the centre of a Circle composed of three concentrick rows of Stone, two of which were placed upright, having a space between each, with an outer agger of loose stones encompassing the whole.

A little beyond this at the commencement of the declivity to the Vale, come to a large circle enclosed with a dry stone wall, that is, two lines of large stones filled with smaller, 51 yards in diameter, at one end of which, towards the east, there is a raised circular platform, having in the centre a raised squarish block of white spar, the Maen Gorsedd, undoubtedly. It had likewise a smaller circle within the greater. This enclosure had no foss round it, as those calculated for defence are observed to have, and therefore appears to have been for purposes connected with religion and polity, the scene of Druid rites, fœderal conventions or judicial proceedings, and must have been one of their principal Gorseddau from its size, there being few larger, if so large, of that character. The whole region round bore evident marks of numerous population. At Bwlch y ddaufaen, the very pass of the two Meini Hirion it takes its name from, which no doubt occupied the same site they now do when the usurping Eagles were unfurled between them, to record events long prior to the Roman Annals, a cluster of British remains again occurs, enclosures of different dimensions, but all much smaller

than that described above, with several Carneddau, one or two of which the present road cuts in its course. The Maen hir to the right is about 9 feet above ground, very massive, of a triquetrous form, and ending rather pointedly ; the one to the left is smaller, and bedded in an old Carnedd.

Proceeding a little further, I come to an enclosure of an oval shape, whose Area was marked with upright stones, most of them removed, but yet a sufficient number left to ascertain the figure, having in the centre a circular hollow set round with stones canted on their edges, like a sort of Cistvaen plundered of its lidstone. Turn to the right, and at the foot of the mountain take the path that brings me to one, perhaps, of the most ancient British posts in the Kingdom, generally known by the name of Penygaer, though some call it Caer hên, or the old fortification, to distinguish it from the Roman work of Conovium, which was subsequent. Mr. Pennant refers to it by the name of Pencaer Helen, but on what authority I know not. This curious fortress, I believe an unique, occupies the summit of an insular hill, rising midway from the acclivity above the Vale of Conway. The only practicable approach is on the West side ; and on the gently inclined plane, in the most accessible part before you reach the lines of circumvallation, are stones about a foot or 15 Inches, with sharpish triangular points, pitched on end in all directions, forming a wide belt which must have proved inaccessible to Cavalry and very difficult and hazardous to foot, for if repulsed or surprized, they would have found themselves so entangled as to prevent flight, and would have become an easy prey to the enemy.

A little to the West of this *Cheveux de frise*, just where one of the Ramparts terminates, near the steep and most inaccessible side of the hill, is an opening that takes a slanting course between the outer and the inner Vallum, both composed of stones without cement, and the latter of stupendous dimensions, its base of immense stones, through which is the principal entrance into the Camp, which occupies the whole apex of the hill, a very large Area. On the side you enter, it is fortified by two lines of rampart, and then on the side looking down the Vale, by three, being there more accessible, and by another large tract without the lines *hérissée*, with stones as on the other side, this *Cheveux de Frise* being continued but for a very small space beyond the lines, the greater steepness of the ground there rendering such additional defence unnecessary. The triple line of circumvallation only extends to that part of the hill to the

South, where it is most inaccessible, and there and all round till it meets the entrance it has only one slight agger of stones, following the form of the hill. Within the Area are several irregular excavations of different sizes, and some marked by stones pitched round, the site of the habitations of those who composed the garrison, and at the end towards the Valley there is a small rising which had been covered by a Carnedd, though most of the stones have been removed, yet not so thoroughly plundered, I think, as to have disturbed the Interment it covered. From this eminence nothing can exceed the beauty and extent of the prospect, and it is not only the Antiquary that may be here gratified, but it furnishes a rich treat for the picturesque eye of the Painter and the Poet.

On the South is a wide range of lofty Mountains, among which Carnedd Llewelyn bears preeminence, and Moel Siabod rears its lofty head more distantly in the horizon. Eastward, the Vale of Conway, with its river and shining meanders, distinctly seen, opens to Llanrwst. To the North we have a more magnificent and diversified bird's eye view of the Vale, with its river, here winding through a more expanded channel and richer cultivation, the distant hills of Denbighshire, and promontory of Creuddin, with the sea beyond it, the whole forming a striking contrast with the dreary tract on the West leading towards Aber. Our descent being by a remarkably winding road, we could not hurry, and therefore had an opportunity of enjoying the prospect through all its gradations. The approach to Conway on this side, from the first moment it catches the eye for better than a mile before you enter it, is perhaps the most striking object in all Wales, if not in the Kingdom, and for a view of the town and its embattled walls alone, certainly the best. As to the Castle, how is it possible to see it in any unpleasing point of view, the whole conveying to us the Idea of a magnificence worthy of the splendour of Edward's reign, the taste of the Monarch, and the importance he attached to his new Conquest ?

Wednesday, July 4th, 1810.*—Came to Pont y pair near Bettws. A very curious Bridge, consisting of one large Arch over the main stream, and 4 others resting on an almost horizontal ledge of Rock for the purpose of taking off the water that overtops

* MS. 2.55. The portion of the author's Journal covering July 2-3, 1810 (Yspytty Ifan—Llanrwst) has been incorporated by him in his copy for press above (MS. 5.12), and is here left out.—Ed.

them in high floods. Saw the River to great advantage, swollen by the rain of a night and a day, which forms a beautiful fall just above the bridge, which, grouped with the Bridge, woods, cottages on its banks, makes a beautiful View, and which Sir R. Hoare made the subject of his pencil. The Bridge was formerly so narrow that a wheeled Carriage could not pass it. You see the addition plainly by looking on the two centre arches being built not on the same level.

Could not get the Clerk to see the Church—lives a great way off. A peasant shewed me how the Sarn Helen went, which his father remembered a narrow causeway. It crossed a ford which shews pavement to this day under water. It must have led from Tommen y Mur to Conovium. Hear of bricks having been found at a place up the Vale of Llugwy near to Bryn y Geveilie, not much out of the road we take to Capel Curig. I enquired of a Mr. Price who lives at Hendre Skethin, who directed me to it, who said he had seen many of the Bricks, and begged I would alight. He shewed me a curious portrait of Thomas Price, a noted Poet in the time of James the 1st, Son of Dr. Ellis Price, called Doctor Coch, from his red hair, which his son inherited. His dress was gaudy, and he wore earrings. In one corner, A.D. 1594.

As we proceed, turn out of this road to see Rhaiadr y Wennol, but here the whole river is a kind of gradual fall or torrent. On the hedge of a moory meadow a little farther on, where I thought I perceived something like an agger with rounded angles round a spongy ground, I picked up a bit of Roman brick, which will induce me to search for a station or Villa near. Farther on, pass a single arched bridge where the river forms a very picturesque torrent fall ; and hence to Capel Curig. A large Inn on the banks of a lake or lakes called Llyniau 'r Capel, because they are near the little chapel dedicated to St. Curig, a Chapel of Ease to Llandegai.

Thursday, July 5th.—Wrote all the morning, my companions being on a fishing party to the Lakes. After Dinner walked by the margin of the Lakes, and saw the gentlemen angling. Snowdon shewing to great advantage, being involved in partial wreaths of mist of singular colour and forms, but the highest point was hid.

Friday, July 6th.—After Breakfast we set off. Sir Richard Hoare to the first very romantick bridge, where the River, rushing

through a rough Bed of Rock, forms a grand Cascade, to make drawings; and I to visit the Church at Bettws. In my way called on the Rev^d. Mr. Pryce of Hendre Rhys Gethin, who very kindly mounted his horse, and accompanied me to enquire for the Key of the Church; but the clerk, who lives two miles off, was not at home, and had not left it in any of the houses of the village. So the visit to the Church was obliged to be deferred. I then returned to explore the spot below Bryn y Geveilie, where, from bricks having been found there, I concluded there might have been a Roman Station, but on examining it, I found it evidently the Ruins of a Roman Villa of no small extent, the Rubbish displaying every species of Brick and some fine Roman Cement, with some small stunted pillars of wrought stone, such as I had seen at Caerhun; and I make no doubt but that this was the residence of the Officer who superintended the Iron Works and Forges where all their tools and implements were fabricated; there being to this day all over the hills leading to this Bryn y Geveiliau scoria of Iron found.

Almost opposite to this place there is a place called Nant yr Haiarn, where they had Iron works, and to which an old Road led from towards Gwydir, probably connecting it with Conovium. The Roman Villa is situate on a fine flat on the banks of the River Llugwy below a bend of it, where there appear the remains of an immense stone fence, with many pieces of brick interspersed, as if it was coeval with the Roman establishment there, to prevent the ravage of this mountain stream. The popular notion is that here stood some monastick building, an error from an early time inherited, and which has ascribed the relicks of Roman works in many places of Wales to the early Christian Era, the knowledge of Roman Stations, Roads, Villas, and other edifices of that people not having been cultivated till of late years.

Mr. Pryce told me that he possesses not only Hendre Rhys Gethin, but Vedw dêg, the residence, as is said, of the Chieftain buried at Bettws. From this Rhys Gethin was descended Howel ap Evan, a noted outlaw, who had taken possession of Dolwyddelan Castle, before Meredydd ap Evan removed his habitation from Eivionydd to that place.

Above the high rock that forms one of the boundaries of Rhaiadr y Wennol, in whose whirling abyss the vulgar think the spirit of Sir J^no. Wynne is ingulphed, stands Glan Llugwy, formerly the residence of a respectable branch of the Gwydir family, noted for its hospitality and the theme of the bards, now a farm house. It is still surrounded by fine young wood, the descendants of that

noble forest that Leland says in his time clothed the sides of its hills and the neighbouring ones nearer Capel Curig. Catch a fine view in my way of Moel Siabod, a finely insulated mountain, with a small lake on the side of it.

Saturday, July 7th.—Rainy morning. At the pen busy till dinner. After dinner, about 5 o'clock, took our horses and rode as far as the Roman Villa, which Sir Richard Hoare pronounced to be a decided one. Having thoroughly explored that spot, we ascended the Hill, the other side of the Road to Bryn y Geveilie ; but if anything existed there of ancient Works it is all swept away ; and from the female peasants I saw there there was no getting traditional, or any other sort of information, as I have found them very suspicious of Enquiry from persons above their own condition, and are never disposed to be communicative, for fear of committing themselves by their answers.

July 10th, 1810.—Mounted our horses soon after Breakfast, and take the Bangor Road, following the Llugwy, whose course—till it comes to a Bridge of one arch just above Capel Curig, which you cross, where it falls over great stones and broken Rock overhung with wood in a very wild, picturesque manner—is rather tame, through level, moory meadows and turbary, from the discharge of the torrent stream that issues from Ffynnon Llugwy, a lake under the summit of Carnau Llewelyn. After riding about two miles, the wildest mountain scenery that has yet occurred to me presented itself—of the wildest character, and broken into a great diversity of shapes. Leaving the Trivan to be explored on a future occasion, we proceeded towards the Ogwen Lake—after a ride under the Trivan, and a lava of fragments of every shape and size, which, seen from all sides, is a most Majestic feature. In our approach to it, it appears with its summit broken into 3 points, on the centre of which the eye must remark two columnar stones, which at a distance look like two men. It is said there was a third upright stone, now overturned, or rather turned over the summit and fallen to the bottom ; and that these three stones gave name to the mountain—*Trivaen* —and that a chieftain was buried there, to commemorate which interment the stones were erected. But I learn from the peasants of the neighbourhood, who have seen them often, that they are natural Rocks, and had that appearance from the first, probably giving a name to the mountain. The strata of the mountain are perpendicular, and therefore each insulated column might occur, the intervening materials of a softer quality being washed

and worn away. The Peasant told me he had often stepped from one to the other ; but I fear he bounces.

Opposite to the Trivan lava on the other side of the little rill that enters the Ogwen, in a hollow amongst the mountains, is a small lake called Ffynnon Lloer. Now the whole of the Ogwen opens on the sight, encircled with a majestick amphitheatre of mountains. The road winds beautifully along its margin, and the end where it disembogues its stream is full of fragments of Rock ; beyond which for a hundred yards the stream it discharges runs tamely, coming to a point, and then over immense masses of Rock through a tunnel, over which the road goes, precipitates itself in a grand cataract, and over a ledge a little below into another.

Passing the bridge, turn out of the road to a projecting rocky point, one of the grand boundaries of the torrent stream, which I would recommend every Draftsman particularly, and every traveller in general, to digress into, as it presents a scene unrivalled, and that strikes with more surprise than I ever felt in any other place, as on one side you have the impetuous torrent falls of the Ogwen with its girdle of formidable mountains, and on the other the River, after clearing its rocky shelves, seen meandering in a smooth level through a tract of meadows, whose boundaries unlike what we past, the region of sterility, are clad with verdure almost to their Summits ; whilst the Vista closes with a distant view of Anglesey. I may challenge all Wales to produce such a wild aggregate of romantick mountain features and other bold ingredients of Landscape as this, where you owe so much to the effect of contrast ; and which, I think, has not been done justice to and sufficiently pressed on notice. To increase the Cataract formed by the discharge of the Ogwen, a wild mountain torrent from Cwm Idwal meets it, as it issues from the Tunnel, adding much to its vehemence.

From Capel Curig.

July 11th, 1810.—Beyond the first bridge on the Llugwy from Capel Curig, about half a mile, turn to the right, and keep ascending a winding road, leaving Moel Siabod to the right, till we come to the summit of the Hill, and cross an extensive flat tract of Turbary, the narrow road continuing to keep a winding course till we sink into the Vale of the Lleder just at Dolwyddelan. After entering the wide Moor on the summit of the hill, we first ascended on a little more elevated, and consequently, a drier

spot. Observe a few Carneddau and Tumuli, which we pass on the left. Before we sunk into the Vale, a Farmer we met, on being asked the direction of Sarn Elen, pointed it out to us ascending the hill of Cwm Penanmaen on the other side of the Vale, and the narrow pass which brought us to Dolwyddelan must have been part of it, the path being so narrow that it could not have gone any other way. It went, he said, across that wide turbary, and by Vedwdeg down to Bettws.

Keep to the right to visit Dolwyddelan Castle, about a mile from the Church. It stands on an insulated rocky knoll, precipitous partly by art on the rocky side towards the River, and protected by a deep artificial Foss on the other. It consisted of two oblong portions of building ; in the clear 18 feet by 30. One, as to its shell, being entire, but uncovered ; the other having one wall up lying parallel with the other. They had formerly been connected by a curtain, enclosing an Area in the part now most entire, I should suppose the principal apartments—the doorways and windows exhibiting cut stone not to be seen in the other. The Masonry is strong, having good mortar, and the walls on an average are near two yards thick. I should not suspect it to be of another date than Iorwerth Drwyndwn. There is a chimney in each tower, and there were two stories. The curtain connecting the two towers seemed to follow the form of the knoll. Near it to the Westward is a considerable Slate Quarry of Lord Gwydir's, who owns the whole parish.

Return to the village, pass the Church and crossing a Bridge of 3 arches, by an easy ascent enter the singular Vale of Penanmaen, which is a perfect punch bowl, inaccessible but on the side that I entered it. Rode to the old house of Penanmaen, a long mean building, with but little mortar in it, and small windows. In the Room said to have been the Parlour, or principal Room, even to this day observe old oak beams curiously carved. Some old people remember the Walls covered with oak wainscot of the same era. I presume this house, said to have been built by Meredydd ap Evan (temp. Hen. 7th), an ancestor of the great Sir John Wynne of Gwydir, was the house he inhabited after he left Eivionydd, and before he got possession of Dolwyddelan Castle, for had he possessed the Castle on his quitting his native residence, he would hardly have built Penanmaen. Carreg y big is a small triangular Rock, terminating in a sharp point almost opposite this old house, the other side of the mountain torrent that roars through its rocky channel between.

The stony road entering this Vale, as well as the other in

the narrow descent into the Vale of the Lleder, must be the Sarn Elen, as there was no room for it to take another course ; and there can be no doubt but that the ancient pitching exists in several places, as the cast stones are bedded so deep that they cannot be supposed to be of a later date.

The Castle before Meredydd ap Evan became possessed of it was inhabited by a noted outlaw, Howel ap Evan ap Rees Gethin, which Rees Gethin lived at a place called Hendre Rhys Gethin, near the spot where the Rev^{d}. Mr. Pryce lives, not far from Pont y Pair. Antiquaries are not decided as to the etymology of Dolwyddelan. One will have it to be from the Saint Gwyddelan, to whom the Church is said to be dedicated, though the name of such a Saint is not found amongst our copious Catalogue of Saints. Others will make it out to be the Wood (Gwydd) of Elen. But such is the veneration that this Lady, supposed to be the wife of the Emperor Maximus; has obtained in Wales, that every great and good work is attributed to her, and at such different periods, that she must, to have accomplished them all, have lived for 3 centuries. There is every reason to suppose that the Romans, after travelling from Tommen y Mur, the station doubtedly of Mons Eryri, over such difficult and mountainous roads, on sinking into this rich little sheltered Vale, would have wished for repose ; and therefore it is likely they had here a station or some resting place. Why may not the name, then, be Gwaith y lleng, the Work of the Legion ? All publick works being accomplished by the legionary soldiers ; and to confirm this they shew you to this day Ffynnon Elen, that is, their Spring, by which, the tradition says, they used to dine. Probably the spring that served the station.

Turn down the Vale of Lleder to get into the Vale of Conway. Nothing can exceed the beauty of this sequestered spot, bounded on both sides by very picturesque mountains, in some places broken and bare, in others charmingly clothed with wood, whilst the River preserves a most charming character through its whole course. Pass an old house called Bryn y Voel, where it is said, when Penanmaen was vacated, some of the Gwydir family lived. They say Coats of Arms still exist in the house. Leave a curious Alpine Bridge to the right over a part of the River which forms a pretty cataract. From hence the Vale, instead of widening as is usual near its termination, contracts, and is more woody, before it is lost in the Conway. The Lleder has a bridge over it which leads to Penmachno. A new bridge a few hundred yards below the Junction of the Lleder with the Conway ; and over the

latter take the Capel Curig road by Bettws to our Inn. Moel Siabod looks to the greatest advantage in our approach to it up this Vale.

Thursday, July 12th, 1810.—The Elements still unfavourable. Came to a resolution from the complexion of the mountains, and particularly Snowdon, the Cradle of the Storms, to keep house, that drawing and writing might go on. Yet we were almost tempted to abandon our resolutions and push out, such tempting gleams took place every ten minutes ; and, as it turned out, the Morning might have been well employed out of doors. However, after dinner we mounted our horses in Sunshine, to visit the Cataract called Rhaiadr y Wennol, which we mistook in our way up the Vale. when we came from Llanrwst. The Cascade is nearer Capel Curig, just under that mass of perpendicular Rock which bounds the River to the North near Glanllugwy—a fine feature as far as Rock covered with moss, lichens, and tangled growth from all its ledges and fissures can make it. The opposite boundary, though not near so bold as this, is very wild and well wooded, and the whole channel is here so straitened and obstructed by Rocky ledges, one above the other, that the Llugwy, pouring its whole torrent over them, forms here a cataract of so noble a character that Sir Richard Hoare, speaking comparatively, pronounces it the finest he has seen in Wales, not only as to the form of the fall, but likewise the accompaniments, which are in no part defective, look on which side you may ; and yet there are separate parts of the fall, which you catch from other places that you cannot, from the only accessible part for a more general View, see, that present a great diminution of its grandeur. But it is a pity that the Honble Mr. Burrell, whose property it is on both sides, does not make a proper path by which to obtain a more perfect view of it, and by that means establish its superior pretensions to notice. The principal fall, which can be viewed so as to make a subject for the pencil, consists of a fall of the whole river, over a high broken ledge of rock running strait across the river, in several streams, the largest torrent taking its fall too much out of sight from this point to be taken advantage of. Then at a small interval, it pours in one foaming sheet over a smooth ledge of Rock, with an oblique direction, into an immense deep pool, where it boils, and again rushes down some smaller ledges ; and the whole seems so locked in that you can form no conception of its exit. A remarkable fine Birch of the weeping kind overhangs the principal fall.

After waiting the whole day within doors without a shower, were so unfortunate on our return to fall in with a shower which most thoroughly wet us ; but doubled our relish for our tea and a fireside. On our return, again remarked that Moel Siabod never appears to more advantage than from the road near the Gate entering the field in which the Roman Villa is, as it admits of a fine foreground of the Road, and a bend of the River with Trees and some rocky knolls.

July 13th, 1810.—Rainy ; confined all day.

July 14th, 1810.—After violent rain during the night the clouds began to disperse, and indicate a dry day ; so that we promised ourselves a pleasant ride, and mounted our horses with great spirits. The River Llugwy had felt the effect of the fresh, and rolled most majestically, particularly where, obstructed in his strait forward course by two or three ledges of Rock running directly across the River, it follows those channels before it gains its more regular current ; then through the bridge, where it forms a most picturesque cataract, which, though now I have seen it three or four times, I still view with increased pleasure.

Proceed, admiring Moel Siabod to our right, seen to great advantage for some way after passing this Bridge. Its highest point was cloudless, as were all the inferior ones round it. Sir R. Hoare stopped near the Gate which leads to the Roman Villa, and spread his stool in the Road to make a drawing of it, whilst I turned in once more to explore the Roman Relic. I followed the line of what I the first day conceived to be the Agger of the Station, and think I may venture to pronounce it of that description, for even in the hedges that intersect it, and the old Barn at the end of it, you perceive Bricks, though by its being under Corn and Hay, there was no possibility of carrying the search so far as to place it beyond conjecture. The Villa was just without it. I went through the ruins again, and once more examined the rude pillars that supported the Hypocaust.

We digressed a little way on from the main road, attended by a peasant, through a beautiful birch grove to the middle of the acclivity on our right, till we came to a place black with ashes, and near it, an immense heap like a tumulus grassed over, of nothing else but cinders and scoria, infallible evidence of there having been some great works there ; and such heaps are found in several places ; the whole hill being called by a name in Welsh signifying the Brow or Hill of the Forges. In regaining

our road we had diverged from, we followed the old Roman way communicating with those works, and in one place saw for several yards the undoubted old pavement.

Hence to Penmachno falls by Pont ar Lleder, and ride above the Conway and all the way in sight of it—a curious straitened channel through a rocky bed—and at the junction of the Machno with the Conway, turn up the Vale watered by the former, and from which it takes its name. At a Fulling Mill a few hundred yards above the Embouchure, follow our bare footed guide, a peasant girl, through a tangled path, to see the principal fall, which is very beautiful, and has its due accompaniment of wood and rock, but is so confined and shut in that it almost renders the use of the pencil impracticable. Ride on through this pleasing little Vale of a tamer and very different character to most of those in its neighbourhood, its boundaries being high hills and grassy to the top.

The Village of Penmachno stands on a gentle elevation just above the River, and is very sequestered at the extremity of the Vale. The Church is a very mean structure, and has no monument within, and nothing to excite notice* but an old Painting on boards hung on nail by the Chancel window. It folds like a book, with a hinge. On one leaf is a Monk ; on the other the Virgin or a female Saint, with the Palm in her hand, and a Missal open ; whilst at her feet there is a Turk, by his head dress, with a faulchion in his hand, as if he was issuing from some subterranean place, with some murderous intent. On the other side is represented the Crucifixion. I suppose brought from some neighbouring religious house at the Dissolution. It seems to have been well painted for the time. And in the Chancel window I noticed two or three fragments of painted glass, particularly a head and shoulders of a Madonna, or some such figure, well done, and in fine preservation. Ewybr Nant lies in a little dingle, striking out of this Vale to the West, where Doctor Griffith Roberts [?] was born.

On our return, stop to see the little Church of Bettws, situated in a most beautiful Churchyard, having a couple of fine yew trees and several fine ash, large and neatly fenced in ; but the Church itself stands at the edge of it, overhanging the River, and not above six feet from the margin, which is falling in very fast, and soon threatens the overthrow of the whole fabrick, which is

* The screen dividing Nave and Chancel, though not very rich, seems to have been much better wrought than you could have expected in such a church.

very meanly built, and has nothing worthy of note within but a well sculptured Effigy of a Warrior in Armour, with a short sword by his side hung by a rich baldrick round his middle, on the centre of which is a small Escutcheon (I think a chevron between three lily stalks). His head rests on his helmet, having an Eagle's head on it as a crest. It is wrought of hard stone, and very perfect. A lion at his feet, and on the outer rim of the tomb, *Hic jacet Gruffyd ap Davyd Goch. Agnus Dei miserere mei*, in raised characters. The Rev. Mr. Pryce of Hendre Rhys Gethin claims the niche, with its sculptured inmate, and the seat adjoining it. One of his family, a nephew, has been buried there. Hence under the fine woods and high hills of Gwydyr to Llanrwst.

Conway Castle.

July 16th, 1810.†—The Castle is situated on an oblong ledge of rock projecting from the town walls, and the building in many places seems interwoven with it. The principal entrance was at the extremity of a street opening from the main Street, called Castle Street, towards it, in which the Hall and some ancient respectable houses were. By a gentle ascent over a wall filling up part of a foss, which in this Place crosses the angle from wall to wall of the town, you come to the drawbridge, which passed, you enter a pointed Gateway between two elegant small Bastions, of no great height, which had a Portcullis ; then up a few steps to another smaller doorway ; and then a platform flanked with three low Bastions in a strait line, from which you enter the Area of the Castle, on the South side of which is the great Hall or State Room,of a singular figure,as it takes the curve of the external wall, which followed the shape of the rock it stood on. This noble room has on the South side one large fireplace, and on each side three circular headed windows ; a fireplace at West end, and one fireplace on the North side ; three pointed windows, and a doorway looking to the open area, and one very fine circular headed window at East End, which some imagine belonged to the Chapel, the East End of this room having been fenced off for this purpose. The Roof of the Room is supported by eight pointed Arches of stone—four now only remaining. Farther on to the East and only separated by a small vacancy, a withdrawing Room, supported by two Arches similar to those in the great Room,

†The Journal for July 15th (Llanrwst-Gwydir-Trefriw-Conway) and 16th (Caerhun-Penygaer-Conway) is included in the author's copy for press, above.—Ed.

with a fireplace, and two windows, circular tops within and square without, where tracery seems to have been elegant. Another Room as this, that having the support of two arches like the preceding, with two fireplaces, and one window like those of the former, lighted by an open area within the large one. There are four Bastions on each side, of the same dimensions, having each three stories, the two upper stories having fireplaces.

The four towers of the East end have each of them a smaller tower issuing from the side of the larger, involving a staircase and tower a considerable height above the larger, producing a light and elegant effect. Pennant says that each large tower has its attendant lesser one; but this is erroneous. In the most easterly Bastion to the North is a semicircular recess formed out of the thickness of the walls, having 3 narrow windows, the whole beautifully groined, from the midway of the pillars, from which the groins spring. Smaller Arches issue, forming stalls like those the officiating priests had in chancels formerly. This is generally called the Oriel Window, and it was supposed to be Queen Eleanor's Room; but if it was, it is singular that the windows should have been placed so high as not to admit of anybody looking out, and that there should be no fire place in the room, the only instance through all the Bastions. I am therefore disposed to think that this was the Chapel, and that in this beautiful recess the Altar was. On one side of it opening into a small room was an aperture as if for a confessional. At the East end is a flat form similar to that at the opposite end, and flanked alike with 3 low Bastions, but it is bowed. There was a covered way down to the River at the East End. A great part of the bottom of one of the Bastions on the North side, which was so built as to project from the slanting rock it rested on, has been for some time fallen, leaving the upper part, by the strength of its cement, suspended in air.

Conway, to be duly appreciated as a picturesque object, and to be properly admired, should be seen in all sides and at all hours; for there never was a scene that took so many changes, shifting its features at every look and every variation of light and shade; and I would recommend it to every traveller, not to be satisfied with two or three Views of it, making no doubt but the last will still be the most pleasing.

For a general View of Town, Castle, Mountains in the back ground, and its singularly striking accompaniments every way, I think there cannot be a better point to take it from than the opposite shore, a little to the North of the Ferry house. And for

a view of the Estuary and the opposite Promontory—Deganwy, Gogarth, and Orme's Head—strangers should always be directed to that little tongue of land beyond Holland's Arcadia projecting towards the Marsh—a pleasant turf to walk on, near the town and easily accessible.

There are four Gates to the Town. Porth Ucha, through which you enter the Town from the great Roads. Porth Isaf, the Lower Gate, through which you go the Quays and the River. Porth y Velin, the Mill Gate, in the Western Wall; and Porth y Castell, in the East Wall, a little to the left of the entrance to the Castle at the end of Castle Street. There is another Gate in the Curtain stretching from one of the Bastions facing the River, and formerly terminating in a Bastion called Porth yr Adar, the Birds' Gate; but why I cannot learn, and yet this is not properly a Town Gate.

Tuesday, July 17th, 1810.—After breakfast visited the Church. It is a long building having a wide roof without, and looks much lower than it is, the external earth being higher than the floor within. It consists of Nave, Chancel, and two Side Aisles, and a South Transept, being a sort of Chapel belonging to the Hollands, in which are all their monuments. The two rows of Pillars separating the Aisles from the Nave have slightly pointed Arches, with a head sculptured just above the spring of each. It is divided from the Chancel by an elegant skreen, formerly the facing of a Rood loft. An Organ now (*but a hand one*) supplies its place. The skreen appears to have been pieced and repaired yet in its best day, though handsome, very inferior to that at Llanrwst. In the Chancel, within the skreen, as at St. Mary's Haverfordwest, a set of Oak stalls with desk before, of fine old carved Oak, for the Corporation. On the end pillar, on the South side, observe in embossed letters, William Holland.

The old embossed tomb on the Chancel floor, which Mr. Pennant says is that of Mary, Mother of Archbishop Williams, I have my doubts about, as on each side of the head are the initials of E and M; and though her husband's name was Edmund, and in the inscription round the rim you see the name of Edmund, yet from those initials, which I presume were those of her Christian and Surname, I should suspect it to be the tomb of another person. For the Hookes Tomb *vide* Pennant.

The East Window has handsome tracery and painted glass, as have the windows in the South transept. The Roof within lined with plain Oak. The Font is well wrought, decorated with cinquefoil compartments and other devices, but hangs very feebly

together. There is a Canopy, but untenanted. The North Porch of coarse old oak. The South has a round headed stone cased doorway, but very plain. The Tower seems in a ruinous state. On enquiring of the Parson, Mr. Reynolds, if he could shew me any portions (if any extant) of the old Abbey he was so kind as to accompany me to a garden bordering on the Churchyard, where he remembered a beautiful Archway, and other walls; but they had been destroyed, and very faint traces of them left. These, probably, Mr. Pennant alluded to.

I then visited the curious old house in Castle Street, called the College, said to have been formerly the residence of the Hookes. The pine end front, as you may call it, facing the street, has a singular double bow window in the first floor terminating in woodwork wrought into escutcheons, &c., bearing the Arms of the Isle of Man and the Stanley Crest, the Eagle and Child, and some other Crests, with in the centre a Coat which I take to be the cognizance of the Hookes. The House had been new modelled and let out to several poor people; and one Room, in which were the Portraits of the Gentleman and Lady who built it at full length, together with a great deal of Pedigree all over the Walls, was entirely stopt up with lath and plaister, a great pity, as this might throw some light on its date and its former possessors.

There are in Conway several very old Houses of a singular construction of different eras, but none more striking (and whose history has never yet been properly told) than the Ty Mawr, which I next visited. Enter a handsome porch of singular construction towards the Street, over the door of which is Queen Elizabeth's Arms, and at each corner an escutcheon relative to the builder or the then owner (*temp.* Eliz.); viz., on one side, the three Bucks heads; but the other effaced. Over the house door, or rather of the Porter's lodge, the two Greek words. You enter a square court with arches round two sides supporting a terrace, ascended by a handsome flight of stairs. On landing, you enter a round headed doorway with R and W at the corners (date over the door not quite perfect) into a large room, with a fine old chimney, having a Coat of Arms of the Wynnes in stucco on it, with R W and 1580. Ceiling in patterns. One long end window, and two side ones. Within this room a larger ceiling the same, and several escutcheons of Arms, with R W and G W in a circular compartment, and the date of 1580; but over the door by which you enter this room of old carved oak inlaid with black is 1551, proving a house to have existed there prior to the additions and the new decorations of 1580. In another room, over the chimney

piece, the Queen's Arms. The ceiling displaying several Coats, such as that of Iarddur, Wynne, Ednyved Vychan, and Collwyn ap Tangno. The grand private interest is in the middle of the building in the lane, whose Portico was once sustained by Pillars ; one of them lying by the door of a Cottage the other side of the way. This might be called the Queen's door, having her Arms over the inner side in good preservation. A room on one side, the Queen's Arms again, with portcullis on one side and rose on the other, with E R ; date 1577. Depth of the building from the farther end in the lane to its street corner, 142 ft. 6 ins.

Took boat through a mizzling rain. Landed at Deganwy. Called on Lord Kirkwall, who was not at Home.

Wednesday, July 18th, 1810.—Sent our Horses early over the ferry, and soon followed them in the small boat. Got over, mounted, and rode on the margin of the Estuary, and turn up to the flat marshy ground separating Llandudno from the other part of the Promontory, before we come to Gogarth, where I perceived part of an old building which I am told are like two Bastions of a Castle. Mount the Hill at the Village of Llandudno. Pass by Copper mine works, and over a fine down curiously dotted and streaked with the outbreak of Limestone rock, till we come to the extreme point of Orme's Head, which is a fine bold bluff point, but very inferior in point of the horrid and tremendous to our Cliffs in Pembrokeshire. Hence we enjoy a most extensive and delightful prospect both by Sea and Land, and are greeted with the notes of different Birds. The point fronts the N. West. Bend our course to the right, still keeping near the edge of the Rocks, and pass the spot which Pennant calls Lletty Vadog, and where he says there are remains of walls without mortar. See a little higher up a tumulus or two. Pass under the signal post, and close under the hill which it stands on. Pass the site of a much larger building than that of Lletty Vadog, of which no notice has been taken. But as Sir Richard Hoare justly observed, seeing that all this steep, by the old furrows, had been in early days under tillage, and that there must have been Men to cultivate the Land, and they must have had houses, the remains we see are those of their early habitations.

Descend a slope towards the sea to see the solitary Church of Llandudno. A plain structure and producing nothing within. Repass the Copper Work, and before we come to the Village of Llandudno, turn to the left, and ascend a hill to see the Maen Sigl so much talked of, and which Pennant mentions as situated in the

midst of a circle, having a foss round it, and a way formed to it ; whereas it is no such thing. There is indeed some faint Agger of Stones on one side of the Summit, and another of Earth, and within this you see many round slight excavations, and many marked with stones round, similar to those found perpetually on many of our heights through Wales. And as to the Maen Sigl—Cryd Tudno—it stands at the extremity of the Summit, and is not very large, but it does shake, but has no foss about it, and has no road marked to it.

Over the flat by the Margin of the Sea, making for Deganwy. Turn off to search for the stone inscribed between Bodavon and Tyddyn Holland. Find it just on the road side close by the latter place. There the Man's father found it, but, lying along, he raised it, as it now is. Thus inscribed—SANCT —IVVS ..CACR ....S.* The man who shewed me this stone told me that after storms and low tides a sort of Causeway is seen stretching across the sands, and is supposed to have been an ancient road coming from Flintshire, made by the Romans before the flat land there was encroached on. The Sarn was called Sarn Holland, perhaps a corruption for Sarn Helen, as well as Tyddyn Holland for Tyddyn Helen.

Sir Richard Hoare being gone on, I hastened to join him. Stopped at Eglwys Rhôs. Small Church ; Chancel belonging to Gloddaeth, which was once of painted glass, though nothing now remains but a bit here and there. The principal bit represents a man kneeling before a book in a Herald's Coat, with the Arms of Englefield blazoned on it, and issuing from his mouth, *Fili Dei miserere mei*, and above a compartment with a skull and a cemetery. Above at the top of the window, the only bit perfect, there the figure of a King with a crown on. An escutcheon to the left of Herald. The roof of Chancel neatly ceiled with carved Oak. In my way hence to Deganwy fancied I saw a large portion of old Road pitched running parallel with the present.

The Ruins of Deganwy Castle occupy two Hills, one lower than the other, with a little flat between. The wall embraced the Summit of both hills, and followed the edge of the smallest where still exists a piece of wall, so well cemented that it maintains its ground, though on the declivity of a smooth rock the foundation line distinctly traced, and here and there an immense fragment of the building as inseparable as a solid stone. After passing the flat

* This inscription has been for long a crux. For the most authoritative readings see *Arch. Camb.*, 1897, pp. 140-2 ; 1912, pp. 148-9.—Ed.

it ascended the larger Hill, which towards the North and North West is steep and craggy. The area of the larger Hill's summit is of great extent. On the North side portions of two Bastions on the edge of the most precipitous part; and a large piece of a curtain Wall facing the Rock of great Height. A large Tower occupied the centre of the largest Hill, as did another the smaller. They call the Castle, Castell y Vairdre. They say there was a Church there, and that they find Bones there and pieces of Coffins; and tradition says that there was a town there, which extended as far as Gogarth, and that there all the shipping and traffick of that River was. Some think that the Romans had a station there, and the Farmer at Deganwy shewed me in a field above the house a spot in which Bricks and Ashes turn up, as if there had been a Brick kiln, and not only in one part of the field but many, and that he never heard in late times that ever bricks had been made there.

Thursday, July 19th, 1810.—Crossed the ferry at Conway, and rode to Bodyscallan, a venerable old house situated on an eminence, belonging to Sir Thomas Mostyn, where two of his sisters live with an Aunt of theirs. The House seems to have been builtabout the year 1626, by the date on one of the pine ends, and the initials of R W—Robert Wynne, the same probably who built the Plâs Mawr in Conway. In the interior and middle of the house there is a corkskrew stone staircase leading to an observatory at the top of the house, which, by the great age seemingly of the stone composing it, belongs probably to a building of a very old date, and most likely of the castellated kind. From this look out the View is most extensive and beautiful, and a peep of the sea is obtained in several different places. The House is embosomed in Woods of Noble growth, which are suffered to luxuriate their own way, without any fear of the axe. There are good gardens annexed, and a very fine grassy terrace facing Conway (though from the state it is, kept in disuse), at the end of which there is a covered seat formed out of an old bed of Oak, inlaid with other wood, in a compartment of which I observe the date of 1581, with the initials, R W. This Relic was said to be brought from the Plâs Mawr. You enter at a Hall a large old Room, but low, and having nothing either singular or dignified to attract notice. In it are two pictures—one of Sir John Wynne of Gwydir, the original from which the plate in Pennant was taken, though I think the plate has not fully expressed the character of the Painting. The other in Armour of a Person, by the dress, about the time of the Civil Wars. Name not

known. In the Drawing Room I saw the Portrait mentioned by Pennant of Doctor Ellis Pryse, on boards, a singular style of painting, and seemingly by the same Master as painted his son Thomas Pryse the Poet, which I saw at Hendre Rhys Gethin, having the same sort of complexion and red hair as the Father, though with a more agreeable countenance. The Doctor's Portrait has the date 1584 in one corner of it. Was treated with the sight of a basket of old MSS., but had not time to examine them thoroughly. I saw several old Chronicles, and a copy of Jeffrey of Monmouth on vellum, a fair copy of a collection of Welsh Proverbs, and the original Manuscript in Robert Vaughan's handwriting of his "British Antiquities Revived," very fair and entire—a great curiosity.

Took our leave of the Ladies, and set off for Gloddaeth. (N.B.—Bodyscallan, if you except its chimneys, cannot be seen, it is so deeply embosomed in Woods.) Gloddaeth lies under a sloping Limestone Rock, of considerable height, clothed with majestick woods in a large semicircle. The trees are of every sort, and of very large growth, particularly Horse chestnut, particularly in that extensive grove in the Vale beneath the House. The House is most charmingly situated, with a South aspect, and on all sides skreened from the other points. The building is of various Eras, and all together is very large. There is an antique hall with a dais at one end, as at Colleges, and a Gallery at the other, supported by arched Oak beams, and a canopied ceiling over the dais, with Escutcheon of the Family covering almost the Royal Arms, blazoned in Fresco, and some loyal sentiments; but I never saw the Earl of Leicester's Arms, which Pennant mentions. The Chimney piece is stone in nearly a large elliptick Arch, having on it, in raised characters, *Heb Dduw heb ddim, Duw a digon*; and in another line *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* But this Hall is nothing to that at Llewenney, either in size or perfection of Costume.

Visited the Library, a small narrow Room, with a great many good old books in it, and several curious MSS., particularly one volume of a Froissart in Folio on Vellum finely illuminated, containing the two first books. There is another, it is said, at Mostyn, which I am induced to think may be the remaining books, as it is not probable, as it was a present to an ancestor of the family from Lord Buckhurst, that it should not be perfect. There is a large Cabinet of Coins; but the Article most deserving notice in the Museum is the torquis of Gold found near Harlech, circular and twisted, 13 inches diameter, and weighs——. Kitchen curious.

Buttery, half door as at Colleges. The Gardens are below the house, sloping in terraces, walls very high. Must be very early from their exposure. Fine outdoor grapes.

Hence visit Penrhyn, an irregular old house, where it is said Ednyved Fychan was born in 1170. They say that originally the old mansion or palace stood where the orchard now is, and they show you the old chapel, now a stable. Proceed along the margin of a semicircular bay to Trillo's Well, covered over with a low vaulted roofed building, and pitched with pebbles bedded in mortar without instead of tiles. It is entered by a low door at one end, on the right hand of which in a corner seems to be the eye of the Well, which falls into a square bason at the other end, and by a duct under the Wall into a receptacle on the other side, I suppose for the convenience of bathing the limbs in. It stands within a square curtilege, and had a wall round it, the stump of which is still seen. The building is fourteen feet long without it by eleven.

After visiting Trillo's Well we ride on, ascending a little way, till we come to the Church, dedicated to him, Llandrillo, situated on a beautiful knoll commanding a fine view of the sea. The Church is double, divided lengthways by a row of elegant Arches of the lightest style of Henry 7th's time, resting on nicely proportioned columns. On the North side, two Arches, now stopped up, shew it to have had an Aisle or Aisles on that side. The East Window has some painted Glass in it, and in two places I observe Ednyved Vychan's old Coat, a chevron between three Helmets; so that it is clear that it was set up before he had acquired his new Coat, viz., three Saxons' heads, probably given by that powerful chieftain who is said to have resided at Bryn Eurin. The Church has a handsome steeple, and merits a better edifice to attend it. Within a very short distance stands the ruined pile of Bryn Eurin, where it is said that first Maelgwn Gwynedd had his palace there, and that Ednyved Vychan possessed and inhabited it in the 12th Century, to which age we may date the painted Glass. The Ruins visible shew it to have been large, and the foundations that may be easily traced in all directions, still larger. I never saw a place so overrun with the sloe tree, which, perhaps, gave name to it.

Hence to Llan Gwstennin Church, close by an old mansion called Llangwstennin Hall, on a slope under a fine hill of wood. It is a little, mean building, but has the remains of a painted Glass window at the East End—a figure of a man in armour, with uplifted sword, his horse standing by him. Can it be meant for

Constantine, to whom it is dedicated ? I there, for the first time, saw the Bangu, or Hand bell ; nearly square, but yet bell shaped. In the Evening walked up to Bennarth, from which nothing can be seen but itself ; it is so shut up with trees.

Saturday, 21st July, 1810.*—With an appearance of approaching rain, we set off to explore Penmaen bach, led by a memorandum of the late Mr. Griffiths of Caerhun, which gave us Reason to think we should have found there marks of early population, Druidical circles, and other relics, as well as Carneddau. But after with some difficulty getting to the only spot that could possibly furnish room for such appearances, the only flat surface in the vicinity of his direction, we found nothing, but a few heaps of stones, evidently gathered off the piece of ground they were on, the better to fit it for the plough ; and the site of ancient sheep folds. But to have made out anything like a perfect circle or oval, which he refers to, required a more fertile imagination than mine.

However, by our search after those imaginary remains, we were put into the track of that ancient fortification on the summit of the hills above Conway Marsh, which he calls Castell Caer Lleion, perhaps one of the earliest of the British fortresses, as well as the strongest. It occupies the highest point of that ridge overlooking the Marsh of Conway, and includes an immense space broken by several portions of Rock scattered over it, affording great shelter, and giving to it an uncommon wildness. We ascended by what I supposed to be the old Road to it, made tolerably easy by its judicious direction, and entered it by an opening in the stone Agger facing the Vale of Llanrwst to the South West. Being on the sides rather difficult of access, it is defended but by one Agger of Stones, and a foss without it ; but at the North end, where it was more accessible, by several circumvallations. On the Marsh it is very precipitous ; yet even there its limits are marked by a line of stones running with the edge of the precipice. Below the Camp on that side is a craggy point of Rock immediately overhanging the Marsh, the hill being there very precipitous, and might have served for an *ara speculatoria*, to observe what was passing at the base of the hill, out of the reach of the Camp at top. At the North end, which is fortified by stronger and redoubled rampant, appears to have been a part detached from the main Camp, a sort of Prætorium, which the King or Chieftain

* The Journal for Friday, the 20th—Caerhun, and Church—is included in the press copy, above.—Ed.

who had the command occupied. In short, whether we regard it as a post of strength or a point for prospect, it is equally entitled to notice, and should be pointed out to the traveller, not one of whom in a hundred has ever seen, or is ever directed to it The South East end particularly commands a view of unrivalled beauty of the Estuary of the Conway, the Bay of Beaumaris, to Anglesey; all the Hundred of Creuddin, with its breaks, Woods, and Promontories, and the River Conway glittering here and there in its course, up to Gwydir—that noble Vista terminating in the Arennig Mountains. The Castle and town, the tide being at full when we saw it, presented a most superb Panorama. I have strong reasons to believe that this was the place called Caer Gyffin, for I still think there never was a military post at Conway before Edward's time. I observed on the side next to the Marsh, in part of the rampart, part of the dry wall entire, what I never observed before, which induced me to think that the surrounding rampart was only a loose heap of stones piled high.

N.B.—Just as you come to the winding descent above Sychnant, a view of matchless beauty and grandeur suddenly opens upon you, with the wild sterility of the naked Hill bounding the pass through which the road winds, contracted by the richness and verdure of the little Vale at its base on one side, called Penmaen Bach; and on the other the fine downy irregularities, ending in the savage sublimity of Penmaenmawr. The little Vale of Sychnant and the flat about the Church of Dwygyfylchi extremely fertile and pleasant. A fine house of a Mr. Smith. Dwygyfylchi Church rebuilt 1760.

In the evening proceeded to Aber, passing the curious road under Penmaenmawr, which no man, who has any reflection, can travel without feeling peculiar awe—the Sea coming by the foot of a precipice hid from the Eye by a parapet Wall on one side, and the tremendous Mountain of Penmaenmawr on the other, with a lava of rocky fragments covering its side, threatening ruin, and some of them supported with portions of masonry to stop their downfall. For a couple of miles the Conway side of this pass, the Roads excellent, and as strait as the line can be drawn, and all the way after leaving the pass to Aber. No Roman road could ever be straiter.

Monday, July 23rd, 1810.*—Set off on an excursion to visit the top of Penmaenmawr, we had looked forward to with much curious

* The substance of the Journal for July 22nd (Aber Falls—Roman Road—Stone Circles—Bwlchyddauvaen) has been already given.—Ed.

expectation from the accounts of it by Edward Llwyd, and after him, by all historians and tourists ever since, though I doubt much if half of those who mention it have ever seen it. The description of it by Edward Llwyd is certainly exaggerated, and betrays an ignorance of that species of early fortification (if that can with propriety be called fortification which I think had nothing to do with anything military), so very common throughout Wales, though on lesser heights, and with circumvallation of stones ; within which, and adjoining it, are several circular sites of old buildings of different dimensions, which are those he calls towers, but were no other in my humble opinion than the huts of the early inhabitants of the Island who occupied it; but yet allowing them to have been turrets or bastions, numbering all such as connect with the walls, I don't think they can amount to above 30 or 40. Over the plain are seen several of a similar character ; but there can be no pretence for calling them *towers*. From this flat by a narrow winding and difficult path, which you must pick through loose stones, you gain the summit, after passing two or three (in some places) ramparts of stones, which is one confused aggregate of broken points of rock and small circular huts, which I suppose are likewise called towers ; and two large Carneddau, in one of which that had been opened I saw the remains of a Cistvaen ; not so high or so multiplied from want of the same means, all this mountain being nothing but an aggregate of loose stones. In the description given of it by Ed. Llwyd, who perhaps had seen in MS. old Sir John Wynne's account, it is clear that he must have taken into the account not only the Apex of the mountain, but the large flat and hollow on a much lower level, which is properly the Braich y Dinas, the Arm or Wing of the City, the Apex being only the keep or citadel, round which, on the most accessible side, are seen the remains of one of those dry walls, now overturned, and an irregular agger ; and nearer the North East point of the Apex, a Well, said never to lack water in the dryest weather, but which Pennant conceives to be fed by rains and the humid vapour which so frequently involves its head. The View from it is highly interesting.

In our way down from the summit, observe at the base of the high mountain a circular building which, on examining, I found had no aperture or entrance in the sides, and though now uncovered, appeared to have ended in a cove, like the top of an oven, and was perfect beyond the part that had begun to contract into an arch ; and the circles, if we might judge from their diameter, which appeared to be on the Conway side of the apex of the

mountain, as well as from their not having an entrance at the sides, seemed to have been designed for a similar purpose. I thought I discovered the Avenues Pennant mentions as leading to this spot up the sides of the first ascent.

I agree fully with Gen. Pownall in concluding that this was not a military fortification ; but I must dissent from him in thinking it a great Druidical Establishment. I cannot conceive it to be anything but a town of the primitive settlers of the Island, who lived in high places, the Valleys being a tangled wilderness, and infested by Wolves and other Beasts of Prey, and lived in Communities under their chief, whether a Hero, a Druid, or a Patriarch, and at a period before even War was known ; and I never can assent to a belief that in after ages such a high situation as this was fixed on to be a Camp for our Llewelyn in the time of his Father in Law, King John, and that it was from this height he saw Bangor on fire, whilst his teeth were chattering in his head from cold and from fear. Would any man who had any spirit or knowledge of military tactics, even were it expedient to retreat and take shelter from persecution, or a superior force, ever clamber up at the hazard of his neck and bring up 2,000 men with him to starve ? Where before they could, if they had a favourable opportunity to do so, retort on their Enemies. Having any intelligence of their position, might come infinitely too late to wreak their vengeance on them. Such is the difficulty of the descent as well as ascent. Besides, the Enemy would have time to be at a sufficient distance from any fear.

Descending from the mountain, we take our way over a fine down to see a spot mentioned by Gibson in his edition of Camden, and by Pennant, and without much stretch of Fancy we may suppose that this was a Cursus for their Chariot Races, being very wide, and for the greater part of the way, as fine as the downs of Wiltshire, with only as much fine quality as might be wished for for such an exhibition, and the only place perhaps capable of producing such an extent of surface so downy and yet so full of variety, and in so elevated situation ; so commodious for the great establishment on Penmaenmawr. After riding over what may be deemed a Cursus, I come to two large Carneddau, the largest being surrounded by very small ones in a belt. About a mile farther on we come to a spot, after passing by the relick of either a large Carnedd or ground work of some circular building, full of ancient works, at the extremity of which my guide shewed me a stone called Maen y Campiau, the Stone of the Games, which Pennant represents as an upright one, but which I saw was

a mass of natural Rock, near which there were two Carneddau and a circle with a slight stone Agger ; further on above that a large circle marked with upright stones.

Tuesday, July [24th], 1810.*—Alone, in consequence of supposing that the Roman road from Bwlch y ddauvaen had not possibly come by the Vale of Aber, I set off to see if I could not find a more likely course for it to have taken so as to have avoided the precipitous descent into that deep glen, and the very narrow pass through above the river, scarcely admitting of room now for a horse to go by. I went up the way we had before taken, as well to see a spot at the extremity of the little vale of Aber called Havod Celyn, an old house in ruins, with a small farm house close to it. The old house never had been large, but was built in a form rather above the fashion of the ordinary farms of that Country, as it had a loftier chimney, an arched doorway, and, as the farmer informed me, had on it a folding door with large iron hinges and studded with nails like that on a prison, and fastened on the inside by a piece of wood running into the wall on both sides of it, the iron crooks for holding the hinges being inserted in the great stones of the walls, there being no wooden door frame. I was likewise told that in the adjoining field, which appeared to be much intersected with stumps of fences and old foundations of various sorts, as well as seemingly remains of Carneddau, there was the site of an old Church overhanging the little mountain stream that comes from Llyn Nantavon.

In my ascent to the Mountain, not so high up as where I saw the large Druid Circle, saw one of much smaller dimensions, with a stone agger round it, having in it 2 round huts united rather deeper than they are in ordinary, with entrance to each ; and on either hand,in my progress, as I diverged a little,saw marks of early habitations by small enclosures of different shapes. Rode on till I came to a little hollow formed by the mountain torrents, and to which I thought I could distinctly track the Roman road, and then tried its course by the supposed line it must have taken, and found it just as strait by that, if not straiter than the former we had first fixed on, for this new line was found to incline less to the right than that did to the left, and in every respect to be preferred. For some time, it seemed to have followed the stone wall on the right to its end on the summit of the hill, and there, without too great a stretch of foray, was easily perceived following

* MS. 2. 50.

a gentle slope, a broader road though grassed over, and in many places with rather a little . . . , but by being the constant mountain Road for the neighbouring farms to their sheep and turbary, much beaten, and not so highly raised as it would have been in flat or less dry ground. I still follow the same appearance, still sloping gently to the Vale, with hardly any deviation from its first, to Aber, at the base of the hill above Gorddinog, by that means making that point without the smallest difficulty of precipitous river, or any other impediment, and by a much less distance.

In my descent my attention was caught by a Druidical Circle about a 100 yards out of my road, having two or three upright stones yet standing, the others being lower, and a double row filled with small stones, 25 yards diameter, and in the vicinity near it other smaller enclosures.

On my return, visit the church ; new steeple, built by Lord Bulkeley, having no steeple before. Church very decayed. In the Church a handsome urn of an antique model, white marble ; brought from Italy, with embossed on it in verd antique a serpent (Inscription taken off by Sir R^{d}. Hoare). Another monument to a Lady Dorothy Bond, Wife of Sir Thos. Bond, Daur. of J^{no}. Wynne of Gorddinog. Sir Thos. died in 1734, aged 25. He was said to be the Person who built Bond Street in London. Amongst the list of Benefactors to the Parish, which was on paper, hardly legible, being put upon high, in a small black frame,the name of Sir W^{m}. Thomas*,first of Carnarvon, then of Aber, who left, but I could not read the sum, to the poor. There was on the South side of the Church close to the Wall a large old Limestone slab uninscribed, on low pillars of same stone, said to have covered this Sir W^{m}. Thomas. The present Rector, to have this ascertained, had the grave opened, and found an Oak Coffin of immense thickness, and fastened by 3 or more padlocks, and of immense dimensions—as if it was meant to have contained another body, and therefore it was fastened with locks that it might be easier opened, as the will of the deceased might have mentioned where the keys were deposited.

We leave Aber with regret, being most pleasingly situated at the entrance into a charming romantick little Valley, with a scattered village and Church prettily sprinkled with trees. The Inn is neat and clean, and the Landlord and his Wife are most civil and attentive. The View of the Sea from the window

* Sir Wm. Thomas's family came from [Aberglasney,] Llangathen.

we sat in was most delightful, being a South East aspect, with Penmaenmawr rearing its majestick Head exactly in front, and the other bold Capes projecting beyond it on one side, and Penmon and the Anglesey Coast with Priestholme Island on the other. If travellers are in quest of fine scenery, curious Relics of British Antiquity, and one fond of quiet neatness and civility, Aber will certainly gratify them to their utmost wishes.

Leaving Aber in the evening, we take the lane above the Church instead of the Turnpike road, as it goes through a farm called Henffordd, the old way, and was said to have been the old Sarn Helen or Roman Road which formerly went by the three trees planted in a row in the Parson's lawn, and up under the churchyard. From its direction as we travelled it, we concluded it must have been nearly the course of the old Roman way, but in less than three Miles we were obliged to desert it, as it took a turn down to join the present road, and its continuation was lost in an enclosed tract.

Stopped at Llandegai Church, beautifully situated above the Ogwen on a little Knoll. The Church is small, but an elegant model of a cruciform building with the Tower in the centre, the whole line of outward finished with an embattled parapet. It appears to be old, by the attrition of the stone, even within the Church the pillars that support the Arches being much worn, by Age entirely ; and it excites surprize to see in a country, where most of the common churches are of a very mean character, such an elegant specimen of Architecture of the period we must date it at, at least 500 years back, only to be accounted by supposing that the possessors of Penrhyn, who certainly were the greatest Men of their time, and had been from the first so, were likewise Men of greater taste. The Church is dedicated to Tygai, who was said to have been buried in the Churchyard, and that his grave was marked with the coarse pillar, now removed from the place it orginally stood in to the South East side of the Cemetery, where it serves to support a Dial.

In the Church is the monument of Archbishop Williams, his figure represented kneeling ; a great likeness ; it was of Alabaster, it is said, which has been painted. Latin Epitaph. On the South side of the Altar are two Effigies, male and female, in Alabaster highly finished, raised on an Altar tomb, whose sides are decorated with figures of monks with Wings, that is, Monks made Angels, holding escutcheons on their breasts, which once seemed to have been painted with Coats of Arms, but now totally effaced. The headdress of the female is very elegant and simple,

and the whole executed in a masterly style. It is generally believed that this monument, as well as two others of a similar age and character, one in Beaumaris Church, and the other in that of Penmynydd, were at the dissolution of Monasteries brought from the Priory of Llanvaes, and each consigned to the Parish Church of the family it was known to have belonged to. There are some who have doubted this, but there have been passages cited out of the Bards of those days in confirmation of the more general opinion, that I think is decisive of the matter. Besides, it is well known that there was a small Chapel at the mouth of the Ogwen, where the Corpses of those who died at Penrhyn were known to have lain till the tide served to waft them over to the other shore to be interred at Llanvaes, and that perhaps the Chapel was built for the purpose. They say the monument is that of a Sir William Griffith and his Lady, who I believe was a Stanley.

Hence to the Inn called the Penrhyn Arms, where we occupied a sitting room with a bow projection, having 3 windows commanding the most enchanting prospect, all that we saw at Aber with infinitely a greater expanse, the whole bay of Beaumaris, Penmaen Mawr, Orme's Head and the Promontory of Llandudno like an Island, the connecting flat being entirely lost to the eye; Priestholme and Beaumaris often seen beautifully gilded by the Evening Sun, with the entrance of the Menai, &c. Too much can't be said in praise of it. But before tea we strolled over the summit of the ridge of Hill which bounds Bangor to the North, which you enter exactly opposite the Inn door, and from this ridge you gain a prospect that, I think, cannot be parallelled in all Wales, for all the prospect so much to be admired from the bowling green at the Inn is gained here from a greater height, together with an unbounded view of the Mountains, particularly the grand confines of the Ogwen, being perhaps the grandest group of the whole Snowdonian tract. We explored this Hill to find out the remains of Hugh Lupus's Castle, so much exaggerated by Pennant; but if we did not find anything to answer his description, we found a much more interesting thing in a point that gave us such a treat of prospect and salutary Air. To make out the ground sufficient to answer the purpose of that sort of shelter or defence which our earliest ancestors crowned their Hills with, required rather a lively fancy; but to make it anything like what would have suited the tacticks of the proud Norman exceeded much the powers of mine. Yet though we failed to find the fortress of Hugh Lupus, as described by

Pennant, we found what interested us much more, and what that great Tourist in the visionary contemplation of Lupus's Castle seemed to have overlooked, the matchless prospect which the summit of this hill commands.

Wednesday, July [25th], 1810.—Our plan being to secure our visit to the Vale of Ogwen, whilst the weather continued favourable, we could not suffer a fine morning to escape us, so set off to see the dressed Dairy and Cottage belonging to Lady Penrhyn on the banks of the Ogwen. The weather was extremely hot, and the Dust flew about in clouds that almost choked us, and Clouds collecting and heat increasing portended a change of Weather. The River, like all the Mountain Rivers when as low as this, is not a pleasing object, its channel shewing more stones than water. The scene on all sides was enlivened by the course of the Rail Road carriages laden with slates, a load that would be more perhaps than 20 Horses could draw, drawn by two ; neat cottages, Mills for different Manufactories, Cottages for the workmen employed in the Mines, and a Chapel adjoining for their use. On the right, not far from the Quarry of Slates, saw a Neat Villa, a new creation out of a spot lately covered with rocky excrescences and surrounded by bog and turbary, now displaying pleasure grounds, grove, and gardens walled and cropped with fruit, and fine meadows, occupied by a superintendent of the Mines, called Bryn Derw.

Ride on to the extent of our proposed excursion, as far as that spot which enabled us to see the point below Ogwen Lake which commanded the vale below it, and which we now were in. On our return, stop at Lady Penrhyn's Dairy, a peasant in holiday cloaths, where Nature is no farther sacrificed to Art than to improve her beauties and conceal or remedy her defects, Art only ministring as handmaid at her toilet ; where, in short, the true characteristick of a dairy and all its appendages, neatness and cleanliness are united with elegance, proving that in every process which relates to milk, nicety cannot be carried to excess ; and, as in this instance, an exception to the general rule, that extremes are neither unbecoming nor useless, and need not be avoided.

The Dairy itself in its first requisites particularly merits notice, airiness and coolness, being situated so as to command the best aspect, and having its floor, its benches, and its lining all of the beautiful Slate of the Penrhyn Quarry, finely polished and nicely jointed, the whole ventilated in the most judicious manner, and

abundantly and curiously supplied with fine water to prevent the possibility of anything impure existing to vitiate the atmosphere such a Room requires.

The Pans are all of Queen Ware, handsomely bordered, and of a peculiar but most commodious shape. The Kitchen is a model of convenience and neatness, and a fit companion for such a dairy, with furniture in the most appropriate Style, of which the pendent rows of Bacon are not the least becoming and valuable articles. The sitting room for the reception of her Ladyship and Company is the chastest specimen of elegant simplicity, and all the offices of this ornamented Lactarium are in perfect character. The Ground round it is a happy mixture of kitchen, flower, fruit Garden and shrubbery, including an Apiary so contrived and placed as to admit of seeing that wonderful insect at work, and supplying Virgin honey without the usual murderous process. Behind the House, properly shut out from the Eye, is that part of the Establishment so materially connected with a Dairy, and yet is of that nature as that no attention can prevent a degree of litter and impurity, namely the Piggery, the Poultry yard, the furnaces for steaming potatoes, yards for fuel, &c., but all so nicely planned and connected that nothing can exceed the arrangement. The command of water here is remarkable. A fountain plays in the Poultry Court for the Aquatick part of its inhabitants, and even churning is performed by Water. At the bottom of the Grounds flows the Ogwen, which here assumes a gentler and more pastoral character than it usually shews; and every rocky excrescence and inequality incident to the ground are so judiciously managed, by being shewn or concealed as may best suit the scene, as altogether to form one of the loveliest spots imaginable. Hence a beautiful path through a rich sloping meadow reclaimed from a turbary, following the windings of the river, brings you to another beautiful spot.

Lady Penrhyn's dressed Cottage *orné* is happily placed so as to admit of a view, through a fine skreen of trees, of a handsome bridge here thrown over the Ogwen leading to the Quarries, and to a partial view of the Quarries themselves opposite to it, at a little distance. It consists of one elegant Room, with a Bow to the River; and suitable offices, stabling, and kitchen and other apartments for the person having the care of it—all neatly and compactly united. The Entrance to this little Paradise of sweets is through an avenue, the sides of which are decorated with knots of flowers in the form of Baskets of different shapes, with handles covered and wreathed with creepers of various

sorts. To the right a winding walk through a plantation takes you to the mushroom walk, over rocky ground mixed with mossy and short grassy spots, where artificial mushrooms are scattered nicely imitative of nature, and a few of a gigantick size serving as seats. From a projecting point of this rocky precipice overhanging the river you catch a fine view of a rocky ledge over which the Ogwen after floods forms a beautiful Cataract, and still lower down, there is a view of another, to which you descend by a romantick path down the sides of this little rocky promontory. A Book is here kept in which Visitors write their names. I was fortunate enough to return just in time to escape the rain which fell in the mountainous region I had left.

After dinner walked to the Cathedral, which has nothing either within or without to characterize it, and render it particularly deserving notice, but its neatness. The Architecture is of the age of Henry VIIth. The only ancient monument is that in the south transept under a Canopy of stone, being a raised tomb with Cross fleury on it, said to be that of Owen Gwynedd. Opposite to the Church on the south side of the street is the facade of an old building entered by a pointed Arch Doorway, with a small Window of ancient stone tracery on each side, which from all I could collect, was once the residence of the Vicars, where they lived in a collegiate way. Visited the School, a large new building, the old having been at a little distance from it nearer the little rill that divides the Vale, on the site, as is supposed, of the old friary. The few grave stones that were preserved from the ruins of that religious house are now inserted most injudiciously in an horizontal position into the walls of some of the outbuildings of the new school house. The first that occurs is marked with a cross fleury and a great sword, as thus :—

The other is of nearly the same shape and size, and ornamented with a Cross of much finer workmanship, with circular top and curious fretwork, said to have been the tomb of the founder, Tudor ap Grono. The other is placed upright in the Wall, being

the effigy of an Abbess or Nun with her Rosary—mean sculpture on soft stone.

The Master of the School shewed us a drawing of the old schoolroom before it was taken down. Saw the schoolhouse, and the dormitory of the boarders, which was neat and airy.

Thursday, July [26th], 1810.—Walked after Breakfast to Mr. Broster's. Found him a pleasant, gentlemanly, well informed man. He said that Tacitus mentions the Marble of Anglesey, and had perhaps found the vein they call the Verd antique, lately discovered there (To enquire more of this). Returned, rode to Penrhyn, where we were most graciously received, and were shewn the Lions in great style. The Coach and four attending. Lady Penrhyn first walked with us round the walk at the back of the house, which looks to Penmaenmawr, and there we were charmed at the gradual display of the fine view ; Penmaenmawr first shewing itself, and a little of the Sea, then Penmaenbach obtrudes its Head, and after Orme's Head, then Llandudno like an Island, till the trees in a more open place suffer the admission of the whole bay, Seiriol Island, Penm n up to Anglesey. Got into the Carriage, which drove to the Bath, approached by a long Mole between two parapets, connecting the continent with a Rock in the Sea, on which the Baths are built. The bath house consists of a handsome vestibule, and on one side dressing Rooms for the Ladies, on the other for the Gentlemen, with baths hot and cold, and Cocks to admit and others to void the Water. Behind is a square enclosure with a high embattled wall lined and flagged with wrought slate, and in it a large circular Bath for swimming, with steps on each side from the different dressing rooms. At one corner of the enclosure are steps you mount to gain a prospect of the whole bay. The whole of this is princely, and unites magnificence with the practicable convenience.

Returning, we stopped at a most lovely Cottage facing Penmaenmawr, rather elevated and recessed from our path, which we ascend to by a few steps, and passing through a little slope richly decorated with the choicest flowers, in patches shaped like Baskets. The Front of the Cottage is covered with the choicest Creepers and other flowers, and even Laburnum, producing a pleasing effect trained as a creeper. The Vestibule is hung with the most appropriate paper, having Niches papered with a paper to imitate Flower pots.

The sitting Room is hung round with a variety of humorous

caricatures, a species of engraving peculiar to England, capable of conveying much satyre, reproof, and instruction. The kitchen to this is equally entitled to notice for neatness and comfort as all the others. The Bed chambers, as well as every the minutest appendage, were nicety itself. We then proceeded to the stables, the Farm yard, and the Carpenter's yard, all on a scale of great magnificence, and most judiciously arranged.

We were next shewn the Chapel happily embosomed in wood with its front only open, which is of the same embattled character with the Church of Llandegai, and was taken stone by stone from the old Chapel at the old house, and here most happily disposed of. The inside is plain but elegant. The Pulpit has three of its side compartments filled with Bas relief in old black Oak, representing our Saviour bound in one, his Crucifixion in another, and I believe in the third his Ascension. The outside of the building is overgrown with Ivy, so as to produce the effect of great age. Returned to avoid the impending storm just in time. Dined, and passed a very interesting day, Lady Penrhyn being remarkably chatty and attentive.

Friday, July [27th], 1810.—Set off, in company with the Rev. Mr. Davies and Mr. R. Llwyd, to Tycoch to see the Stone found there in 1806 with an inscription on it, which we had reason to think a Milliary, and to endeavour to trace the Road by that clue. When we arrived at the place, we had the mortification to find that the Stone was not there which a short time before Mr. Davies had seen. The man who lived there, being interrogated as to its disappearance, seemed most confused, and prevaricated, altering his story every five minutes. At last he owned that the Stone (though he said the Carpenters who were there at work had broken it) was not put into the building, and he charged its disappearance to those Carpenters, though I strongly suspect he is privy to it. It was found in a Corn field just above the house, out of which an immense quantity of stones was extracted, the Stone being the principal disorder that this soil is subject to. The whole field before it underwent cultivation was covered with the site of those circular primitive habitations called Cyttiau'r Gwyddelod. Gloomy from our disappointment in not seeing the supposed Milliary, we proceeded hoping to catch some bits of the Roman road, from this new clue: think we caught it on a Common; but I was informed by a Peasant that the raised line of evener ground had formerly been a place where the trained bards were exercised.

As we were restricted to an hour for dining, we turned our faces homewards, and happening to meet the Mason who was the person that worked at the new house at Tycoch, we mentioned to him our disappointment about the stone. He insisted on its still being there, and volunteered accompanying us to the spot again. Before we reached the house we met the Wife of the Man we had examined in the morning, who said the stone had disappeared, but with some little variation from her husband's account, yet she said she was totally ignorant of its fate. In looking back over this field where the stone was found, we thought we saw a little raised ridge discoverable in the waving of the Corn. Turned out of its possible course the nearest way to Bangor.

The inscription on the stone,* copied from Mr. Davies of Bangor:

N. VMNC—
IMP. CAESAR. M.
AVREL ANTONINVS
PIVS. P I IX AVC. ARAB.

As given by old Williams:

N — VMNC —
IMP. CAESAR — M
AVRHAI··ITONINVS
PIVS P I IX, AVCIARAB.

The Stone is a sort of free stone or Grit, of a kind not often met with, having many transparent particles mixed with the grain. It is almost rounded into a pillar, about 4 feet in length, and apparently broke off from a part left underground. It must have been brought from far as there is no stone of the quality in the neighbourhood.

After dinner resumed our Horses, and rode down to the Mouth of Ogwen, but the Tide was too far in to admit of our seeing the fallen Cromlech said to have existed at one time there, but saw the ruins of the little chapel belonging to Penrhyn, now a cow house, with nothing to mark the Chapel remaining but the tradition annexed to this little building, as the stone door frame which, no doubt, it once had had given way to a wooden one, and the East Window, if it had any, was stopped up. Besides, we were told it had been even smaller than it now appears, the whole probably having been taken down, and nothing but its site to

* For this now apparently lost stone see *Arch. Camb.*, 1846, pp. 419-20; 1847, pp. 50-2.—Ed.

identify it, however, furnishing a proof of its existence, and, by its size, of the use it was appropriated to of harbouring the Corpses of the deceased from the House of Penrhyn, till Wind and Tide favoured the ferrying them over the Styx of Menai to Llanvaes.

Pursue our Evening Ride by Maes y Groes, where my reverend companion justly remarked, from the appearance of a wide lane pointing down to the easiest pass of the Ogwen, and pointing exactly to Tycoch, and looking back pointing to Aber, the old road must have gone ; and as there had from the name been a Cross there, it was another proof of its long after being a much frequented road, being that the Pilgrims took, and to encourage whom in their pious journeys, it is supposed Crosses were set up.

Hence we proceed to Coch Willan, which was a long awkward old building, one side as I suppose of what was once a Quadrangle, entered by an old Gateway still extant, very plain and mean. The long building, now a barn, was locked up, but through a hole in the end partition we saw sufficient to discover that it was open to the Roof, which was supported by wooden beams, as the roof of a Church, resting on pilasters of wood annexed to the side wall, carved and moulded, having escutcheons of Arms here and there, and on one side a very deep cornice of near two feet all of open work, like the Skreen of a rood loft, which indicated its having been a grand old room. The doors into it were cased with stone arched. Fire place seemingly large ; windows not in proportion, and only two tracery of stone. Over a Window in the pine end of a new House close to Penrhyn Pier on a stone the initials P.G. 1589, being the initials of Piers Griffith of Penrhyn, a naval commander in Queen Eliz. time, and used to refit his Vessels here.

Saturday, July [28th], 1810.—Took the upper road to Carnarvon in hopes of finding what we failed to do yesterday decisively, not having seen anything that fancy could picture into anything like what we were in quest of. Yet coming to Llanddeiniolen we could not do less than turn to see the fine Encampment on the Hill of Dinorwig, lying a little South of the Church facing the Pass of Llanberis. The Summit of this Hill, affording a considerable flat, was occupied, I conceive, by an immense Druidical circle, for I never recollect to have seen one of the early fortresses of defence with stone ramparts but what followed the form of the Hill, but this is made into a perfect circle, and in subsequent ages was chosen and made a military Post, by the

Danes or Saxons most probably, by the addition of two very formidable aggers of Earth having, what is very unusual, a space of no less than 17 yards between each Agger. There is in the most accessible part a third agger, extending only as far as the weakness it was meant to protect. The Original circle was marked by a double line of upright stones set close and filled with small stones, forming a sort of dry wall 4 yards in its average thickness. It is 77 yards in Diameter, and in the middle had an immense Carnedd, seemingly now plundered, or a raised pitched Circle, with a Maen gorsedd in the centre, besides some other circular work marked with stone near the grand Entrance 3 yards wide, to which there was an oblique path up the slope, and followed, in after times, by those who surrounded it with Earth works. The Entrance is at the N. West side. It is perhaps the grandest and most singular ancient work in Wales, and of which even Mr. Pennant scarce says nothing, seeing it with an eye that did not understand it. Most writers think it Roman; that is without knowing anything by which to ascertain the works of that people. They are not inclined to suppose our primitive Ancestors capable of any works that can now surprize or deserve to be admired. A fine Panorama of all the country round.

Nearer Carnarvon, though we had digressed much to the right, thought we saw on our left something like such a rising as the Roman Road, if it went that way, would have presented (To be examined nearer).

It seems Sir Griffith Llwyd inhabited Llys Dinorwig just by the hill, where yet may be traced a Hall 24 yards long, but this, not having been informed of it, we overlooked.

Visited Llanddeiniolen Church. The largest yew trees I ever saw of so fantastick a growth. A monument in the Chancel to a Robert Wynne, M.A., of Jesus College, buried 1720. Qu. if he was the Editor of Powel's Chronicle.

At the foot of the Hill of Dinas Dinorwig is a celebrated Well, having a small building over it roofed with tile, to which were ascribed many virtues, and is called after the name of the female Saint Deiniolen, to whom the church is dedicated.

Sunday, July [29th], 1810.—Rode to see Llys Dinorwig situate 3 or 4 miles to the South of Dinas Dinorwig, very near the Lake of Llanberis, in a hollow amongst Rocky Knolls, formerly well wooded, but now showing only stunted remains of wood. I found adjoining a Cottage, the ruins of a large old building, of strong Masonry. The principal portion was one of the extreme

Pine ends, within which there was an Area overrun with tangled growth and grass, which in the clear to another stump of Wall opposite measured about 20 paces in length and in breadth 10. There appeared by the Pine end to have been no Room above this, but this hall was open to the Roof, which must have formed a very large apartment. Farther on adjoining it, in the same line, a room of smaller dimensions, and other apartments in different directions by the foundations to be traced. Saw an arched doorway almost choaked up with Rubbish.

I am inclined to think that none of the great Mansions of that age, not even the royal palaces (for this was said to be one of the residences of the princes of Wales), were lofted, and chiefly consisted of one great hall, a small retiring room, the dormitory, and kitchen ; and it is but reasonable to suppose that the Princes, who could not, engaged as they were in continual warfare, be long stationary, had several temporary palaces, in which they kept some sort of establishment, that they could not be at a loss for a resting place at no great distance from any situation they might be thrown into. This was given by Edward I, with great possessions about it, to Sir Griffith Llwyd, who first brought the news of the Queen's being delivered of a Prince at Carnarvon to the King then at Rhuddlan. This Wallace of his country was Son of Rhys ap Gruffydd ap Ednyved Vychan. Heard on my return, from a Peasant who a few years back was employed to make a new road on the side of Dinas Dinorwig, that there was a brass Cross here dug up, but too much cankered to be preserved.

Monday, July 30th, 1810.—Examined the Castle within, which is 472 feet long from East to West within the clear. The grand Entrance—over which is the Statue of Edward under a rich canopy, with his hand on his sword in the act of either drawing or sheathing it, some part of the blade being seen—is on the North side, and another smaller entrance called the Queen's at the East end, entered by a drawbridge, formerly from without, and opening to a platform or landing place of a higher level than the other part of the inner Area, and from which you descended by steps, now worn away, and succeeded by a grassy declivity. The interior consisted of a base and an inner court, and that inner court again subdivided. The Eagle Tower at the West end is polygonal of ten sides, and is 4 stories high. The basement story has no fire place, and had a pillar in the centre to support the first floor. The Rooms above all but the upper had borrowed lights, and all had fire places, but square apertures without

projections, as in the other towers. The Room shown for that where the Queen was brought to bed is small and dark, but has a fire place, and is a thoroughfare, therefore cannot be supposed to have been the scene of her Accouchement by any person who considers and reasons at all. It might have been a room for her attendant in waiting or the Nurse, just without one of the great Rooms of the Bastion, where most likely she was delivered. The Thickness of the walls in this Bastion is on an Average 9 feet thick. Ascended one of the small towers by a corkscrew staircase to see the Eagle on one of the Battlements which gives name to the tower, but the Stone, being of a quality to be much affected by weather, is so worn that scarce any likeness remains of what it is said to be, and looks like the Mummy of an Eagle. Every battlement is marked by some ornament—Warriors' heads with Helmets on and Helmets on others without heads. The Bastion which they say contained the state apartments, which was lighted by handsome windows of good tracery, is likewise a decagon, had 3 stories, each having a fire place. The basement story, 2 handsome windows. The first floor, one principal, and the Attic 3.

There was a Gateway separating the 2 Courts, and had 2 Portcullises. The Grand Entrance had 2 Portcullises without the great door, and two within. To the West of the great Entrance, and close to one of its bastions, the kitchen was said to be situate, and I observed near a Groove running along the Wall, through which a leaden pipe went for conveying water, part of which still exists, just above a Stone Cistern or sink, into which it opened, and might have been the Skullery to the Kitchen. There are 7 large Bastions, but none round, and 9 small ones issuing from them and higher. The Walls without and within are all of cut stone.

The old House in one of the cross streets has over Windows and Doors, W.G.—1590—and there is one coat over a chimney piece in stucco, bearing Ednyved Vychan's Arms with several quarterings, and in another room over the Chimney piece the Arms of Queen Elizabeth, well done and in good preservation. There can be no doubt but that this, as well as the Plâs mawr at Conway, was built at the same time, and for the same purpose, though that at Conway is larger and more highly finished.

Tuesday, July 31st, 1810.—Visited the Garrison Chapel in the town situate at the N. West Angle of it close to the Walls, the aperture for the bell being part of the Bastion at that Angle. It is a long building, with two side Aisles, separated by two Rows of pointed Arches, 5 each side, the Chancel divided by a larger pointed Arch. 2 Niches for Holy Water, one on the South

side of the Communion Table, the other neatly wrought at the upper end of the South Aisle. Windows of cut stone tracery. At the upper end of the Nave a regular set of old carved Oak seats, ornamented with work exactly representing tracery of the different Windows. The building seems coeval with the Castle.

Went across the Water to Coed Helen, or as old Williams calls it, Coed Alun, in order to find out the celebrated Echo, which repeats a whole sentence distinctly, but could not find it, owing either to the growth of the trees since I knew it, or some alteration, perhaps in the Ruins of the Castle or other place, which might have generated it. After dinner rode to Beddgelert. In our way stopped at Llanbeblic, the Parish Church of Carnarvon. The external indicates no great age, though the Church itself is certainly of great antiquity. It is cruciform, but has no Arch but one, that which separates the Chancel from the Aisle, belonging to Vaenol family. In this Aisle is an Altar tomb on which are two Effigies recumbent, a Griffith, son of Sir W^{m}. Griffith, K^{t}. and Margaret his Wife, Daur of Sir John Wynne ap Meredith. They are of Marble and of excellent workmanship. The Mat they ly on is fine sculptured, which, under the Male, is rolled up at his head for a pillow, and at his feet to rest on, whereas the female has a pillow under her head, with a lion at her feet. The sides are of Marble in Compartments filled with kneeling figures of their children, which appeared to be numerous, having their names running round the Rim of the Monument above their heads, which by the abuse it has met with from Schoolboys, when there was a School kept in the Church, has been terribly mutilated and scratched. The Monument was built as it is expressed, A.D. 1597. The Chancel of the Church is roofed with Oak, and not inelegantly wrought in square compartments, and in which there are several neat mural marble tablets, but all rather modern.

Proceed, and pass by Nant Mill, a pretty little scene, which Sir R^{d} Hoare made a sketch of, and which has very often employed the Pencil of Tourists and Artists. Cwellyn Lake is a very fine piece of Water, of an extent perhaps to give it the 3^{d} or 4th place among the Lakes of Wales. The Boundaries on all sides are high but grassy to their summits, only on the south side near its Embouchure a fine broken bluff point projects from the Mountain behind it, called Castell Cidwm, not from the remains of any building seen here, but from its peculiar form, and the tradition of there having been anciently a fortress here for guarding the pass, which, just at the place where the Lake discharges itself, is very narrow. After the Water discharged has passed Nant

Mill, where it forms a pretty cataract, it flows for some Miles through level meadows in a tamer style than perhaps any other River in North Wales, and it takes the name of Gwyrvai. On the North side of the Lake is Nant, the ancient seat of Sir Robert Williams's family, situated at the foot of Moel Eilio, a high hill of immense extent, regularly rounded and cloathed with fine Verdue to the Summit. The Church before you come to Nant Mill is called Bettws Garmon. There is a farm near called Ystrad, most probably from the Roman Via strata passing through it. A dreary ride hence to Bedd Gelert, passing a second lake called [Llyn y Gader].

Wednesday, [Augst. 1st], 1810.—Rainy Morning. Within doors writing. After dinner Evening fine, and entered the Vale through which the Glaslyn holds its course, and just at its junction with the Colwyn. The whole of this Vale is extremely interesting, consisting of fine Meadows through which the Glaslyn flows with as little rapidity as the Gwyrfai, after it has passed Nant Mill, with high rocky boundaries on each side, broken into a variety of forms, and here and there sprinkled with wood, though generally too bare and wild. Near the middle of the Vale rises the noted hill Dinas Emrys, the subject of Poetical fiction and legendary Lore, and to visit which my curiosity on that account was amazingly excited. The Hill itself is a beautiful object, being almost precipitous on three sides, and prettily clothed with wood, but exclusive of this, much as it has been celebrated, it has no claim on notice, all that Merlin and Vortigern might have built having disappeared, for though I took the pains to reach the summit, I found there fainter vestiges of ancient Works than on any of our heights which has had the reputation of being crowned with an encampment; and the Area at top, which Pennant talks of to have appeared to him, must have been the effect of Merlin's wand, or to have been concealed from me, for its summit is full of rocky inequalities, and there is scarce any flat, and it was in vain that I laboured to find anything that I could fancy to merit the name of Cell y Dewiniaid.

After passing this I come to the beautiful Lake of Llyn Dinas, filling the whole Vale, and perfectly land-locked, having on one side a line of lofty and almost precipitous rocky boundary and a wild but tamer rocky one on the other, with at the extreme end some fine meadows and beautiful Woods with a neat House of one [not filled in]. Here the Vale of Nanhwynen begins, which by everyone who has written of it, is justly admired, but as it has

lately received very considerable improvement, increases in beauty, and cannot be spoken of too highly, for to compose it, the grand and the beautiful are most happily united, all that the sublimest Mountain scenery, Cataracts pouring down on all sides, Woods of every growth, Rivers of the most pleasing character, and the most perfect yet cheerful seclusion, can produce. This secluded Vale terminates in a most lovely lake, Llyn Gwynnen, having on one side a noble Mountain rising perpendicularly from it, and on the other side the woods of Havod Lwyfog. Opposite to the middle of the lake, and not far from its banks, is a small enclosure within which are the Ruins of a Chapel of Ease to Bedd Gelert. There is a tradition that it was founded by Madoc, the son of Owen Gwynedd, and that here, in this secluded spot, he stifled his feelings at the indignities he suffered, and formed his plan of migration. With the sight of this spot very interesting reflections must naturally be associated.

N.B.—Saw a Mountain Ash growing in a tuft of grass which had contracted Earth just at the edge of a crack running horizontally through a great stone, which happened to strike its roots in such a way that one fibre entered the fissure on one side, and one on the other, and by the immense force of its vegetative power, has fairly lifted the upper part of the Stone at least for 3 Inches, and will I make no doubt fairly lift it off in time.

Thursday, [Augst 2nd], 1810.—Rode early intending to have followed Mr. Pennant's steps to Cwm Dily, but found before I came to Llyn Gwynen that I had mistaken the place of his ascent, which I thought was by the fall which spreads itself in a white sheet over the Rock which forms the shelf for the Cataract almost opposite the new house called Plas Gwynnen. Leaving my horse at the farmhouse at the foot of the Mountain, with a shepherd boy for my guide, and induced by the very romantick appearance of the opening the water of the Cascade issued from, I began my ascent, and after winding backwards and forwards for two Miles, came to a moory plain of very small extent producing a kind of short hay, which had been harvested. An amphitheatre of broken crags of great heights surrounded this little spot, and the River which issued from some Lakes behind these crags murmured through in a very narrow stream. I found, without a guide, there was no doing anything effectually, and that to see what I wished, Cwm Dily, I ought to have gone farther up the Vale, for 3 or 4 Miles, to get a proper ascending place. I enquired

if they resided in the Havodty which I saw on the heights for any length of time in summer. I was informed that, during the Hay season, they brought food with them, and were there all day, but always descended to sleep.

Returned, not having profited much by my toilsome excursion. Visited the Church at Bedd Gelert. Nave and Chancel in one, two Arches on clustered columns, which formerly led to a North transept, that side now being occupied by an Aisle that runs the whole length of the Church. Within the two Arches there is a place at the east end of the Aisle enclosed by what appears to have been the skreen that once separated Nave from Chancel. Within the Church nothing worth notice but the Monument of Lloyd of Havod Lwyvog (*vide* Pennant for inscription), on a small tablet of Oak framed, and inscribed with raised letters ; as likewise the Font, the only one perhaps of the kind, which consists of a square piece of Masonry, surmounted by a square Oak box, in which there is a large circular pebble having an excavation for the Baptismal Water, bedded in Gravel. The East Window is formed of 3 Lancet openings. In the churchyard are tombs indicative of very considerable longevity. At the old publick house there is kept a large Pewter Flagon called the Beddgelert Pint, with a cover, being 8 Inches deep and 4 and ½ wide at the mouth, the vessel widening downwards. Whoever can grasp it with one hand when full, and drink its contents at a draught, pays nothing ; but the Landlord of the Inn satisfies the Tenant. I saw it and was told the feat, though so very improbable, has been done.

Stop at Aberglaslyn, and saw one Fish without success attempting to surmount the little fall above the bridge, consisting of one Arch, and thrown over a deep part of the river. The Boundary of the East side of the River is uncommonly grand, being of vast height, rising perpendicularly from the River, precipitous and broken and beautifully coloured and diversified with heath, straggling growth, and here and there a patch of Verdure, to tempt the pendant sometimes to his destruction. Opposite to the bridge is an adit of a copper mine now working by some Cornish adventurers, who are laying out a great deal of money there, as if there was a great prospect of advantage. The Ride to Tremadock, the Estuary being full, was very fine, but much inferior to that from Dolgelly to Barmouth. The Mountains of that tract between Pont Aberglaslyn and Tanybwlch, with the Knicht at their head, the most pointed of all our mountains, were clear, of a fine colour, and appeared to great advantage. I always admired the range of rocks forming the North side of the Vale of Tremadock ; but

my admiration from repeated visits was rather increased than diminished.

The town since I saw it last was somewhat enlarged, and opposite the principal Inn and Town Hall was a large opening, a kind of a square, in the centre of which was a Cross and a town pump, which hereafter may be improved into a publick Conduit.

After Dinner walked down to see the new embankment, a gigantick undertaking, and which would have appalled any other genius than that of the Gentleman to whose enterprising spirit we owe it. (The detail hereafter.) We returned through long Avenues of young trees across the flat before his house, where on every side we saw plantations of the most thriving kind grown up to touch each other from the seedling bed, which will render it necessary to cut down a dozen at least for every one that must be left to stand, those that are to be sacrificed being too large to plant out with probability of success. What a pity that he had not invited his neighbours to have taken the superflux that the wild and steril knolls of Evionydd might have shewn a more attractice surface. These formal, long, and narrow Avenues are miserable ornaments. I never saw such abundance of Toads, which must ever be the case where there is so much stagnate Water and foul Air engendered—the natural consequence. The ditches of this reclaimed ground are kept in a very slovenly state, and if not more attended to the land must soon relapse into its former moory and boggy state. The only reason that can be assigned for this neglect of Mr. Maddock's is that his main object, the new embankment, where he has so much at stake, occupies his whole thought, for his present motto, with respect to that, may be *totus in hoc sum*.

Friday, [Augst 3rd], 1810.—Set off for Pwllheli. Called at Gwynfryn. Ellis not at home, but expected every hour. Ride very uninteresting till you come to Cricciaeth, whose Castle breaks in on the view with great effect for a Mile before you approach it. The Village, though a contributory borough, is a most wretched place. The principal house (and bad is the best) belongs to Symllyn. The Castle is perched on the Summit of a high hill projecting into the sea, and at high tides almost insulated. The side which fronts the Road presents a Gateway between two round bastions, the entrance being exactly North East. It was not very lofty or very large. There is one side of the embattled Wall that enclosed the Area pretty perfect, but there appear on the North and North West sides ruins of buildings that extended beyond the present curtain wall, as if the original Castle had been

of greater extent, the present being contracted and new cast by Edward. Towards the Landside before the Entrance it was strengthened by two very high ramparts, and in some places by three; towards the Sea it required none. Its origin is not ascertained, but I conceive it to be one of the largest and strongest of our British walled fortresses, after we had begun to imitate the Norman mode of defence (*Vide* Pennant's Account). In our way to Pwllheli, stop at Aber Arch. Though Pennant calls it the Harbour of the Coffin, I think it implies only the Embouchure of the River Arch that flows at the foot of the knoll on which the Church is placed, and here discharges itself into the salt tide. The Church is divided lengthwise into two parts by a row of neat pointed Arches, very light, and something similar to those at Bryn Eurin. There is a date over one of the Pillars in stucco, 1615, and on the opposite side, a large R only. Within the Skreen separating the Chancel a curious set of old oak Stalls, with reading desk before, the upright at the ends finished into figures holding little escutcheons on their breasts, but now effaced, if ever charged with Arms. I fancied I saw on one 3 Chevrons. The East window was handsome, of wrought stone, and had a great deal of painted glass in it; but the few fragments that remain throw no light on anything.

Saturday, [Augst 4th], 1810.—Set off after breakfast from Pwllheli (weather very hot and oppressive), to visit Porthdynlleyn and Carn Madryn. Near Bodeon forced to shelter from a sudden shower under a shady Avenue leading to that old mansion, but our covering, thick as it was, of over-Arching Lime trees, not having shelter enough to keep the wet off, the Rain being so violent, we were obliged to seek shelter in the house, to which we were politely invited by the Rev^{d}. Mr. Roberts, then occupying it as tenant. In our way to the Right saw Bodvell, backed with a vast Mass of wood of several acres, very thriving Oaks of about 40 years growth, not very sheltered, and therefore a proof how well trees will grow anywhere if planted thick.

The Shower past, and the wind shifting to North, we prosecuted our excursion, and over a charming road reached our place of destination, which we were delighted with, being a fine bay in a perfect crescent, one of its horns being the Eifl Mountain, which boldly projects into the Ocean, and the other, the head of Porthdinlleyn, infinitely lower, but sufficiently sheltery, under cover of which a new pier has been built, and further in a large new Inn, with reference to Packets meant to be established

there by a Company of Gentlemen chartered for that purpose. The greater part of the boundary of this bay is a high ridge and sandy soil, so high as to shut out completely every land view from this bay but its own boundaries, thereby rendering it without exception one of the most desirable Sea bathing places imaginable, as the Sands when the tide is out affords a delightful semicircular ride of at least 3 or 4 Miles, and gives you immediately for bathing deep and clear water. Besides its whole extent, a very singular property, it has no influx of fresh water. In itself it possesses the most perfect seclusion and sea prospect, and yet is in a well inhabited vicinity, and has everywhere fine rides about it, several scenes of the most interesting character to the Antiquary and the Historian, and within a Morning's ride of all the principal points of attraction in the most romantick part of N. Wales. Having gratified ourselves with the view of this charming marine situation, we directed our course to Carn Madryn, the only place in all Giraldus's route which his learned editor, Sir R. H., my companion, had not visited. Not thinking it proper to pass across Mr. Parry Jones's fields without asking his permission, I rode up to the house of Madryn, and was politely received by the proprietor, who insisted on accompanying us to the Summit of the Mountain. After passing two fields we came to a fine sheep walk, over which there was a most noble terrace leading to the Mountain. When we had come to the most accessible part of the Mountain, a winding avenue, and, undoubtedly, the original, presented itself, and we ascended very gradually, making several turns through rows of stones, and circular and other enclosures, Cyttiau'r Gwyddelod, on either hand. The principal entrance was marked by two large stones, then lying down, but which evidently had been erect, and opened into an Area of very considerable extent, covered with sites of buildings of various forms and sizes, and protected by circumvallation of loose stones, whose course, owing to the confusion of Crags they unite with and pass through, is difficult to ascertain. On some of the principal points of rock, skirting this Area are the ruins of what might have been towers built without mortar. The View from it is most charming and extensive, particularly of that part of Lleyn from it to Bardsey Island. I could see from the top that there had been habitations all round its base, and on a flat to the West of its base a druid Circle, with the Maen Gorsedd in the Centre. On the whole, this appears to be as early and as magnificent an establishment as any I have seen; and, though taken possession of by the sons of Owen Gwynedd, must be ascribed to

a period of much more remote Antiquity. Having mentioned my plan and wish of visiting Bardsey, my Cicerone politely proffered his assistance to facilitate my Plans, and gave me an invitation to his house, by which means I shall now be able to explore the promontory most thoroughly.

After Dinner, charming evening from Pwllheli to Gwynfryn to Tea.

Sunday, Augst [5th], 1810.—Rode out with our Host and a Mr. B—— in quest of the three Cromlechs mentioned by Pennant to have been on the ground of Ystimcegid. We first, a little way from Gwynfryn in a moory meadow adjoining the stony common we come into from his grounds, visit a Cistvaen, evidently one of the sides, consisting of a single stone, being perfect, but the largest and finest I ever saw. The incumbent Stone looks like a great Mushroom, is about 11 feet long (that is, near four times the length of my stick), and near 9 feet across (that is, 3 lengths of my stick). The other side of ye Cistvaen and the ends composed of more than single stones. There is near it a little farm called Tyddin Madoc goch. Perhaps this might have been the Sepulchre of a Chief of that name. Farther on on Ystim Cegyd land saw the great Cromlech, in which we were not disappointed, which rests on 4 upright stones *all touching*, rather a singularity, there being in general 3 supporters actually in contact, and one a supernumerary, not quite touching. The incumbent stone (a circumstance I never observed before) had a regular surface, and was of the same thickness everywhere, about 14 Inches; in shape, nearly triangular. Greatest length, 12 feet and $\frac{1}{2}$, by 9$\frac{1}{2}$ greatest breadth; the highest supporter nearly 2 yards. I enquired of all the farmers, particularly the man who occupied that farm, if he had ever seen or heard of 3 together, but all told me they were sure there never had been such a thing. In my way to this Cromlech, at Talar wen an imperfect circle, parts very entire, ye other parts worn down, the earth having been for ages pared away for firing. A Maen Gorsedd in the centre. At Ystimcegyd see nothing of the old house, but foundations of walls were pointed out. It seems the old Church road from Dolbenmaen passed through the House, and every person passing was entitled to a Viaticum left on a shelf in the passage, which was called Sbyr,*or some such thing, provided he was tall enough

* The old meaning of *ysbur*, pillar, post, is now obsolete. Pughe, in his *Dict.*, adds, "a short post or supporter of a shelf, in ancient houses, projecting into the floor, in the form of a skreen, and used to put by such

to reach the shelf. The pitched road is now plainly to be seen, and by the site shown me of the old Mansion, it must have gone through the centre of the house. The farmer told me that the real name of the house was Ystim cythiedig, the concealed ridge, it having been once deeply covered with Woods, a former owner of it having changed his situation more exposed than this for one more secure, to protect him from his neighbours, at a time when family feuds in this Country were carried so far as generally to end in Bloodshed and murder.

From Ystim cegid along the heights in sight of Dolbenmaen, close to which there is a Tommen, and pass by a spot where tradition has fixed an ancient residence of Collwyn ap Tangno called Cevyn y Van. Saw Brynkyr at a little distance, once the residence of a family of that name, now extinct, the property lately purchased by an East Indian. Called at Clennennau, though once the habitation of a family of some Note,the Morrises, and afterwards of Sir John Owen, bearing no marks of any family consequence, the Windows being small and mean, and not a single doorway even arched. Heard of a circle at Cevyncoch, and another at Cwm mawr, nearer Penmorva, both which Pennant mentions, and which the Farmers represented as not very large. Gwynvryn, from its name, as well as situation, was most likely a principal Gorsedd ; and tradition has preserved the memory of a Cromlech that once stood in a field near the summit of the Demesne.

Monday, Augt 6th, 1810.—A party being formed to visit Nant Gwrtheyrn, we were all in readiness early and set off with weather most favourable. We were to call at a Mr. Williams's, a Clergyman at Tynycoed, who was to be our Cicerone. Under his Convoy we got into the road for the place of our destination, leaving Tre'r Cawri on the Right, and the Mountain of Moel Carn Guwch, crowned with a stupendous Carnedd, and proceed to Pistyll, a small church at the bottom of a little dell just above the Sea. There is close to the church a curious old house in which the farmer lives, with Windows of a singular size and form, being small, but of cut stone. Part of the building at the back of the present house was meant for the principal entrance and the chief rooms, but the tradition is that it was never so far

victuals as is in present consumption." The word is a borrowing of the English *speer*, a wooden partition or screen, a chimney-post (cf. *spar*), still used in the dialects (e.g., Cheshire), and it had at one time the meaning of buffet. There is a proverbial saying in North Wales, "Rhowch y spâr ar y 'sbur,"—Put the spare on the speer.—Ed.

finished as to be covered in, nor was the part that is covered in ever finished as to ceiling or any decoration. The chimneys are remarkably high above the Roof, and the house is much higher than the Mansions of this Country. It was part of the estate of the Bodwells, and left by the Lady who was the last proprietor to a Mr Harvey, in whose descendants it now is. I could get no account of the time or the name of the builder or anything of its history. Hence had a good view of the upper part of the Welsh Tarpeian called Craig y Llam, a kind of Tarpeian Rock.

The farmer of this place told me his Ancestors for 200 years had occupied this place, and they had found it at that time in the present state. With this man for our guide, we struck out of this dingle, and after a gradual ascent got to the summit of that heathy tract from which the Eifl Mountains rise, and rode for a Mile over one of the finest natural Terraces that can be conceived, from which, looking back, we see all the Point of Lleyn from Sea to Sea, and yet at such a distance as that every place may be clearly distinguished, with the beautiful semicircular bay of Porthdinlleyn, and that of Nevyn, of a similar shape but smaller, within it, and the Rocks that, from the South side of the Promontory, seem in a line to bound it together with all the other insulated land Rocks, taking quite a new position, and producing the most pleasing effect. St Tudwall's Islands distinct and separate. Bardsey seen over the extreme point, with the cheerful patches of cultivation below you as far as the eye can reach, acquiring new richness and beauty from being contrasted with the black heath that covers the Region all round the Reifl.

We were now got to the Chasm called Vortigern's Valley, to which we descend by a tedious and uncommonly winding path, which at the foot of the path takes a most serpentine form, and from above looks like a snake coiled up. To the right of this winding path the boundary is almost a precipitous Rock, over which, through fissures in it in many places, there is an oozing of water, which, uniting at the bottom, forms the little babbling rill that waters the Vale on one side. The side we descend the Hill is one lava of Stones, with Fern growing between, but on the other the flat is laid out in little enclosures under hay and corn, whilst the acclivity and the upland serve as a sheep walk. There are two farms on the Eifl side of the brook, and one on the Nevyn side on a tract where the Vale widens a little just above the Sea.

About midway down the Vale, I was shewn the ruins of a building overgrown with briers and weeds, placed due East and West, in a field called still the churchyard, so that there is reason

to believe that here was a Chapel under Pistyll, which certainly is the Mother church, and where this secluded colony bury their dead. I likewise perceived in two or three places some of the early enclosures called Cyttiau Gwyddelod. Just at the bottom where the Valley terminates at the Sea, to fill up the pass into it by way of protection, stands a Mount of natural soil of grassy turf, but evidently rendered more insular by a little Art, so employed as not only to give its sides a greater slope, but to connect it with the side of the Hill to which it is attached by a narrower Isthmus.

This most probably was the Tumulus referred to in Kennet, which certainly appears to have been dug into and disturbed ; and prior to his interment there, might have been surmounted by a small Castelet, in which Vortigern might have taken refuge.

I think that the 8 ribs that Pennant mentions are casualties produced by time, water, and the natural sinking of the soil of that sort, which is sand and gravel. The top of the Mount is flat, and the Area may be about Quarter of an Acre. On one side, occupying about one third of it, is the site of an ancient building, and in the centre still appears the cavity, like the space of an old Cistvaen, where on digging into it a Skeleton was found, supposed to be Vortigern's. Pennant's description of it is very accurate, but I think he has presented it more horrid than it really is. That it is the most perfect and profound seclusion that can be conceived is true, but in finishing his picture he has used colours too sombre. It was some years ago a place noted for smuggling, and that may account for the profound attrition of the path leading to it, which never could be produced, by the inhabitants themselves, in the ordinary wear and tear occasioned by the rare use of it. I saw many goats about the rocky portion of its boundary.

I was shewn on my return from it a large oblong stone, across the path, called Bedd Dwgan, said to cover a Man of that name. Return under the awful shade of the Eifl and Tre'r Cawri and by Llanaelhaiarn to Gwynvryn. Before I come to Llanaelhaiarn, on the Roadside, is a fine Well within a large square Curtilage, with a stone bench all round it, raised, no doubt, in consequence of its reputation and sanctity ; but I could get no particular history of it. The Church had nothing in it worth notice. Said to be dedicated to a Saint characterized by the name of Iron brow.

Tuesday, Aug^{t} [7th], 1810.—Confined all day with rain.

Wednesday, Aug^{t} [8th], 1810.—Day fair, but dark, and windy and cold. Took the road to Clynnog, through a dreary country, with the only thing that could give any interest to it, hid from our sight by clouds, the Mountains. After crossing a pretty high ridge that stretches towards the higher Mountains from the base of the Eifl, we suddenly come in sight of the beautiful and fertile slope of Clynnog to the Sea, and hail the appearance of the tower of its Church, embosomed in Wood. Pass a publick house on entering the Village, with a most picturesque and branching Ash tree before it. Pass the Village to see the Druid relic in a field belonging to Bachwen, which we found in the middle of a field of oats, after wading through it. The incumbent stone was supported by four uprights, one not touching. 3 sticks long, $\frac{3}{4}$ my stick greatest thickness; thinner much at the other end. Its declination W : N : W :. Its surface was full of small hollows—tolkie, as Ed. Llwyd calls it. Hence I visit the Church, then open and under repair. It is a cruciform building, consisting of a Nave, chancel, and two transepts. The Chancel is separated from the transept, as is the Nave, by a large pointed Arch, the transept having one undivided roof. Within the chancel, on each side the Entrance through the skreen of the rood loft, are old Oak Stalls, having a reading desk before. Under the seats of the stalls are carved ornaments, the same on all, and not as usual exhibiting grotesque and indecent designs. On the South side of Altar, which you ascend by a Dais, are three handsome stone stalls for the officiating priests.

On the South side of the Church, there is a building called Capel Beuno, where it is supposed Beuno was buried, his tomb being till of late years shewn there; of the Altar kind, covered as some say with wood, as others say, with stone, without any inscription; land to which much sanctity was attached. I presume this was a Chantry Chapel raised over the Saint. The building seems to be nearly of the same date with the larger Church. In this Chapel a School is kept. Connecting the Church and Chapel there is a passage, curiously roofed with an Arch of Stone tiled over one another, and is said to have been used as a place of confinement for the disorderly people of the Village. Over the Porch there seems to have been a tower, as high as the Nave, but now uncovered.

In our way to Carnarvon, about a Mile on our Road, observe a long stone of a curious grit, with a cross in a Circle on one end, which appears to have been a tomb, or shaft of a cross. Pass Tynycoed. So after crossing the Llyfni, leave on the right

Plâs newydd, in a Wood of very old stunted Oaks, grown stag-horned by age, and many decayed to the stumps. An offset from Glynllyvon. Then digress at the grand entrance to see the latter, situate in the midst of very extensive woods, and some of fine growth ; but the house is buried in a deep hollow, and from it nothing can be seen but its offices. It is not a very small house, and of brick. Turn out of the road to Dinas, which from its appearance, as far as I could judge from that part that is accessible, I would almost pronounce Roman.

Llyniau Nanlle.

Saturday, July [31st], 1813.*—Mounted our Horses to see those celebrated Lakes. I say celebrated, as on their Margin Edward the 1st after his subjugation of Wales, and whilst his palace of Carnarvon Castle was building, and probably after, to get rid of the din of Court and a Garrison, sought retirement ; and the ingenious painter Wilson took his much admired view of Snowdon. Pass Llyn Cader, and turn out of the Carnarvon Road at a bridge about 3 Miles beyond Beddgelert, to the left, and by a winding way, leaving Llyn Tywarchen on our right, enter the Pass to the Lakes, which is very striking ; on our Right a very curious Rocky Knoll rises, abundantly seamed with white spar ; and all the right boundary beyond this a long ridge, very high, grassy below, with a summit precipitous and broken and much serrated ; on the left the grand point of Carn droscoed, and two very singular Ravines or Craters. Begin the descent to the Vale, having now a sight of the Lake, under a very high and broken mountain, whose bowels seem well stored with Copper Ore, at the base of which by the ruins now appearing, there appears to have been a large old Work, now revived further on, but when we passed it, I suppose on account of the hay harvest, every sort of operation was suspended. The Mine past, we ascend a road evidently new made with reference to it, over a little knoll, and soon sink again to a flat, which for a mile slopes charming towards the lakes from the hills at their back, forming a recess most delightfully wooded with large old trees, and many grown stag-horned, and totally decayed by age.

Ride on to the principal Farm, called Nanlle, certainly the remains of what was a Mansion of some consequence in its day,

* MS. 2.49. This is the earliest date in Part IV of the Carnarvonshire Journal—8 years before the author's death. Part III is missing ; and Part II above ends with August 8, 1810.—Ed.

as its cut stone door ways, an Orchard, and the whole demesne well planted in a parkish style, show. Below the house projects a meadowy tract gently inclining towards the Isthmus that separates the lakes, which is of a wettish moory quality, and is entered by some kind of a little low bridge still called Pont Bala Deulyn—the projecting flat bearing that name, which was given it in the time of Edward, and hereabouts undoubtedly was the place of that Monarch's residence. The people now occupying the farm had not long been in it, and though with more curiosity about them than falls to the share of people in their condition, yet having succeeded those of a very different, who lived in a most sordid way, and only vegetated, if anything like a vestige of antiquity ever had existed, it was destroyed. On the known and seemingly hereditary story of the Kings having resided there, the present tenants had taken some pains to investigate everything that could corroborate the fact, but had never been able to discover any coins or armour, or anything that could have any relation to the state of its former possessors. They told me that they had heard there had been for many years a large lump of solid Gold throwing about the house, and passing from one occupier to another, ignorant of its value, or of the metal, and that about a 100 years ago a Mrs Vaughan who lived there, satisfied as to its quality, sold it for 60 guineas; and besides that, somewhere about the Lake, there was part of a gold chair found, or more probably, part of a chair with gilding on it; and they had likewise heard that affixed to the house formerly there was a large brass plate, with letters on it, probably giving some account of the place in its time of Royalty.

Tremadock.

Sunday, Augt 1st, [1813].—Rode to see the patriotick work at this place. Ride charming, along what, the last time I saw it, the margin of the Traeth mawr, covered with the Tide, now dry, with an exception to the River. Took particular notice of the rocky boundary to the right of entrance into the Vale of Tremadock, which, every time I see it, seems to assume greater grandeur, and, as Sir Richard Hoare says, is the finest piece of Rocky ridge in all Wales, broken into the most picturesque and majestick forms, and here and there most beautifully clad with Ivy and some tangled growth, and in many parts most tremendously projecting, with a lava of loose stones all the way at its base, and some immense detached fragments, the con-

sequence of some violent convulsion the world must have undergone. The Rock is of a fine colour, being the hard granite, much of which formerly was sent to London for paving the streets. The young plantation, since I last saw it, much grown, particularly the Larch, the plantation of which is become very general in the Counties of Carnarvon and Merioneth; but in all the plantations round Tremadock, too little care is taken to thin them in time, being so close that they suffocate each other. In short, everything here wears the air of neglect and approaching ruin.

The great Inn shut up and out of repair. The Church, a neat building formed of great stones as is usual in this Country, but so hollow, and the joints so ill filled up, that wind must blow through it; and the spire very incongruously built of yellow freestone nicely wrought, perched on a stump of a Tower, of the grey granite, ill put together. The Gateway of Coed is composition, most superb and elegant, the ornaments uncommonly rich, and the whole not at all in accord with the other parts of the building. Not a great way from the Church, which I believe has never been consecrated, but on the other side of the way, is a large conventicle. Got to the Embankment through a Gate at the foot of the bridge of the floodgates, which seem to be well constructed and do their duty well. But, alas! the principal work, the Embankment, appeared in several parts in a state of great decadence, and for one third of it, letting in the Sea like a Cullender, which then, at its full, was assailing its sides most violently, as it were impatient to recover its former Empire, which if not strenuously opposed in time, I fear it will. With regret at the probable failure of this great plan we turned from it, and again reaching the Town, I parted with my good Friend, Sir Richard, and took the road to Gwynfryn, and Sir Richard returned to Bedd Gelert. Had some account from my Entertainers of a most surprizing young man, who had been bedridden for years, from a curvature of the spine. I saw several letters, elegantly written, of this self-taught invalid. Purpose going to visit him.

Pwllheli.

In my way to it, observe the Village of Abereirch much increased and increasing, as if there was a plan for establishing some new manufactory there that required provision for a larger population. Was shewn a largish building with a large wheel behind it, meant for a paper mill, but the founder had not

previously considered if it was practicable to get water to it, which, it seems, was not. All Pwllheli Marsh enclosed and intersected with hedges, and many of the fields already under Corn, but having a most miserable Crop. Separated from the Estuary by a very high and extensive embankment, with floodgates and bridge, under which the backwater empties itself. Several vessels on the stocks. Ship building the principal business of the place. Town a Corporation.

Madryn.

Situation very grand, situated at the base of Carn Madryn, but with an extensive and easy acclivity from the Mansion to the more precipitous and rocky Part of the Mountain, so that the house and grounds do not seem encumbered or oppressed with it. There is a good deal of wood immediately about the house, a few Ash and Sycamore, very old, and of large and picturesque growth, with considerable young and thriving plantations already sheltery and ornamental. Mr. Jones Parry likewise has been very successful in removing very large trees without any apparent effect produced in the appearance, and without topping them and lopping their branches. There is a holly tree the largest I ever saw, and probably as large as any in the Kingdom, near the house. Indeed, though on so elevated a spot, and on one side open to the Ocean at the distance of 3 Miles, it seems to be very favourable to all sorts of growth, so much so, that in a sheltered dingle, through which the new approach to the house is judiciously carried, I saw a Cherry tree measuring —, which was planted 23 years ago by the present possessor of the place. There is a hill nearly in front of the house covered with fine old oak, as are the sides of the Hills forming the dingle, through which the approach leads, with various trees of large growth, and interspersed with most promising larch in the vacancies. The Views from the house are singularly beautiful, from Carn Bodeon, gradually sloping to the Rivals, Carnguwch, and several inferior summits seen at once. Another peep presents you with the highest of the Rivals, and its projecting back, boldly sinking into the Sea. You shift your ground a little, and the whole bay of Nevin bursts on the sight, as in another place you get a sight of the Sea on the opposite side of the Coast. In front of the house as you approach it, Carn Madryn forms a most magnificent object, seen with all its extensive acclivity that lies between it and the house.

Llangibby.

Rode Saturday, Augt 7th, 1813, to see this Church, which has nothing in it worthy of notice, neither grave stone nor ornament. The East Window of Stone work, with here and there a bit of painted glass still appearing, as is the case with almost every Chancel Window of the meanest Churches in N. Wales, whereas in S. Wales it is not one in 20 that exhibits anything of this kind. There is in the Churchyard a coarse stone pitched on end, with a cross very rudely cut on it. There is a dial on the Churchyard hedge, as there is in almost every one you see in N. Wales—another peculiarity. Below the Churchyard, in a little Dingle at the foot of a high hill, is Cybi's Well, collected into a large bason, surrounded by a high circular wall coving a little at top, but not closed. It has been much resorted to for complaints in the limbs and eyes; but the faith in such sainted Wells is daily diminishing. The eye of the Well is without this enclosure at the back of it. In the Village is an Almshouse, with an inscription over the entrance.

Ascent of Snowdon.

Ascended ½ past one, riding for some little way with much difficulty. Then, leaving our Horses, we walked up a pretty steep Mountain till we came to a rocky summit, having a narrow path on one side hanging over the hollow of Cwm Clogwyn yawning beneath. To me the path was terrible to pass, which passed, I came to a very narrow isthmus, which separated Cwm Clogwyn from another still deeper Cwm on the other side. I had then for a considerable ascent a more terrible path to encounter taking several sharp turnings through a rocky and narrow ridge, with this Cwm exactly under me. Thank God, I got to the end of it, but with a determined resolution not to return that way. Saw Llynnie Nanlle to great advantage. After another sharp but not terrible ascending stage, I reached the Summit. But it is of so tame a character on that side that there is nothing of the grand to attract notice, and it derives all its consequence from the surrounding peaks, whose blasted features betray their conflict for ages with the Elements. And as to the Peak of Snowdon itself, it only acquires importance from its known height, and from your being conscious that you are on its summit. The rifted side of the Peak of Snowdon, as seen from Llanberis, from this point does not appear.

Descended a very practicable way through a road made and taken by the Carriers of Mine from a Work under Snowdon in the Vale where Llyn Llydaw is, and got home safe, thank God, by eight o'clock.

Bangor Cathedral.

Service all chanted. Organ given by Thomas Lloyd, D.D., late Dean. Mr Cotton, the Præcentor, a most excellent reader. Never did I hear the Service performed with more solemnity.

Nave much encumbered and disfigured by the Seats and Pews for the Welsh Service, being all gathered into a heap, narrowing the passage up to the Quire, and hiding the Pillars that support it, whereas the whole might be very well disposed of in the side Aisle, and prove more commodious to the Preacher and his Audience.

The Palace has had a great deal laid out on it by the present Bishop, most judiciously and with great taste, so that a more charming residence cannot be. The Hall, which every one remembers, a dark, funereal room, by opening new windows to the Park, made light and cheerful, serving as an excellent family breakfast room, and also for a chapel for family prayers. The Chairs happily designed, being stained black, the backs wrought with Gothic pinnacles, and the openings Gothick, with a gilt Mitre in raised work on the centre of the back. Cane bottoms. Drawing room very handsome, lighted by one handsome Venetian window opening on a balcony under a Verenda to the Lawn of the Park, with a pleasing side View of the Cathedral, and the surrounding hills prettily fringed with wood.

The Bishop (and I believe he is sincere) professes not to part for any removal, and is moored here for life, and no bad anchorage neither, the See being at least £7 or £8,000 per Ann. Two fine paintings by Beecher, one of his Majesty full length, and one of himself soon after his accession to the Mitre.

Bangor.

Thursday.—I was no sooner up than I received a Letter from Mr Wyatt inviting me to Breakfast with him, and to dine with Lady Penrhyn, proposing likewise to attend me to see the Quarries and other interesting scenes on the banks of the Ogwen. The Weather, though very black, favoured us for two or three Hours, and enabled us to have a pleasant ride up the Vale that leads to the Mountains, which appeared to great advantage,

having their Heads all enveloped in clouds, and a purple gloom round their sides. We frequently saw the course of the Rail road that extends from the Quarries to Port Penrhyn, where I saw two Horses drag a vast number of Tumbrels with the greatest ease, each carrying a Ton-weight of Slates. Two Horses often drag 30 of such Tumbrels, and can if occasion required drag 40; and they can make 3 Trips a day, a prodigious thing.

The great Road that leads through this picturesque and grand pass skirts the River Ogwen, which rambles below it, over which now a Mail Coach passes half way to the Quarry. Observe on a Woody Ridge the old seat of Coytmore, in Llanllechyd Parish, the Ogwen dividing the Parishes of Llandegai and that. The whole of the Parish of Llandegai is the Property of Penrhyn, and much of the other.

Call at Bryn Derwen, a beautiful Villa of a Son in Law of Mr Wyatt, who has the superintendence of some part of the Works. It stands on a little rocky Knoll, prettily cloathed with young Oaks from old Stools, and some thriving new plantations, through which a pleasing Walk is made to wind in so happy a manner as to make the place appear much more extensive than it really is, amongst the growth. Here and there are scattered detached rocky fragments, and one very remarkable, being a large flattish mass, something like a Cromlech, and in all probability had been one, as I thought the Stones beneath appeared to have been the supporters, one which now evidently gives it support. The Cap of this immense stone appears to have been detached by Art, there being a disposition in that part to exfoliate, and the upper part seems to have been raised, and a few lumps of Stone, the size of one's fist, put in to keep it apart, whereby the upper, being struck with a lump of Stone, rings like a Bell; whereas the lower part emits not the least of a metallick sound. (Instance here St. Govan's Stone.)

Pass to the Right a small Lake in the midst of a small moory flat covered with the *Myrica Galea*. Proceed till we come to Lady Penrhyn's dressed dairy, where everything is disposed with great taste, and nothing is too tawdrily fine. The Dairy is, of course, furnished with beautiful slate Benches and cream coloured Wedgewood ware. The Apartments are neatly elegant, and the *simplex munditiis* prevails everywhere. It is surrounded by a Pleasure Ground and Garden, with rich pasture. Saw under an old Oak a small stool made to imitate a great Mushroom. An apiary well contrived, with straw hives and glass ones. At the back of the House, just under the Mountain side, a curious Piggery

and Poultry yard, with a fountain playing in one of the Courts, and a pond in another for Ducks, capable of being voided in Quarter of an hour, and filled again by only pulling up a little sliding board. The Troughs for the Pigs well contrived. Never did I see a greater command of water. They churn by Water, and the Mill work is so contrived as to be graduated as you please. In short, within and without Doors everything is designed with vast taste. Out of the yard, into which the Styes open, there is a tunnel under the road, which lets the pigs into the Hills to graze, where they have an extensive range.

Through a beautiful Meadow falling down to the Ogwen, which, for a long reach here, has a tame lake-like appearance, as it has in a few other places, producing a pleasing contrast with its general character, and is a singularity to which most of the Mountain Rivers are strangers to, we pass to Lady Penrhyn's Cottage called Ogwen Bank, lying in a hollow of the Hill between the great Road and the River, and embosomed in beautiful young plantations, with here and there an old tree. Though called a Cottage, it must be esteemed a Cottage in its holiday cloaths, yet I can't say it is too much dressed for a thing of the kind. The view from it is singularly striking and appropriate as you catch through the Trees a sight of the whole Quarry region, the source of that wealth enabling the noble proprietors to raise such beautiful structures as everywhere ornament this tract, and to carry on such great Works as give employ to 600 people ; besides a most interesting rocky bed of the River, where the Ogwen, as it were impatient of the lazy course it experienced in a long reach above it, reasserts its character, and foams in broken cataracts over abrupt ledges into its stony channel, and a fine bridge. Hence cross the bridge to see the Quarries, where *fervet opus,* but a heavy storm having begun, I was not able to take more than a cursory glance at this stupendous work. After leaving the Quarry, not far off, pass on the left the Chapel, an elegant and neat building not yet finished, meant as a Chapel for the people employed in the Mines. The Mountain side near the Quarries prettily studded with neat Cottages. Pass a little farther on the Manufactory for sawing slates for Chimney pieces, &c., occupied by a Mr. Worthington, but did not see the process, the work being stopped, owing to some reparation for some days. This Mr. Worthington, nearer Llandegai, has a beautiful House overhanging the River, and carries on a Flint grinding Work, for the Potteries, on a great Scale. The Flints he imports from Southampton, or other Ports nearest to the Downy Countries.

Got home damped, but more sweltered with the heat of a borrowed greatcoat. Time enough to dress for dinner. Had an uncomfortable ride through hard rain to Penrhyn, where I was politely received. Our company were Lady Penrhyn, Mrs. Ferry, a Mr. Ferry, her Son—Fellow of Trinity Coll., Cambridge—Mr. Wyatt, and self. Lady Penrhyn pressed me to take a bed there, but I declined it, as I had not my things about me, and prevailed on me to stay another day, that I might see the Grounds of Penrhyn.

Friday.—After Breakfast took Horse, and accompanied Mr. Wyatt to Penrhyn. Leaving our Horses, we walked down by a beautiful walk, under the shelter of fine young plantations, to an elegant little Cottage of her Ladyship, where, in her way up or down to the Bath, she rests herself. The Walk is open to the Bay, Orme's Head, Priestholme, Beaumaris, and Penmaenmawr. The Cottage is overrun with Passion flowers and beautiful Creepers of various kinds. The sitting room is hung round with Caricatures slightly fastened on, which her Ladyship changes every year. Continue the same walk, passing the Gardener's retreat, till we come to the Shore, and proceed by an artificial mole to the Baths, an elegant building having its foundation on a rock, supplying a firmness, which had not the rock been there, it might have been difficult to have given it. There is a large circular Basin, inclosed with high walls, always filled with Sea Water, so that no tides need be consulted. There is a dressing room, or rather an undressing room, each side, one for the Ladies, the other for the Gentlemen. There is likewise a warm Bath, and every convenience for this Species of Luxury, and perhaps cannot be equalled by anything of the kind in the Kingdom.

Return by the same Walk, and examine the Stables, which for magnificence, elegance, comfort, and convenience cannot be surpassed. The building presents a regular Front, with an immense Gate Way or Arch in the Centre, having high folding doors for Carriages. On each side this Gateway are the family horses. The facing of the building is all slate skrewed on to a wood batting. In short, everything here savours of Slate, Door and Window casings, Cisterns, Horse blocks, nay, the very Mangers are constructed of slate, with only an edge of cylindrical Wood that rolls. Most of the common paling is of Slate, cut to imitate Wood, and from its colour, Wood painted in lead coloured paint. Behind the Stable there is a large square, where are the stables for strange horses, entered from behind, Coach Houses,

and a long Piazza to exercise Horses in rainy weather. The Farmyard is placed happily out of sight, and is most compact, with a neat House belonging to the Bailiff near. The Chapel, now placed at a little distance from the house, yet seen from some of its Windows to great effect, once stood attached to the house, and was removed stone by stone to the site it now occupies. It is finely shaded by trees, making the Scene very solemn, and Ivy as it were of Ages has been trained to cloak part of it. The Work within, such as Pews, Pulpit, &c., is new, only a few *bas reliefs* from the old in wood introduced into the panels of the new. The House, with an exception to a Bow Window, and a round tower to correspond with an old one that existed there for some hundred years, is the same shell as the old, but having undergone a different distribution as to its rooms. The Hall is exactly the same as it was in point of its dimensions, only new stuccoed and furnished. In the Dining Parlour is a noble Portrait in the highest preservation of Williams, Archbishop of York, by Jansen. Out of the Hall you ascend the old Tower by a Corkscrew staircase of stone, from the Top of which you have a delightful prospect. There is, Lady Penrhyn told me, an authority under the Great Seal of one of the Edwards for the then Proprietor to build that Tower,* or rather to give the House

* The following excerpts from the Penrhyn muniments are given near the end of this MS. :—

A licence to build a Turrett with battlements at Penrhyn.

Henry by the Grace of God King of England and of France and Lord of Ireland, to all his Bailiffs and faithful People to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting. Know ye that we in consideration of a fine of three shillings and four pence paid to us by John Pykine and Joan his Wife have given and granted to the said John and Joan licence for us and our Heirs that they may construct and compleat one small Tower in their Manor at Penrhyn in the Ville of Creworion with a little Battlement on the top of the said Tower so that neither the said John and Joan nor the heirs of the said John and Joan shall be molested or disturbed by any one for the construction and Battlement of the said Tower without the let or hindrance of us or of our Heirs Justices Escheators Sheriffs Bailiffs or any other of our Ministers whomsoever. In witness whereof we have caused these our Letters to be made patent. Witness ourself at Caernarvon the tenth day of May in the sixteenth year of our Reign.

By Bill sealed with the Seal of the Deputy Justice of North Wales.

Marked on the Box 10 May Hen: 6 (1438), but I should suspect it more ancient.

To William Griffith a licence to impark and have free Warren in Crewerion

a castellated form; for, as appears by several documents in Rymer's *Fœdera*, no man could crenell his house without the royal permission. In a niche over the doorway or window in this old Hall there were, when the alterations were made, discovered the Bones of a small Infant, and amongst the Bones two rings, one, of several strowns of twisted gold wire, the other, a little hoop representing a snake, with a small stone crystal or diamond setting, and had been filed off the finger that wore it. I saw the rings.

Surrounding the House, particularly on the East and South East sides, there are several old Oaks, venerable Foresters, mixed with the new plantations, forming a charming skreen between it and the Sea, and through and in shelter of this Wood, and extending to, another large patch of Wood just above the Mouth of the Ogwen there are walks, shady and pleasant, and at the back of the Farm in this line, a pleasant Alcove commanding a most charming view of the Sea, Ormes Head, &c.

After taking leave of Lady Penrhyn, resume our Horses, and ride to Llandegai to see the Church, which is a neat Gothick cruciform Church. Tower very low in the centre, supported by four Gothick or moderately pointed Arches. On one side of the Communion table in the East Wall on the North side, there is a Stone canopy, where formerly, no doubt, an Effigy was recumbent; and on the other side the Altar raised on a Tomb, whose sides and end are ornamented with little wrought Compartments, each Compartment containing the figure of an Angel holding an Escutcheon without any bearing. On the tomb are two Effigies, a Warrior and a Lady in Alabaster, shockingly disfigured now by being mutilated and scratched by schoolboys, for I found there was a School kept there, and had perhaps been kept there for ages. The Male figure seems to have a Collar of some Order about his neck, and by it hangs some Animal seemingly. In the Chancel on the South side Wall there is a mural tablet to the memory of the Archbishop of York. He is represented kneeling,

(Cororion), 25th Hen: 6th (1455) [?]. A place called Coed y Park there now.

The Quarries mentioned in a deed of 3rd of Hen: 5th.

The sum total of a Rental of Penrhyn in 1500, £75 10s. 0d.

It appears by the purchase deed that the Lord Keeper, 1622, bought Penrhyn of Evan Lloyd of Yale Esqr and Sir Rd Trevor for £8,000.

In the 42nd of Elizabeth Piers Griffith was Captain of the Ship Grace. *Perys Gruffyth*, so he spelt his name.

Domus Leprosorum mentioned at Carnarvon 10th Edward 3rd.

John, Prior of Priestholme, is witness to a deed 9th Hen: 4th.

his figure was in white Marble, but the Marble has been painted. Shocking! Yet though the paint has blunted the sharpness of the sculpture there is a strong likeness.

Some time past an old stone Coffin excavated from a coarse granite was dug up in the Churchyard, where it was supposed the Patron Saint Dygai was buried.

Creuddyn.

On Wednesday, 1st Sep^{r}, [1813], crossed over the Ferry of Conway with my Friend Mr. Owen, after having our patience tried to the utmost by waiting for above 2 Hours at the Ferry, and experiencing the most unexampled and savage insolence from the Ferrymen, which calls for reprobation. Reach, however, Gloddaith in time to admit of our visiting the Chapel (as they call the curious arched covering over Trillo's sainted Well) and Bryn Eyrin, a very large building, and of such architecture as puzzles one to decide on its age, or use, for though by the chimneys in it it must have been a mansion, yet it appeared not to have had any apertures that could be called windows, there appearing none but oblique eyelet holes. The House of Gloddaith is a large irregular pile of building of various eras. The Hall, which is roofed like Westminster Hall on a small scale with wood, has something very baronial in it. There is a gallery at one end, and it is lighted by two large Windows, with semicircular tops and stone mullions. The Chimney piece is of stone, an arch of a very wide span, a Gothic Eliptic. It has this motto in old embossed letters, painted black (the ground of the Chimney piece being stone colour), *Heb Dduw heb ddim, Duw a digon. Amen*; and under it round the rim next to the fire, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*; and above the Centre of the Arch Madoc Gloddaith's Arms, viz., Gules a Chevron between 3 balls argent. In the drawing room there is a Chimney piece of stone, but not arched, and certainly of a more modern date. It bears on the upper rim, *Da pacem nobis Domine in diebus nostris quia non est*; and round the lower Rim, *Thomas Mosten Armiger*. No date, yet it certainly must have been before the Baronetcy was created, which was in 1660; so that it must have been inscribed, either in the time of the Civil Wars, or in Elizabeth's reign, there being no war that could have been referred to but one of these. This Chimney piece is decorated with 5 Escutcheons, viz., that above the Chimney piece in the centre, Edwin Prince of Tegengl. On each side, Sir Griffith Llwyd's and Ednyfed Vychan's; and in the

corner, Tudur Trevor, and Madoc Gloddaith. The Hall appears to be older than the Drawing Room, as well as the kitchen, Pantry, &c., the latter of which opens with a half door, and a little shelf annexed like that of a College Buttery. The Kitchen, in the part just over the region of the Fire place, goes to the roof, ending in Sky light, looking into which there is a small shutter, through which, from the gallery, it is supposed the Lady of the House issued her orders. In a corner of the Kitchen, close to the Door, is a curious old brass Mortar, curious wrought, bedded in a wooden pillar fixed in the floor, which once, no doubt, was upright, but now much out of its perpendicular, and chained to the Wall in that position. Qu., why so chained ?

The Library contains a vast number of the best stock books, several Classics of the best editions, and large paper copies of almost every book, a fine illuminated Copy of Froissart on vellum, but I suspect it is only the half of it, the other probably at Mostyn. Among the MSS., as usual, occurs a great deal of Welsh poetry, and one curious collection of Wm Cynwal's Eulogies and Elegies, with the Coats of Arms coarsely tricked of the persons praised or bewailed before each.* A fine copy of Statius's Thebaid on Vellum, and of Terence's Plays, d°. Several Missals, and one remarkably fine ; all kept remarkably dry. The famous Torque is in a leather case. The House finely backed with wood cloathing the high ridge of limestone behind it, open to the South, with hanging Gardens and Terraces to the same aspect. All round finely wooded with every sort of Tree, but principally Oak.

Here and at Bodyscallen, Timber supposed worth £80,000.

Thursday 2^d^ [Sept., 1813].—Rode to Bodyscallen. Met Sir Robt Vaughan, who gave me all the particulars respecting the fall of the Ceubren yr Ellyll. He said that there was one line of sound and fine timber in it, which supplied the few living Branches with vegetative life.

Hence, in Company with Mr. Owen, by a most horrid narrow pass overhanging the Sea which to walk is formidable (for we abandoned our Horses), to Gogarth, a place, I believe, seldom visited by Tourists, where I found the ruins of a very large building, I presume of the Monastick kind. Part of the Church, with high walls, placed on the edge of the crumbling high bank above the beach, which I should think, is daily mouldering away, and I make no doubt was once part of an extensive tract stretching

* This is now Mostyn MS. 111.—Ed.

sea-ward beneath it, for by the edge of a large window of the Wall, which now reaches only to the brink of the precipice, it is clear that the other part, together with the same portion of wall as shews on the land side of it, must have existed, but now swept away. No tradition or history of it. But of its being a religious Establishment I think is evident by a deed which I have seen relative to a tenement at Gogarth, where the abuttals on one side are mentioned, *prope Viam sanctam*; and to prove that much land has been lost, in another deed there is mention made of a *Molendinum*, a Mill, which must have been placed on the flat, now washed away, and worked by the little rill of Water that runs from the rock above, and by being collected into a Dam might have sufficed to have worked it sufficiently to have supplied a small population.

On Friday, 3d [Sept., 1813], left Gloddaith, and having been told by the Revd Mr. Lloyd of Caerwys that in Llandrillo Church, by new paving it, a Grave Stone had been removed with an inscription purporting it to have covered the ashes of Ednyfed Vychan, said to have lived at Bryn Eurin. This was too flattering a bait for Antiquaries not to bite at. However, after sweeping and scraping the tomb well, we found it thus inscribed and thus ornamented.* Observe a curious stone terminating the pine end of the North Aisle at the East, representing a ducal coronet surmounted by an arm holding something.

Hence to Conway Ferry, where we waited in vain for two hours for the ferry boat, the wind being too high to admit of its crossing, which obliged us to go all round to Tal y Cafn; and then, through a most tempestuous night over Bwlch y Ddwyfaen to Aber, by half past Nine, just in time to escape violent rain, thank God.

Saturday, 4th Sepr, [1813].—Called on Mr Worthington, whom I found a most intelligent, pleasant Man. Being concerned in the Herculanium pottery at Liverpool, he carries on here an extensive work subservient to it, viz., a mill for reducing flint, first burnt with an impalpable powder, to make China, a very late

* The sketch is worthless, being exceedingly rough, and the inscription inaccurate and incomplete. The latter should run thus :— ✠ HIC IACET DNS EDNEVED QVONDAM VICARIVS DE DYNEYRT Cs ANIME PROPICIETVR DEVS AMEN. There is a good photograph of this floriated cross in W. Bezant Lowe, *The Heart of Northern Wales*, 1912, p. 363. See also *Arch. Camb.*, 1857, p. 42; Thomas, *Hist. of Dio. of St. Asaph*, iii, pp. 212-3.—Ed.

discovery found out by a curious commission Man, who took a flint to light his pipe by, a particle of which fell into his pipe, and there was reduced to a Calx, which attracted his observation, so that he kept the bit, which led to the extensive use of it. The Mill for this purpose, in all its branches, is a curious piece of Machinery. But what most provoked my admiration was the mill for sawing Boards, which is so simple as immediately to be comprehended by any person without much knowledge of mechanism. By the help of two men, to attend the process, as much work is done at once, with less waste of timber and finer, as would employ in the ordinary way 36 Men. By the wheel that sets this machine in motion several other mills are moved, such as those for grinding various paints, bruising Linseed for Oil, &c. The boards that were sawing then were for the frames of Cyphering slates, of which 3 fourths of all that are used are made here, viz., about 8,000 dozen. There is likewise a vast quantity of Pencils sold here which come from the North of England and are cut by a Machine.

After dinner took a ride to see the Mill for sawing the blocks of slate for Chimney pieces, Tomb stones, side boards, Cyphering Slates, &c., which is a wonderful piece of Machinery, and carried on with great success by Mr. Worthington.

Hence to the beautiful Chapel built, consecrated, and endowed by Lady Penrhyn for the use of the people employed in the Slate quarries, forming a vast population scattered over the sides of the Mountain in neat Cottages built for that purpose. Too much cannot be said in praise of this structure, which unites simplicity with elegance. The Clergyman has his house and school near, as has the Clerk. Service twice every Sunday. Rev^{d} Mr. Hughes, a very popular Welsh preacher, the Curate.

Sunday Evening I attended Divine Service in the Chapel, which was quite crowded, having about 300 people in it. Mr. Hughes the Curate went through the Service with most impressive devotion, and his sermon was well delivered.

Tuesday, Sepr 7, 1813.—Left Bangor and took a seat in Mr. Arthur Wyatt's gig to Glangwnnai, a beautiful spot almost insulated by the waters of the Seint and Gwnnai. The spot is a Knoll well wooded in the Confluence of the above rivers. It belongs to a Mr. Lloyd of Shrewsbury, who bought it of the late Mr. Roberts of Llanbedrog. Mr. Lloyd added many new plantations very judiciously, now thriving, but the beauty of the grounds may be justly ascribed to the taste of Mr. Arthur Wyatt,

who occupied it for some time. He may be said to have laid out the grounds, has made the walks to wind most happily, so as to catch in several places beautiful peeps of the Seint, which here fills a most capacious channel, and takes the most beautiful bends, shewing its whole course, a dashing precipitousness, and in one or two places, no unpicturesque falls, as likewise does the Gwrnai. The Walk on the Margin of the Seint, following the same sweeps as does the river, is charming. You then leave the greater River and turn up into a tangled path, and pursue the more pastoral stream up to the House. In any place, this spot would be beautiful, and what is remarkable does not owe its beauties to its peculiar situation near Carnarvon, and the mountainous scene around it, as from no part of the grounds do you take in a view of the Turrets of Segontium or much of the Mountains.

Wednesday, 8th.—Accompanied Mr. Williams to Llanrug, where I was turned loose, to satiate myself with his very curious and miscellaneous collections for Welsh History. Added much to my stock.

Thursday, 9th.—Set off with my Cicerone to the Vale of Llanberis, having never entered it from that end. Day fine and clear. Saw the lakes to great advantage ; lower about 3 Miles in length, and about half a Mile average breadth ; upper, a Mile long, separated by a small tract of flat Meadow land called the Bala, a projecting point, particularly between waters.

Pass Tydu where Godfrey Goodman lived, mentioned in Appendix to York's Tribes, and Glyn Rhenwy, another old Plâs. A new road is here sketched, I may say, and with a view to this a Mr. Wright is building a house for an Inn in a very pleasant situation, prettily wooded, with a great deal of good land about it well sheltered, extending to the River Hwch (so called from its grunting sound probably), which falls into the upper Lake just under Dolbadarn Castle, which here forms a very picturesque object. Goodman in his will mentions Ty du and Coed Mawr. There is not much growth at present to justify the name, but you see covering all the sides of the little knolls, and the mountains some way up, old stools throwing out vigorous shoots, which, if properly preserved, would in after years become the Coed Mawr again.

Pass the bridge over the Hwch, and by a winding path for about half a mile on the edge of it, ascend to Rhaiadr y Ceunant Mawr,

which is a very singular Cataract, falling over three or 4 ledges of Rock, till it precipitates after a small turn to the Right in one broken sheet over a perpendicular Rock into a deep hollow, formed by the whole River, and producing an appearance very different from our falls in general.

Return the same way and examine the Castle of Dolbadarn, which consists of one tower of most excellent masonry and the hardest possible cement. The lower part of the Tower more projecting at the base, and for 4 feet high built of a thick slaty stone lying very close without Mortar. The present Tower, by its masonry seems to have experienced some of the touches of Edward the First, is entered by a large staircase from without leading to the grand and only Entrance, which had been guarded by a Portcullis, and opened on the first floor, there appearing to have been no entrance to the basement but from within. There were three stories, each having a fire place, and the first or principal having an oriel window. In the middle of the floor of the basement story there appears to have been a hole, either for a well or one of those Dungeons, like that at St. David's, where probably Owen Goch was interred alive, I may say.

On the North side an excrescence (square) of building, in the upper stories of which were small chambers, entered from the circular room, probably dormitories, the lower part being necessaries. The walls very thick, not less than 4 feet. Diameter of Tower about 28 feet. Circumference from without about 150. The top appears to have been drawn into a cone; a parapet wall round the Summit. It stands on a projecting eminence above the end of the upper lake. Older buildings seem to have occupied the space between the present tower and the point of the projecting precipice, its walls having followed the shape of the Rock on which they stand, the Rock having been apparently by art made more inaccessible. Here perhaps, before Edward's new Tower rose, the ancient Fortress stood. There are traces of large Apartments.

Cross Pont y Bala over the River issuing out of the upper lake, which may be called the Seint in its first stage, and which after passing through the lower lake becomes the River known by that name, and voids itself at Carnarvon. This Bridge crossed, look at a handsome Cottage of Mr. Ashton Smith's called Glan Bala very appropriately, prettily embosomed in thriving young wood, with a few old trees near the House. The Cottage stands on a pretty knoll, and has all its necessary appendages of Garden, &c., with as much nature and as little art as fashionable comforts

would admit of, and it may be said not to be dressed beyond the *simplex munditiis*.

Leaving this charming spot, ascend to the Slate Quarries by a sloping acclivity of about a Mile, running on the side of an immensely high hill forming the boundary of the lake, to enclose which a fence has been made within these two years, to keep Sheep and Goats out, by which means, the whole hill (from old stools, and Nature's planting, a young forest of Oak, Birch, and Mountain Ash is springing up, and in the course of 5 or 6 years, such is their thriving progress at this early age) is likely to make a most respectable figure. Pity more of such laudable patriotick plans should not be adopted. Take a turn to the left, and then to the right, and after crossing a little hollow, come to another story, I may say, of the Mountains (the Elydyr range), where are Mr. Smith's slate Quarries. I say Quarries, as there are two or three works going on at the same time, at no great distance from each other, being separated by a Stratum of hard stone which runs parallel to the Slate. From these Quarries a new road for Seven Miles to a shipping place on the Menai, Mr. Smith's exclusive property, has been lately made, where his slates are perpetually carrying, to the great obstruction of improvement in Agriculture—the farmers' horses, carts, and men being employed in this business; so that it is to be lamented (and perhaps Mr. Smith himself will lament) that there was not at first a rail road made, which would not have required many horses to tend it, an advantage that the neighbourhood of the Penrhyn Quarries feel, in consequence of such an improvement. Mr. Smith owns nearly the whole of the two Parishes of Llanberis and Llanddeiniolen.

In my way homewards, on the right of the road a little above Llys Dinorwig at the base of the Mountain on a flattish piece of Ground, observe the ground work of ancient enclosures and buildings, one pretty large and circular, and an avenue of some breadth, marked with two rows of stones, taking a curved course. Call to see an old Mansion called Glascoed, a pretty large building, once belonging to a family of the name of Wynne, now merged by marriage in Coed Helen. In the parlour were several old family pictures, and one of a Clergyman, who might have been the Wynne buried at Llanddeiniolen Church. Over the outer door, the arch of which was of cut stone, was a stone with the initials of the Lady and Gentleman of the House, and their ages, with a date of 1623, I believe. Near the House was a Dove House, on a Model very prevalent in N. Wales—a square building with 4

Gable ends in roof. Below Llanrug Church was shewn a very perfect bit of Roman road, which must have been a vicinal one, from its course, to connect the Road that comes by Nant from Tommen y Mur with that leading from Conovium to Segontium.

In passing through the Station at Segontium, now intersected by the great road to Llanbeblic, notice the Stone in the hedge bounding the South side of the Road having on it the letters as below :—

S V C

Llanfair Isgaer.

Just without the grounds of Llanfair there is a knoll called Dinas, evidently an old British hold, which the Romans after occupied when they invaded Mona, exactly opposite to Pant ysgraphiau, and admirably calculated to cover their Debarkation, or to furnish a place of retreat in case of a repulse. It is very bold and difficult of access towards the Water ; towards the land, sloping with an inner rampart of Stones and an outer of Earth, leaving a considerable hollow space between both, pretty broad. Llanfair is called *Isgaer* with reference only to Carnarvon. Above the grounds of Llanfair, on the farm of Crug (where Sir J. Wynne's ancestor was fostered), is a small circular work seemingly surrounded with what was once a moat, now a boggy foss, which might have been an outpost of the Romans, as situated just opposite to the great pass of Llanberis, and admitting of an extensive view all round, for prevention of surprize and giving alarm. It is called Girlan or Gorlan Diboeth.

Llanfair, charmingly situated, with lawn finely sloping to the Menai, exactly opposite to a lawn of a similar character on the other side at Llanidan. Magnificently wooded. On a mount just above the House, crowned by a noble and picturesque Ash Tree, partly stagheaded and clad with Ivy, catch many delightful peeps of the Menai illumined by the setting sun and the opposite Coast. Lord Littleton (George), who was entertained here by the present possessor's father, preferred it to any look out he had seen.

Curiosities at Llanfair.

Sardonyx Ring, without impression, set in Virgin gold heavily. Found in ruins of old Segontium.

A gold signet ring of Sir Wm. Jones of Castellmarch, exhibiting his Arms, viz., 3 hogs' heads, but with a touch of the finger at turns ; and the crest a horse's head appears.

A curious ornament, whether ring or not, with a piece of glass or some gem like an Eye at the Top, the solid part above the ring ending in it. Found among some Druidical works. It was of gold.

A curious gold ring which opens and forms an Orrery.

An antient Lady's stirrup of brass, exactly the model of the leather Stirrup now used by the Ladies.

The unfortunate Duke of Monmouth's Stirrups, Pummel of his sword, and spurs.

Pictures at Llanfair.

Portrait of Sir William Jones, but not in good preservation ; a copy I take it, of that at Rhiwlas, which seems to have been the original from which the Print before his reports was taken.

A fine Portrait of old Rowlands of Nant by Sir Peter Lely. He was the Post Office Palmer of his day, and had a place in the foreign Post Office.

A Portrait of the Duke of Buckingham ; some say of Charles 1st when young, but no doubt of the former.

Prince Maurice of the Rhine. A Flora by Reubens. A fine portrait by Jansen. A portrait on boards of a lady, finely done, unknown.

Friday, Sepr 10th, [1813].—In company with Mr. Williams set off for Gwynfryn, but purposing to see several ancient places in the way. Call on David Thomas, the Bard, with whom I saw a MS. Pedigree book, very beautifully written, including likewise a great deal of Welsh poetry and Gronwy Owen's letters, which he is engaged to lend me. A little beyond his house (for he attended us) he shewed us the foundations of ancient buildings, occupying a small field bordering on the Road to the right, where one particularly struck me, being that of a circular tower. On enquiry, we found it was called Lloce Avallon, or some such thing. I immediately suggested it might be Rywallon, and David

Thomas told me there was a farm near called by that name ; so that it might have been a Llys of Prince Rywallon. Then visited Plâs newydd, an old Mansion, last the property of the Orielton family, and sold to Glynllifon by the late Sir Hugh, together with Nanlle. This was a large old house. A large black oak wainscoted hall is now turned into a farm Kitchen, and entered by a painted Arch Door. We were shewn a room high up in a Garret or Attick Story, which seemed to have been the private Room or Boudoir of the former proprietor, there being in Stucco plaister over the Chimney piece the coat of Arms of Glynllifon, with the initials of TG, for Thos. Glynn, 1632. In a room below, in plaister on a beam, another date of 1633.

By a deed shewn me at Gwynfryn, made between R^{d} Ellis of Bodychen and Thos. Glynn of Plâs Newydd and Wm Glynn of Nanlle, bearing date 21st Feby 23 Car. 1st [1647-8], I conclude him to be the same whose initials are mentioned above, and that W^{m} was Thomas's Son. His daũr married Richd Ellis. The farmer told us that Thomas Glynn died a Bachelor, and left his Estate to his Godson Sir Arthur Owen ; but this could not be, one would think, to the disinherison of his Daũr, wife of Richd Ellis.

A great deal of fine Oak timber, and some very large and very picturesque trees, gone to ruin for want of being cut 200 years ago. Hence through these woods in quest of Muriau Gwilym Ddu, the site of whose habitation was where now a cottage stands, between the Road we took and the Glynllifon fort or summer house. Gwilym Ddu mentions contemporary bards, Tudyr and some other ; and it is remarkable that near the site of his Muriau there are two places, to this day, one called Tyddyn Tudyr, and the other Tyddyn.

I then shewed them what had attracted my notice three years ago in a field adjoining the road a little farther on, remains and foundations of extensive buildings, amongst the loose stones of which, 3 years ago, I saw a fragment of cut Stone. One grand Entrance, now marked by two long upright stones. No brick of any kind. On enquiry as to names, we found that the field was only denominated from being on the edge of the road, Cae Minfordd, but the farm, Pen bryn mawr. A little farther on, in a field, a large spot uncultivated, still larger, and covered in like manner. All such appearances go under the general name of Cyttiau'r Gwyddelod.

After great circuity arrive at Craig y Dinas, situated on a rocky eminence above the Llyfni, a little lower down than Lleiar, the

Carnarvon side of the river. It is a large Encampment, towards the land side protected by two very lofty ramparts, the inner of Stone and outer of Earth, with a wide and deep foss between. These ramparts extend for near two thirds of its compass, the other part being naturally precipitous, not requiring much defence ; above the river very steep.

In the centre a rising like an old Carnedd. In several places, at no great distance from it, more of the Cyttiau. Followed the Llyfni, which we cross at Pont Cym, a bridge near the centre of which is a stone bearing this inscription :—

> Catherine Buckley hath give £20 towards mak this Bridge 1612—

which is a literal translation of Welsh into English, and may give some idea of the relative idiom of the two languages.

Part with my valuable Cicerone at a bridge lower down on the Turnpike Road from Carnarvon to Pwllheli. Pursue it through Clynog. On my way thither observe with regret a very fine shaft of an ornamented old Cross, of a singular yellowish grit Stone, serving as a footbridge, plundered, I presume, from Clynog. Much struck with the Elegance of the Structure of Clynog. Fine trees in Churchyard, and a remarkable fine Ash before Inn door. At the door of smaller inn, a large Sycamore tree growing out of the Side Wall, and towering higher than the house. The road very grand the sea side of the Rivals, and through a Country exhibiting, on the sides of the hills sloping to the Sea, specimens of excellent cultivation, fine Corn, and fine Swedish Turnips, which makes it a subject of regret that more is not cultivated. At Elernion, stunted remains of a great wood sold by late Wynne of Wern. Were they standing now would be worth £10,000.

Proceed, and pass by Plâs du, where once Owen the Epigrammatist pointed many an Epigram, and to Gwynfryn before Night.

Monday.—Rode out with Mr. Ellis, and saw a very fine Cistvaen in a field called Cae'r Goeten. The incumbent stone is very large and thick. There is a Cromlech, seemingly, near Ystimcegid, if the drawing I have seen of it is correct. Gwynfryn itself appears to have been occupied by a Druidical circle, from the names of some of the Fields. Prevented by Rain from extending our Ride.

Tuesday.—Left Gwynfryn and took the Road by Tremadock. Had a letter to a Mr. Billington, who was not within, and the letter was opened by a Mr. Thelwall, who very politely shewed me the whole House and the Grounds. It is a very handsome Cottage. Verenda prettily overgrown with creepers. Saw through a telescope the new Embankment, which is meant to be finished by June next. The Town is not so large as I was led to expect, for, exclusive of an Inn or two, a large shop and the Town House, the Houses are low and on a small scale, and not many. Saw the elevation of a new street that is to face the new Church now building. Saw near the House, the right of the Road, a rocky ridge beautifully overrun with Ivy, and in one place projecting, having an excellent place for a seat. Further on, went to an Arch formed by an immense fragment resting on two Stones, like a Cromlech, forming an opening. There are stairs made to get to the top of it. The little promontory is appropriately called Penrhyn Heli, the brine Promontory.

By Pont Aberglaslyn over a most excellent Road on the Margin of the Estuary, and under Rocks to the Land side, prettily broken here and there ; the hollows in the hills well wooded ; cross the bridge, and by a new road much lower than the course of the former road by Bron Danw, under a very tremendously projecting ridge of rock, to Tanybwlch. Got to Trawsfynydd in the Evening. Saw with a Man from a ridge of Mountains, between Trawsfynydd and Ardudwy, Daggers of a mixed mettle and a Pike head found under a Cistvaen. There was in the same place some years ago a sort of Saucepan found. Several Cistvaens in that neighbourhood, and cavities like the huts of the early inhabitants. An old China cruise inscribed *Sack 1649*, and the canon with *Majora canamus* on it.

Anglesey.*

Begun Thursday, Aug^{t} [9th], 1810.—Set off from Carnarvon. Ride charming over the Menai. Road remarkably fine and strait. Pass Llanvair is gaer, charmingly wooded down to ye water's edge—so called, I imagine, from its situation below a small Encampment, perhaps of the Romans, to cover their debarkation when they crossed over to Anglesea, the place nearly opposite being called Pant yr Yscraphie, or rather Pont, as it may be supposed they went over by a bridge of boats, in this place the shallowest part of the Fretum. The grounds of Plâs newydd much enlarged since the accession of those formerly belonging to Col. Peacock, and the whole enclosed with a high stone wall. We enter at a gate a little beyond Plâs coch, an old house of Queen Elizabeth's Age, and wind through very fine woods and lawns, till we come to the so much admired Druid Relic erroneously called a Cromlech.

The House is entirely new cased with most beautifully coloured grey limestone finely cut, all but polished, in the Gothick stile, as are the Offices likewise. Within, the Rooms are very magnificent, and well disposed of, particularly the Hall, in which are some fine Portraits, particularly the first Earl of Uxbridge and Lord Holland, in Charles's time. The Chapel is extremely beautiful, on the first landing place, as is the grand Staircase. The hangings of the great drawing room fronting the Menai were a present from the Queen; are India Taffeta with coloured flowers. Two of the best bed chambers are hung with silk and coloured flowers, but not so rich.

We quit the grounds by a different gate, and at every step have cause to admire the fine view of the mountains and the Menai, which here certainly presents the best appearance, as it takes a bend well calculated to show it to advantage. The Place is kept in a manner that does infinite credit to the possessor. After leaving this charming place we take the Beaumaris road, and just above Bangor Ferry turn into that new part of it lately made by Lord Bulkely, which winds most judiciously in a level just above the Menai, having a parapet wall on the side of the River all the way. The View, still improving as you approach Beaumaris, accompanies you, leading the eye from the Pass of Llanberis to

* MS. 2.53.

the wild entrance into Nant Francon, and across the beautiful retired Valley of Aber to Penmaen mawr, and its gradation of lesser headlands beyond it, the bay of Beaumaris appearing landlocked, and, when I saw it, to enrich the scene, two or three Pleasure boats, with colours displayed, were sailing in different directions on it within two or 3 Miles of the town. The road takes its course under fine hanging woods, which continue till you enter it. Beaumaris is too low to be a striking object.

After Dinner walked up to Baronhill, the grounds of which are very delightful and richly wooded, the walks broad, clean, and well gravell'd. As to prospect, it fronts the grandest portion of the Mountain Region, and if there is a defect it is that you cannot exclude it.

Friday, Aug^{t} [10th], 1810.—By Friars to Penmon Priory. Called on Sir Robert Williams, who shewed us his Barn, which was formerly the Priory Church. The West end exhibits 3 lancet Windows like those at Salisbury; one fine pointed Arch on South side, and an Arch at the East end stopped up, which in all probability led to the Chancel. Here, if we credit the Bards, who refer to it, were interred all the people of rank of the country, and they call it the *marble abounding Llanvaes*; and it is clearly proved from a coincidence of several circumstances, that the three fine monuments at Llandegai, Beaumaris, and Penmynydd were brought from Llanvaes at the dissolution of it, and that the tomb of Princess Joan, Llewelyn's Consort, which had for many years officiated most disgracefully as a watering Trough for Horses, was taken from thence, which, with its lid,* lately discovered in the Church of Beaumaris, having on it an Effigy of a female, the face in sight and hands uplifted, the lower part overlaid with a profusion of florid sculpture, has been set up by Lord Bulkely at the termination of a walk in his pleasure grounds in a gothick Mausoleum erected for that purpose, with an inscription in Latin, English, and Welsh.

Hence to Llienog, where at the entrance of the dingle in which the Castle stands, there is a small earth, an outpost or exploratory fort to the Castle higher up. The Castle, said to have been built by Hugh Lupus, stands as a conical knoll partly natural, and partly so shaped by Art, as is evident by the foss out of which the earth was dug, and consists of 4 round Bastions, with a curtain

* Account of Llwyd's discovery of it, who told me he thought there was a coronet on her head, but that the moulding over which it partly extended was cut off.

wall connecting them and forming a square 16 sticks and a half each side. The building appears very old, and is overrun with an almost impenetrable wilderness intermixed with some large trees.

Stop at Trecastell and visit the old Mansion of Tudor ap Gronw who founded the Priory at Bangor. There are in two Rooms remains of some little consequence in the Arches of two Fire places, very similar to that of Gloddaeth. There was once an inscription over one, but now quite obliterated, and adjoining one end of the house, a small old building, with stone work up round the door, and from its strength and other circumstances supposed to be a prison.

Hence to Penmon, where I see perhaps the most perfect specimen of an old Saxon pile of the most monastick kind now extant in Wales. The Church is cruciform, and consists of a Nave, Chancel, and transepts. The tower, which ends in a square deep pointed roof, rests on 4 Saxon Arches, having the usual Saxon Ornament of zigzag and fret work. In the square tower of steeple true Saxon small windows, one East side and the other North. The North Transept, which appears to have been a chantry chapel, was highly finished with mock recess of stone stalls, truly Saxon all round, and highly ornamented like the Arches. An altar on the East side. The Arch leading to the north transept, now down, stopped up. Two doors in the Nave opposite each other; over that in the South side, which is Saxon, sculptured on the Stone above the door, a fiery dragon vomiting out flame. There are some bits of painted glass in the East Window, but not enough to make any part intelligible. On one side of the Entrance into Chancel stands a small Saxon pillar, the capital of which was hollowed as a receptacle for holy water. In the Nave a font with some old sculpture on the stone, too much blunted by daubings of white wash to be traced. The Refectory, and the House, now inhabited, in which were the Prior's lodgings, and the general dormitory are on the South side, and all together, with the other accompaniments, afford a fine subject for the pencil. At a little distance to the Eastward is a square building with a square roof deep pointed, and not tiled with slate, no more than that of the church tower, and within brought to a cone by flags tiled one over the other, which was their dove house. In the Centre of the inner Area, having steps by which you may ascend to, a flat top, I suppose for holding food for the feathered tenants of the place. It is lighted by an open cupola at top.

Ride to Seiriol or Priestholme. There is on it a small building, with a tower very similar to that of Penmon, being a cell to it. The fretum between the Island and the main is narrow, but deep. There is a perch pointing out the passage. The religious of this cell and those of Penmon are called Canonici de Glannauch, and this way lead to the name of Helig ap Glannog. On the extreme end of Penmon point is a small earth work, and near it the site of some very small cruciform building. From Penmon priory to the point it is all a Warren, but to the West of it what is enclosed with a stone wall is a Deer park, in which, about half a mile to the West of the Priory, and on one of the tracks leading to it, is one of the ornamented crosses.

Return by Llanvaes Church, in which there is an historical Marble tablet to commemorate some by the Wbytes Family, who once owned Friars.

Saturday, Aug^{t} [11th], 1810.—Walked to see the Castle, which is an immense pile nearly square, flanked with several round Bastions of large diameter, enclosed within an outer Wall, embattled and flanked with Bastions about half the height of the Castle, and was moated all round, probably Sea Water let in, as there is a curtain projecting from the main Building, called the Gunners Walk, having a passage within it. To this were fixed Boats that brought what was wanted to the Castle, one of the great Iron rings being still extant to confirm it. The Entrance on South side into the Castle was between 2 Round Towers and a square one attached. 2 Portcullises. Then by a doorway in a cross wall; then by another Entrance into the Area of the Castle. Within the Entrance, and attached to it, was a building similar to that on the North side which the great hall occupies, now in ruins and almost all down. The building, including the Great hall and other State rooms, projected from the North entrance into the Area of the Castle, and was lighted by 5 Windows opening into the Area. On the East side was the Chapel within the centre Bastion, a room in shape, the greater part of an oval, groined with 7 Arches springing from 8 Columns, lighted by 7 lancet Windows narrow. It was entered by a double Door having a slight pillar dividing them; 2 slits on each side of the door for confessional opening into the passage. There were steps from the Area by which you ascended to it, now destroyed.

This is perhaps the most perfect specimen now existing of such a portion of our old Castles, and perhaps the most elegant. Pity Lord Bulkeley will not repair the slight defects that now exist,

which might be done for less than £100, to preserve so very beautiful a Model. The Sides of Chapel are decorated with mock Stalls neatly wrought. In the Area observe 3 great fire places, a singularity I never met with before. In most of the Bastions there were good rooms. The floors of the longer Bastions supported by one large Arch like those of the great hall of Conway Castle. The grand Entrance on the North side is by a gateway under a lofty arch way having two blind ones of the same size, one on each side, with a small doorway in each. On East side a curious vomitory to a privy, being an immense head with a Mouth from ear to ear wide open. From the Castle walk to the old house, once inhabited by the Bulkeley family and quitted for Baronhill in James the first's time. It was entered by a court, three sides of which were built on. In that part of the house made of Wood and plaister, at the bottom of some of the old projecting Windows are Beams ornamented with Vine leaves and grapes, and bearing pious Mottoes, now almost effaced, of large raised letters. The Hall exhibits a cieling of most beautiful stucco, with 18 depending pinnacle ornaments in very good preservation, a piece of work that would not disgrace any age.

The Church is a handsome building consisting of Nave, Chancel, and two side Aisles. The Nave separated from the Chancel by a pointed Arch, as is the Nave from the side Aisles by 4 Arches slightly pointed on each side. Organ the gift of Lord Bulkeley. Font with a cover, neatly sculptured out of black Marble, resting on a pillar of the same. In the Chancel are neat Oak Stalls, 4 on each side, with turn up seats, carving beneath. There appeared to be an Altar at East end of each side Aisle, there being a Piscina in each. In the Chancel is an Altar tomb bearing two Effigies, one a Warrior and the other a Lady, of most excellent workmanship. The sides of the Tomb of Alabaster, like the recumbent Effigies, all wrought with Compartments, each having a figure and a shield of Arms once painted over with Arms, not obliterated in the time of Randolph Holmes who has preserved them all, proving the Monument to have been erected to the memory of some of the Bulkeley family. This was one of the Monuments said to have been brought from Llanvaes Priory at the dissolution, and its convulsed state seems to confirm the story of its removal. On a small Tablet of Brass a male and female Figure, 2 Boys at back of male and 1 Girl behind female, with a Latin Epitapn in Verse. He is called Richard Bulkeley, Merchant, of Beaumaris. On one side of the communion table, one of the Castellmarch family; on the other, Sir Julius Cæsar's Son, and the puzzling Tablet. In

the Chancel there is some painted glass, but so confounded and patched that little can be made out; the only thing perfectly entire is the Stanley Arms within the Garter.

Sunday, Augt 12th, 1810.—Over Redwharf Sands to Llanddona, near which Pennant remarks two mounds, which he ascribes to the Danes, but which I think natural inequalities of the ground; or if any sort of fortification, the vestiges are too faint to justify pronouncing them artificial at all. Pass the Church, and after a steep ascent reach the summit of the Hill, crowned with a vast enclosure of about a Mile in compass, formed by two rows of large stones, with a space of about 6 feet between, filled with smaller stones, few of which remain, the line of enclosure to be traced by the double row of the confining stones. The Area is nearly plain, being an horizontal bed of limestone, in most parts, the sward that covered it having in the course of Ages been pared off for fuel. The enclosure is nearly circular, but following the natural line of the hill. Within the Wall are several sites of ancient habitations of different forms and sizes, and it appears by the different kinds of Pottery, some very coarse and some of the best Roman sort, that it was originally a British town of the early inhabitants, afterwards taken possession of by the Romans, whose Coins, as well as pottery, are constantly dug up there. I picked up one, and several fragments of pottery, and a bit of the true Samian. This is without a doubt the most magnificent establishment of this kind in the whole Principality. Got home half wet.

Monday, 13 Aug^{r}, 1810.—To Mr Rowlands's by Penmynydd. Stop at the Church. Over the door, Escutcheon with 3 Helmets, within and without. In the Church an altar Tomb. A plain stone tablet South side of communion table to one Coningsby, who married Marg^{t}, d. and h. of R^{d} Owen of Penmynydd. There is a stone Canopy in the North Aisle, where I presume an Effigy must have lain. The tradition is that the Patron Saint lay there.

Hence to Plâs gwyn, a beautiful place and neat house, amidst noble trees, the seat of the Revd Mr Rowlands, who with his Brother, Bursar of Jesus Coll:, and a very intelligent man, the Revd Mr Owen, attended us on our excursion. We first were shewn Pant y Scraphie, which is a little Nook, from which in process of time the Sea might have receded, where tradition says the Romans landed. Then we are shewn Cae Bryn Dadleu,

where there are stunted remains of two Carneddau, and a little beyond Porthamal house see the remains of a British Village, a spot full of Cyttiau. We then proceed to Castell Idris, a place much overgrown with brushwood, yet where may be discovered several Aggers ; and near we are shewn what Mr Owen supposed to be Roman, there being at one end something like the side of a square with the Angles rounded, but in other parts can't be made out so correctly as to justify our pronouncing it Roman. At Blochty there is a Cromlech, which we could not approach. Turn to the right and, in a field near, come to one of the small Druid Squares mentioned by Rowlands, but so choaked with wilderness of every kind that there is no tracing it without difficulty, and beyond it another still more obscured than this.

The next thing is Caer lêb. (Hardly worth noting.)

Stop at Bodewyr, and in a field near examine a beautiful Cistvaen ; incumbent stone 3 Sticks and 9 Inches, mean breadth 2 Sticks. 3 stones now supporting flat large slabs. There are two or 3 others little removed, which would have fairly shut it in ; height of supporter 1 Stick and $\frac{3}{4}$; incumbent stone almost horizontal and tapering up to a Roof. Stop at Caercelli, where there are two Carneddau, one almost levelled, and stones carried away ; the other of vast magnitude, and overgrown with brushwood and tangled Briars. On one side there is a passage covered over with coarse stones.

At Plasgwyn saw the small building close to the Mansion, a square with 4 gable-ends, in which old Rowlands who wrote the *Mona Antiqua* used to study.

During this ride the prospect was delightful, and the lights and shades on the Mountains particularly striking—the View of Carnarvon, the Mouth of the Menai, and the beautiful Eifl Mountains. The Mountains have a fine effect seen over the magnificent foreground of Wood from Mr Rowlands'.

Tuesday, Augt 14 [1810].—Rode to Llanbedergoch, which stands in the midst of an encampment. The foss still discoverable, and graves found every where without the Churchyard, and some with charcoal and marks of burning. The South door of church square stone moulded canny ; a head coarsely sculptured on each side, meant for Bishops, having something on their heads like Mitres. In the Chancel Window a painted Glass Pane with the Arms of Gwerydd ap Rees Goch, viz., Gules, a bend or charged with three Leopards' heads sable. The Bardd Coch's father, Hugh Hughes, buried here, who was born 1693. Below the Church

is an extensive moory tract called Rhôs y gâd, at the western extremity of which are two Knolls called Bryn y Clychau, where two square Bells like the Bangoos have been dug up. Not far off from which many Skeletons have been found huddled together in a long foss; and in trenching Potatoes some years ago a great number of wheels bound with Iron, but so corroded and rotten, wood and all, that the spades cut through the whole like a piece of Clay. The wheels were great and small, found about 28 years ago. There is a little water you cross from this Rhos called Rhyd y Genvygen, the ford of contention.

Turn up out of this Rhos, and pass Cae'r Orseddau to the left, in which there are tumuli, this sort of elevation being in this Island denominated Gorsedd. Visit Llanddyfnan Church. There is here a curious doorway* over which there is a sculptured representation of our blessed Saviour on the Cross, and above him a head, with something very awful in its character, perhaps intended to convey the awful idea of God the father. On each side the Door an image of a Monk, and in each spandril figures of beasts, two pigs in one, in an indecent posture, and a stag and a fawn in the other. There are two pointed Arches, one dividing Chancel and the other the Belfrey. Curious Piscina, more recessed than usual. Hence to Pennynydd House. Nothing left of old house but a doorway, with a cross over it, and two sculptured ornaments, much blunted, each side of the door. One seems to be an Alexander's head, having the *Cornu Ammonis*. In an outhouse they shew you an old Oak beam on which, in raised letters, is read the first verse of the 120th Psalm in Latin. On the outside of the wall on two stones are the following words :

PERFECTUM	VIVE
EST OPUS	UT
LAUS DEO	VIVAS

and an inscription—

1576
R O T

Wednesday, Augt 15th, 1810.—Called on Mr Owen, who kindly accompanied me to see the Cromlech at Trevor, which turned

* For an illustration, see *Arch. Camb.*, 1908, p. 93.—Ed.

out to be a Cistvaen. Two only of the Stones that formed the depository beneath support the incumbent stone, which is of great weight, one of the upright not touching, but round it are many of the stones removed, particularly one which Mr Thomas had blasted. By Mr Thomas's acco^{t} it was once bedded in a great Carnedd, the stones of which were carried away in his time to make the hedges round the field, and even now there appears to be an elevation in the field on which it stands. There is a smaller one close to it, which, like the large one, appeared to have been of the Cistvaen kind, but now lying prostrate over its supporters, and has a hole ready pounced in it, as if it was destined soon to be blown up.

Hence rode to Cremlyn Mynach to see 2 Meini hirion, the tallest of which is 9 feet. There was a third I am told, which with the others made a triangle ; but of stones of that height there are so many that they deserve scarce any notice, as no tradition is annexed to them. After examining those stones, to Llanjestin, where, in the chancel, I find the Tomb of Iestyn, with the figure of the Saint but rudely sculptured on it. Cannot find out who this pious lady was who had this tomb inscribed. In the church was a font covered with the old fashioned fretwork on the front crosses, divided at bottom into many compartments formed by small Saxon Arches.

Thursday, Aug 16th, 1810.—In our way to Amlwch visit an Encampment on the summit of a hill above Parkiau, formerly a seat of the Bodvells, which most probably was Danish, as in several parts of it immense heaps of Limpet, Whelk, and Muscle shells are found, the only food those piratical Invaders could on their first landing procure. The Camp, which is a hundred yards in diameter, nearly circular, and occupies the whole flat on the Hill just above the house of Parkiau, was marked by stones placed edge-wise just on the edge of the precipice, and on the other parts by a stone agger, now overgrown with grass. Within the Area are hollows and other marks of habitations. Parkiau is in the Parish of Llaneigrad.

Pass the Church of Llanallgo, which is most slovenly kept, the windows being broken, so as to admit Pigeons and other birds, which produces abominable litter, and which the rural Dean should prohibit. On Northside of the Chancel, on an old mural tablet, ornamented with Urns and other Emblems of mortality and the shortness of life, is the Effigy of a Warrior, kneeling on a hassock, opposite to a desk with a book on it, with his helmet on

the ground. It is said to be meant for a Sir John Bodvill. The Monument may be about the time of Queen Elizabeth or James the first. The farmer of Glanyrafon gave me a small copper Coin of Carausius, good impression, Head sharp as well as reverse, being a figure holding a *Caduceus* in her right hand, and a *Cornu Copia* in her left. The Legend *Temporum felicitas.*

Hence to see an overturned Cromlech a little to the South East of the Church, behind which we were told there had not many years ago been dug up several Urns and Ashes; and afterwards to Llygwy to see what was represented to us as a large Cromlech, whereas it is the most perfect Cistvaen I ever remember to have seen, being an immense mass of Limestone, covering a space set round with large low Stones, making a large Chamber within, having two entrances. This immense lid Stone lies perfectly horizontal, and measures 17 Feet by 15½ over, its mean thickness 3 Feet 9. The House of Llygwy has nothing very old or very consequential about it. High up over a window is a stone with 1660, and the Letters P: E 57. The farmer of the place shewed us near the house a place overrun with thorns, briars and brush wood, called Cae'r Caer, viz. the field of the Camp, where we saw a small circular enclosure pitched round with stones, and enclosed with a vast stone fence to be traced in several places.

Arrive at Amlwch, and after dinner walk to the Port, which seems to be a small creek, extended since the discovery of the Paris Mine by Art, the Rock being cut to admit of a large Vessel to enter through a very narrow gut. It then widens for a little way, then through another narrow passage to where they ly alongside of a lofty Pier. The sides of the Rocks that form it are marked with deep Crocus, which is perceived for some way without the harbour. The Country on each side is, for a vast way, a barren rock, bared of earth, and scarce bearing the least trace of vegetation. The Rock is a hard sort of Reef of a greenish whey Colour. Few furnaces are now at work, and every thing seems to indicate the declining state of the Mines.

Friday, 17th Aug^{t}, 1810.—Set off from Amlwch to see the Mines. From the base of the Mountain to its summit there are no signs of vegetation, owing to the Vapour from the Mines, but all is bare earth as if it had been peeled. The excavations formed by the working of the mines exhibit scenes of the grandest and most picturesque kind. Everything seems to be thrown about as if it had been done by a painter to produce effect, and the tints are inexpressibly fine. We were fortunate in having a dry day

and a bright sun. The Mines have ceased to be worked in bunch, as they called it, but they are now trying subterraneously under the older work, and go to a great depth. The price of Ore is now from £170 to £190 p^{r} ton, and it has been remembered there at £70. I saw the process of transmuting Iron into copper, or rather of causing Copper to adhere to Iron, by putting the end of a key into the Water pumped up from the Mines, which assumed a Copper colour in half a minute. The method they follow is, they collect the Water into great reservoirs, into which they put all kinds of old Iron, old saucepans, and shreds and cuttings of Tin, and when they have lain some time, they beat and wash off the copper that incrusts them, and then put them in again. Without such process the Water of itself forms no deposit. In roasting or smelting the ore they formerly did it in open kilns, but the smoke was found to be so prejudicial to vegetation that they now confine it, and cause it to pass through flues, whence it is condensed and forms Sulphur.

Pass by Llandyvrydog. Saw nothing there but a neat entrance into the Porch. On part of Rhôs Vawr saw two overturned and discomposed Cistvaens, not yet having seen a true Cromlech. Heard of a Cottager there that 13 Graves, containing rude stone Coffins, had been bared in that neighbourhood in making a hedge.

Opened two apparent Tumuli on a little rising above Rhôs y Gâd, but found them not to be sepulchral. They are placed just opposite to each other, with a sort of raised ridge uniting them, as if it was meant for a Meta of a Cursus, which I am inclined to think it was, something like that at Stone henge ; the fine flat of great extent stretching below it affording a noble space for the Chariot Races of the Britons ; and, to strengthen me in that supposition, near the spot there were some years back found a mass of fragments of wheels. On the flat below there is a circular knoll, encompassed by an agger, such as encloses places set apart for religious ceremonies, which is called Bryn y Clychau — Bells such as that I saw at Mr. Payne's, not cast, but formed of plates of Copper laid over each other, nearly square.

At Llanbedr Church, Ed. Lhwyd says, there was the station of a Cohort of Roman Horse, and the whole eminence on which the Church stands exhibits traces of some old works ; and the present Cemetery seems to be formed out of an old Caer. Many Graves have been dug up, composed of carted stones, a great way without the Churchyard. On a gentle rising, almost

opposite the Church, on the left of Rhôs y Gâd, found a Roman encampment, an oblong with rounded angles, still called Bôd Cadrhod, the Station of the Battle of the Chariots. A little Tumulus in the field next to the Station.

Bryn yr Eryr.

Called on Mr. Williams of Treffos, who shewed me a square Work under Bryn Eryr, which he supposes took its name from the Roman Eagle; and, higher up the same bottom, another oblong work, still called Y Castell. There is in the centre a circular space which evidently had been of stone, as well as another in one of the rounded angles. A good way below, below Bryn Eryr and nearer the Menai, a place called Ynys y March, where probably Horse were placed, and all these posts might have been hastily thrown up in their progress, and before they had got a permanent footing in the Island and had taken possession of Tyn Sylwy. In that Camp below Bryn Eryr, as they were paring the turf for to bring it into cultivation, the first time it was ever disturbed since the Roman Eagles were unfurled above it, they found two pieces of Iron, one bit something like the umbo of a shield.

Llan Sadwrn Church.

Affixed to a wall in the Church by Mr. Williams part of a tomb stone, dug up in repairing the Church yard, with an inscription. A head jutting out of a wall used as a Candelabrum. An odd figure projecting from the edge of the tiles at the Pine end. A Bear's head, muzzled, which may be an emblem of the power of the Church over the Devil.

Maes Seivion

Is a wide space covered in several places with circles and other enclosures, evidence of early population, if not Druidical ceremonies. Near a Cromlech overturned, and not far off, a large circular enclosure marked by Masses of Grit Stone. Where the Cromlech stands is called Cae'r Gromlech.

Glyn.

Below is Glyn, a house which now belongs to Meyrick of Bodorgan, and once inhabited by the family of Bold. Over two Chimney Pieces there is the Coat of Ednyved Vychan, viz., 3 Helmets impaling that of Hwfa ap Cynddelw, and in a small garret over a fire place, same Coat, with "1 Bold 1644." In the

best room the Cornice and ornament of the Beam exhibits all sorts of Military Trophies; and over one chimney piece there is the story of Belisarius told in very daubing coarse stucco. However, the House has been larger, and carries some traces of consequence for its day. It was approached by a grand avenue of trees; and here and there all round are some of the largest and tallest Ash and Sycamore I ever saw. The House is placed in a very sheltered hollow, and taken all together is a fine situation.

Cromlech at Henblas

Is certainly no regular one, that is, if ever the flat stone was used for that purpose. It is not the work of Man; but as a fragment of a Limestone rock in working a quarry might have settled in the form it now bears. The two primitive Rocks it rests upon have grotesque forms, one with something like the head of an Ape. Might they not be Rock Idols? The place is called Tyn y Gromlech.

Augt 24th.—Having heard that an Urn was found in a Tumulus on the banks of the River Alaw, proved by a reference to a passage from the Mabinogion, quoted in Doctor Davies's Dictionary under the word *Petrual* ("Bedd petrual a wnaed i Fronwen ferch Lyr ar lan Alaw, ac yno y claddwyd hi"), in company with the Rev^{d} Mr. Owen I set out from Plâsgwyn about half past nine, and reached the place of destination, about 18 Miles off, by half past one. Saw the Urn, which was nearly of this shape,* very rude and simple, having no other ornament but those little pricked dots, and very ill baked. It was found with its mouth down on a flat stone, and enclosed by carted stones placed in a square, forming the *bedd petrual.* It was in shelter of a large stone which seemed to occupy the exact centre of the Tumulus, which was of considerable circuit, but low and flat, about 10 or a dozen yards from the channel of the River, on a spot called Ynys foel, or Ynys lom. It contained Ashes, with some half calcined bones.

This Bronwen was the Daughter of Llyr llediaith, Sister to Brân, who was the father of the great Caractacus. Never was there a more interesting discovery, as it gives great authority to our antient British documents, even though they be introduced

* The sketch is also very rude. The urn has often been described and illustrated. See, for instance, *Arch. Camb.*, 1868, pp. 233–7, where is also given an account of the discovery communicated by Fenton to Sir Richard C. Hoare. The urn is now in the British Museum.—Ed.

to minister to Romans, as in the present instance, and fixes the probable date to a few years of the interment, which was a desideratum that we despaired of being gratified with.

In my way to this place saw the stone called Lleidr Dyfrydog, of which the tradition is, that a man who had committed Sacrilege, by stealing the Church Bible, was, as he carried it off, turned to Stone the instant he lost sight of the Church ; and there in this State he remains. The Stone has a gibbous projection, which represents the book he had stolen. On the road side opposite to the Church are two springs, one called Ffynnon Seiriol, and the other Ffynnon Gybi. And here it is said Seiriol and Cybi used to meet—Seiriol *Wyn* and Cybi *Felyn*, for, Seiriol travelling Westward to meet Cybi had the Sun behind him in going and returning, whereas Cybi faced that planet going forward and back. Passed near the spot where skeletons were found accompanied by Saxon Coins, one of Edgar, one Gold—all given to Mr. Hughes of Cymmel, who owns the whole territory round.

Baron Hill.

Saw there the largest Cherry tree that ever occurred to me, even larger than those much in Lord Dynevor's Park.

Davydd ap Gwilym was said to be born at Bro Gynnyn, near Melyn y Pryer, in Anglesea ; that his father dried Corn for the Mill, proved by a line in a poem of the Son's—

" Vy nhâd—ny chrâs haidd glâs ar y glaw."

This looks likely as if his Mistress lived in Anglesea. Morvydd was the Wife of one Llwyd of Tyddyn llwyd, who was the Bwa bach, being deformed. Yet Cardiganshire contends for the honour of his birth.

In the Cyttiau is constantly found a stone in the centre, with a hole in it not going quite through, about 4 or 5 Inches deep, for holding a wooden pillar, to which all the Rafters that formed the Pyramidal roof of the hut were affixed, the props of the roof. In one side of the huts was always or generally found a Quern, and near it much Ashes quite black, supposed to have been owing to the process they made use of in setting fire to the sheaf of Corn, that the grain might be parched, so as to leave its husk or ear and might triturate easier.

APPENDIX

I.

ANGLESEY.

OUT OF WILLIAMS'S MS.*

(1807)

LLANDDWYNWEN CHURCH.

In ruins, and has been so for 200 years. Edmund Prys, Archdeacon of Merrionydd (he versified the Psalms into Welsh as now sung in our Welsh Churches), was the last who held the living by virtue of his Prebend. The loose sand has covered every Inch of the Parish, having reduced it into a mere Rabbit Warren; wherefore it may be said of great population and very prolific. The Church stood on a small Isthmus 2 Miles South West of Newborough, jutting into ye Sea.

Dwynwen, the Patron Saintess, was one of the Daughters of Brychan. She was the tutelary Saint of Lovers, and therefore the sainted Well there was much resorted to formerly, and even in our Days. Spring now choak'd up by the Sands, at which an old Woman officiated and prognosticated the lover's success from the motions of some Eels which issued out of the sides of the Well, on spreading the Suitor's Handkerchief on ye surface of the Water. This Saintess was petitioned for curing divers diseases, particularly (what Mr. Kemble would call Atches) Aches, Stitches, &c. There is a spot on the top of a rock called Gwely Esyth (Qu. if not Esmwyth) where people under such pains lay down and slept, and after waking and cutting their name in the sod, they fancied they were cured.

The Welsh Ovid, Dafydd ap Gwilym, says :—

Nid oes glefyd na bryd brwyn
A êl ynddo o Landdwyn.†

I.e., there is neither disease nor sorrowful countenance that will follow a man from Llanddwyn.

She was likewise considered the protectress of the farmer's beasts. Remembers to have heard a story of what happened about 150 years ago, that the ploughing Oxen at Bodeon, on the

* MS. 2.48. † Poem LXXIX of his published works.—ED.

25th April, taking fright when at work, ran over a rock and perished in the Sea, as the Sea bounds that Demesne on the East, South, and West. This being St. Mark's Day, it was considered a sin to have done work on that day; and this by the farmer was considered a Judgment. Wherefore in future he religiously kept that day sacred, and vowed that 2 Wax Candles should annually on that day be burnt in Llanddwyn Church, in honour of Dwynwen, and for the prosperity of the farm stock; and when the body of the Church became a perfect ruin, the porch over the South door was kept in repair by the Proprietor of Bodowen, and of almost all this parish, for the purpose of placing the Candles therein; a custom not discontinued above 60 years.

At the prebendal house of Llanddwyn were frequent meetings held in favour of the Earl of Richmond, with whom they corresponded in France, as well as with Sir Rhŷs ap Thomas in So. Wales, by means of fishing boats. Some parts of the Walls of this house still remaining.

Newborough.

Once the County town; a wretched place now. The chief livelihood of the people is by making mats and ropes of the Sea Rushes growing on the sand banks, which they reap and dry for that purpose, though there is an Act against it. The three first Burgesses returned to Parliament were for this place. After the time of Ed. 1st it consisted of 93 houses, 13 Gardens, one Orchard, 12 Crofts, and 60 small fields for the Townsmen. It was a flourishing place 400 years ago in the time of Dafydd ap Gwilym. Here he first saw his beloved Morfydd at the Wake kept 29th June, St. Peter's day, and she most probably was from the neighbourhood. Its ancient name Rhos hîr.* In Dafydd ap Gwilym's time it is described as a woody grove, and in these woods he is suposed to have had Interviews with his Morfydd, but perhaps the wood was the growth of the Poet's fancy sublimed by love.

Alas how changed from the luxuriant character he gives, not only of the landscape, but also of its inhabitants—their elegance, their hospitality, and the luxurious abundance of every good thing. But *Tempora mutantur* alas, and in derision the Villagers now are called *Hwyiaid Newburch*, Newborough Ducks, owing to their going *barefoot* for the most part.

* Actually, Rhos Fyr—the *Rosuir* of the "Vita S. Kebii" (Cotton MS. Vesp. A. XIV). From the form it would appear that *byr* was formerly used for the fem., now *ber*.—Ed.

Llangaffo.

In this parish is a Well called *Crochon Caffo*, Caffo's boiler, at which they formerly offered Cocks for appeasing the Cries of Infants peevish and cross. The Priest had the offerings, and no doubt the Cocks were Capons.

Llanidan

In the wall of this Church is the famous stone Giraldus talks of, Maen Morddwyd.

Plas newydd anciently called *Llwyn Moel*, the conical grove.

Llanfaes.

Out of Dafydd ap Gwilym's Monody on Griffith Grug of Aberffraw, where it is said that the latter was buried at Llanfaes:—

Tost y chwedl gan ddyn edlaes
Roi 'nghôr llawn fynor Llanfaes
Gymain (dioer gem ai deurudd)
O gerdd ag a roed i gudd
Rhoed serchawgrwydd egwyddor
Mewn Cist yngwaelod y Côr
Llawiwr iawngamp llariangerdd
Llyna gist yn llawn o gerdd
Och haelgrair Fair Uchelgrist
Na bai agorai y gist.†

Thus Englished:—

Severe is the tale of a bard of low erudition, that in the marble Choir of Llanfaes, so much song (the precious fruit of his head) has been hid as ever could have been hidden. He so dear to literature has been laid in a chest deep beneath the Choir. Considered then as he was the prime steerer of the mild song, there then is a Chest full of Song. Alas, for the sake of the full healing relics of Mary, the Mother of high Christ, that there would be found some one to open this chest.

Though Maelgwn Gwynedd is said to have been buried at Priestholm, he certainly was buried where he died, at Eglwys Rhôs, according to that Welsh line:—

Hir hun Faelgwn yn Eglwys Rhôs.

Llanddona.

In this parish is the Hamlet of Broginin, in which the neighbouring people have a tradition that Dafydd ap Gwilym was born, and they show you ruins of a building which they call Ty Wilym,

† Poem CXXVIII. of his published works.—Ed.

being the remains, as is said, of Dafydd's Father's House. But the prevailing opinion is that he was a South Walian, though the dialect in his poems, the scenes of his Actions, the Customs and manners he delineates are all Venedotian.

Pentraeth—Llanfair Bettws Geraint.

The real founder was not the old Geraint contemporary with Arthur, but one of that name who lived in the time of Griffith ap Cynan, the head of Plâs Gwyn family, who had his residence here. This Geraint had a Son called Einion, who had a Daûr to whom Howel, the Son of Owen Gwynedd, paid his addresses, and he had a rival; but it was agreed that the most active of the two in leaping should possess her. Accordingly, on a spot called Abernodwydd, it was to be decided by 3 leaps, and Howel won the prize. For a memorial, 3 Stones were pitched in the ground, to mark the extent of each leap, which are to be seen to this day. His rival, as is the tradition, broke his heart and died on the spot.

Mathafarn eithaf.

Means the farthest hospital. 3 Cromlechs in this parish—2 at Rhos fawr and one at Marian Pant y Saer.

Amlwch.

From a lake which stood close to it. *Am*, the prefix, signifying close to. The Writer remembers part of the lake existing, though now entirely drained.

Llanelian.

Caswallon Law hir had a residence near this church called to this day Llys Caswallon. The remains still to be seen. The Church built probably in consequence of his residing here. He endowed the Church with much Lands.

There is in the Church a Cyff, or strong Chest, in which the offerings were kept, which only ceased a few years past.

Llanvihangel ym Mhenrhos.

In this parish, at a farm house called Pentre rianallt, were brought up the celebrated Brothers, Lewis, Richard and William Morris. Their father a Cooper and a house Carpenter. The 3 Brothers were made by their father to handle the Ax, and it was said that the 3 joined in building a small sloop, which, when

finished, they called Y Piccyn, the Noggin, and it was reported that in this Vessel Lewis Morris made his survey of the Coast of Wales.

Llanddeusant.

In this parish is a farm called Bodwigan, whose proprietors descended from Hwfa ap Cynddelw. One, John, Heir of the Estate, had a Son named Rowland. This Rowland had 2 Sons and a Daughter, which daughter married a John George of Llanfihangel Tre'r Bardd, by whom she had 2 Sons, one of whom was W^m^. Jones, Esqr., F.R.S., the famous Mathematician, who died in London in 1749, leaving behind him one Son, Sir W^m^. Jones. Though a Master of several languages, yet was ignorant of his own. Being once in the French Court, the King observed to one of his Courtiers what an extraordinary man he was, to be Master of so many languages. The Courtier replied it was, and as much a wonder that he was ignorant of that of his own country

Bodwrog.

There is at a place called Cors yr Eira a brook. The high road. to Llanerchymedd, and the ford is called *Rhyd Mary benwen*. This woman was of easy virtue, and *benwen* was a term of reproach. She, coming with her neighbours one Evening from Market, her horse stopt to drink, and the Company rode on; when, soon, her horse overtook them, seemingly in a fright, without its rider. They returned back to look for the woman, but after making a diligent search they could not find her, nor was she ever found or heard of after. This happened about 70 years ago, and the ford ever since was so called.

Llanerchymedd.

A large place now and good market, yet about 120 years ago it is said the place consisted only of a few Cottages on the side of the Chapel-yard, when a Gentlewoman who lived at Chwaen bach, an ancestor of Sir Watkin W. Wynn, used to come every Wednesday with a number of small bags of Oatmeal which she sold to the poor, ready measured, and she became known by the name *Siân y blawd Ceirch*. She was the beginning of the Market here. I remember an old Woman about 50 years ago, who gave this account of her, whom she remembered well.

This Siân must have been the Jane, Daughter of Roger Hughes of Plascoch, Esqr., Sheriff of Anglesey in 1685, who married Owen W^ms^., son of O. W^ms^., of Chwaen isaf, Esqr.

Gwaredog Chapel.

There is a Gwaredog in Carnarvonshire, but that is named probably from a slow-running River by it called Gwaredog.

Aberffraw

was the chief residence of ye British Princes for upwards of 430 years. There is a lake a Mile to the East of it called Llyn y Goron, and there was lately the remains of a walk raised about 2 Feet above the common path, and about 30 yards in length, called Talar y Twysog, the Prince's Walk, now occupied by a Methodist Chapel. There is also an old house, given by the late Sir Arthur Owen for a school house, said to have been the Chapel to the royal Mansion. It is said the Palace stood in a [field] at the West back of the Village, where some tumps remain, seemingly the foundations of buildings.

They make at this place a sweet Cake called, *eminentiæ gratia*, Teisen Aberffraw, and considered as superior to any sweet Cake yet invented. It has been baked here time immemorial, unaltered in size, form, or sweetness—perhaps a relick of the luxurious Era of the regal Establishment here.

Llangwyfan Parish.

In this is said to be a Quarry of fine White Marble, but that the proprietor will neither work it himself nor let any other work it.

Bodorgan Chapel and Vault.

Upwards of 50 years ago, a Pierce Meyrick, 2^d^ son of Owen Meyrick of Bodorgan Esqr., had been laid in this Vault, who had spent his life in a profligate manner, which brought him to an untimely end. He won the affection of Lady Lucy, Daŭr to the Earl of Londonderry, and married her (she died at a very advanced age, Jany 24, 1802). Soon after Pierce's Interment, a couple of young Women came early on Sunday before the Service began, and looking on the painting in Bodowen Chapel, they were alarmed by a noise under Bodorgan Chapel attended with a violent human Scream. They took to their heels, and certainly related the Story. But some time after, when another of the Bodorgan family was to be interred in this Vault, on its being opened, the coffin of this Pierce was found to have slipt from its seat, and was pitched on end with ye feet upwards. This story is true, as is believed.

Cerrig Ceinwen.

In this Churchyard there was lately a stone covering the grave of a person who lived at a farm called Plâs bach in this Parish, in the time of the Civil Wars, and was reputed to have Money. A gang of the Rebels came one day on him with an intention to rob him; but he being a resolute, courageous Man, and happening at the time to be in his Barn threshing, they demanded his money with threats, brandishing their swords; but he with his flail killed 8 of them, and he fell next. The tomb over him was removed to help to pave the Church, and put with its inscription downwards.

N.B.—The stone was taken up before it was destroyed by the late Humphrey Thomas of Waun fawr, and the following is the Epitaph:—Dyma yr lle y dayarwyd Morys Lloyd y trydydd dydd o Hydref 1647. Hwn a ymdrechodd ymdrech deg dros ei Frenhin ai Wlad. Wrth ei ystlys i claddwyd i Assen Jane Rees Owen yn gywely iddo, y 4 o Dachwedd 1653.

Humphrey Thomas picked up the same tradition that he had killed 8 or 9 of the Rebels with his flail, but that one of them happened to cut the thong of his flail with his sword, after which they easily conquered him.

II.

Historia Bellomarisei,

or

The History of the Town and Burrough of Beaumaris.*

[*Circa* 1669.]

This Town was built by Edward I. in the 23rd year of his Reign, A.D. 1295, in a place called Bonover Marsh, and it was walled about and strengthened with a Castle on the East end thereof to awe the Welsh. Some will have it called from *Bimaris*, as Horace calls Corinth *Bimaris Corinthus*, Hor: Lib. 1. Od. 7, from the meeting of two Seas or Tides near the place. Others from the French *Beau* and *Marais*, a beautiful Marsh.

In this Town take a view of 5 things (viz.), the Church, the

* MS. 4.49.

School, Castle, Sea and Port adjoining, Burrough and Corporation, together with its Liberties, Franchizes, and Government thereof.

1st, The Church, now called the Chapel of the Blessed Virgin Mary at Beaumaris, though a Chapel of Ease to the Mother Church of Llandegvan, but before the building of Beaumaris, Meugan Chapel (the ruines whereof remain to this day on Meugan Hill, near the Town, on the Lands of Lord Bulkley), was the Chapel of Ease to Llandegvan. The Church consists of 3 Aisles, Southern, Middle, and Northern, and though the Church be called the Chapel of the Blessed Virgin, yet the Southern and Northern Aisles are called by special Names in antient writings, the one by the name of St. Mary's Chapel, and the other of St. Nicholas's Chapel. And there are two fair Windows, one at the East end of the Southern Aisle, the other at the East end of the Northern Aisle, where there were Altars placed and Mass said in times of Popery. There are here two Lofts, one in the North Aisle, for common Burgesses and Apprentices to sit, and the other at the West end (reaching the whole breadth of the Church) for the lower Scholars of the Free School to sit in, in times of Divine Service. The pulpit is placed somewhat inconveniently near a stone pillar between the middle and Northern Aisles, with this Inscription in Hebrew—"Cor meum eructat verbum bonum," Psalm 45, 1. There is a Steeple and a Bellfrey adjoining furnished with 3 tuneable Bells, new cast at the charge of the Town, A.D. 1660. There is also a Chancel contiguous, supposed to have been built by the honourable family of the Bulkeleys, because they claim all burying places in it as their own right. In the midst of this Chancel there is a fair tomb of Alabaster (that will contain 6 large Coffins at least), where the deceased Branches of that family lie interred. And the Tradition is, That at the dissolution of the Priory of Llanvaes (which was a burying place of great note in times of Popery) three Monuments were brought thence, one to the Chapel of St. Mary at Beaumaris, for the use of the Bulkleys, another to Penmynydd in Anglesey, for the use of the Owen Theodores of Penmynydd, and the 3rd to Llandegai in Carnarvonshire, for the Griffiths of Penrhyn. Upon the surface of the said Tomb a Man and Woman lie on their backs, all in Alabaster, with Lions at their feet, said to belong to Kings, for some of the Kingly Race were buried in the said Priory, especially King John's Daughter. Round about the Tomb on the sides of it hang several Escutcheons of Alabaster bearing the several Coats of Arms given by the sd honourable family. In this Chancel there are other Monuments

worth taking notice of, as 1st, the Monument of one Richard Bulkley and Elizabeth his wife in brass,* fastened in the wall on the North side, in this Form :—

God the Father in the shape of an old Man (contrary to the 2d Commandmt), pitying and commiserating his Son Jesus Christ on the Cross

A Priest holding a Cup in his hand, with this Voice proceeding from him—

Hosanna in excelsis

Richard Bulkley in a praying posture, with hands lifted up and a Son standing on his right hand.

The Virgin Mary with the blessed Babe in her Arms and this Voice coming from her—

Κύριε ἐλεῆσον

Elizabeth his Wife in a praying posture and two Daughters on her right hand.

Hoc tegitur tumulo Ricardus nomine Bulkeley
Hujus Mercator providus oppiduli
Elizabeth Conjux custos fidissima lecti
Conjugiique, sub hoc marmore clausa jacet
Iuncta Deo vivis fuerat quibus una voluntas
Post obitum maneant unus et in tumulo.

2. Grave Stone of Thos. Bulkeley—

TB AB

Here are the Arms of the Bulkeleys

Qui obiit Die 1mo Octob: A.D. 1553

Orate pro animâ Thomæ Bulkely

This Stone lay formerly on the North side of the Chancel under the former Monument.

* This brass is illustrated in *Arch. Camb.*, 1856, p. 312, and 1895, p. 155, which should be consulted, as the above reading differs in several respects.—Ed.

3. The Grave Stone of Rowland Bulkley after this form—

1592
Here are the Arms
of the Bulkleys

Hic Iacet	Corpus
Rolandi	Bulkeley
Arm.	qui obiit
XX Die	Augusti
Anno	Domini
15	92

This stone lies in the Ascent near the Altar.

4. The Monument of Dr Thomas Cæsar alias Aldemare in this form—

Arms of
Doctor Cæsar
& Joan his Wife.

Memoriæ sacrum

Ornatissimi viri Thomæ Cæsar S.S.
Theologiæ professoris filii sexti Dni Julii
Cæsar Equitis Aurati Rotulorum Magistri
& serenissimis Regibus Jacobo
& Carolo a secretioribus Consiliis, qui
summæ spei juvenis Oxoniæ in
Collegio Reginali politiores
inchoavit literas. Adultior factus
lectissimæ Coll: omnium animarum
ascriptus est societati. Demum
Rector Ecclesiæ Llanrhyddlad.
Cantabrigiæ tam merita quam insolita
indulgentiâ doctoratûs assumpsit
gradum; Sic utriusque Academiæ
summis evectus honoribus juvenis
adhuc (annos meritis præveniens)
vitam morte commutavit 5to
Martii 1632 Ætatis suæ 32.
Ioanna Cæsar Conjux amantissima
filia & unica hæres Hugonis ap William
Prichard Arm: de Comot Llivon Anglesey
hoc monumentum amoris ergo extrui
curavit A.D. 1634.

This is sett up in the wall at the East corner of the Chancell above the following monument.

5. The Monument of William Thwaytes Esqr in this form—

Henricus Sidney ordinis
Garterii miles præsidens
ex consiliis marchiis
Walliæ Dominus Deputatus
in Hibernia.

Antonius St. Leger
Ordinis Garterii Miles
Quondam Deputatus
in Hibernia.

Obiit 20 Die Januarii 1565.

Nosce teipsum fide & taciturnitate.

This Stone is set upright in the wall at the east Corner of the Chancel.

6. The Monument of Margarett wife of William Jones a Counsellour att law afterwards Sir William Jones Knight one of the Judges of the Common Pleas in this following form—

Maii 10 1609
Memoriæ sacrum
Margaritæ Gulielmi Jones J C^ti.
De Castellmarch Lleynæ uxoris
Feminæ in conjugis solamen
Natæ
Ejusdemque maximo incommodo
Heu denatæ, cui XXI annos
Non animo minus quam Corpore
Unita vixit
V filios peperit
Quorum primum & ultimum
Gulielm. Londini hunc domi ereptum
Flevit, reliquos
Cum VI filiabus liquit superstites
Annoque XXXV^to ætatis obiit
Margaritæ suæ vere margariticæ
Mæstissimus Conjux F F.
Ad Viatorem
Chara satu mulier, superans virtutibus ortum
Hic jacet; undecies mater amata viro.
Lleynæ nata, Monæ discessa poloque recepta, huc
Margarita adfert Ossa, memento mori.

This Monument is set up in the Wall at the North Corner of the Chancel.

In the East Window of the Chancel above the Altar there are several Coats of Arms in the Glass, as—1st The Arms of the Bulkeleys, quartered with the Arms of the Lord Burgh.

2. The Arms of the Somersetts or Marquesses of Worcester, on the North side of the Bulkleys.

3. The Arms of the House of Derby, on the South side of the Bulkleys.

4. Below there are the Arms of the Cecills and Lords Burleigh; and the Arms of the Earls of Lincoln, as I take it.

To this Chancel a Vestry is contiguous, for the use of the Rector and Churchwardens, built by the same right hon^bles. of the Bulkleys, in which lie interred the Bodies of the Lady Beatrice Herbert, daughter of that Lord Herbert of Cherbury whose name is memorable for the History of Henry the Eight. And of Grono Davies, Master of Arts, sometime Head Master of the Free School of Beaumaris, upon whom this following

Epitaph was composed and inscribed upon a Stone to be laid on his Grave, but since broken and cancelled—

Here lies learning friendship love
Here lies the Innocence of the dove
Within this grave and in this dust
His ever precious body must
Untill the Resurrection lie
Then he shall live and death shall die.

The Cemiterium of said Chapel is well planted with Ash and Yew, and here to give you some account why Yew Trees are planted in Churchyards. It was a Custom in the Romish Church on Palm Sunday to bless branches of that tree and Palm, of which was made the holy Ashes used upon Ash Wednesday by the Priest, signing the people in the Forehead, and saying, Memento, homo, quod pulvis es, & in pulverem reverteris. Of the same branches blessed they used to stick some in the field in Rogation week, or such time as they went *processione*. There is a common saying, That it is dangerous to sleep under an Yew tree. I am sure it is no less than death to sleep under it in the Churchyard, for there the dead are buried.

Some of the ancient Rectors of Beaumaris and Llandegvan were these—

Ralph Blaystones, Clerk, 6 Hen : 5, A.D. 1421.

William Ford, A° 32 and 38 Hen : 6, A.D. 1469.

John Audley, A.D. 1500. He built the house where Mr. Robert Owen, the Schoolmaster, now lives, at the entrance into the Churchyard, and left it to the honourable Family of the Bulkeleys, with this condition in his deed (which I have seen), that the Rector of Beaumaris should always dwell there if he desired it and paid the usual rent.

The Advowson of the Rectory of Llandegvan and Beaumaris was first granted to Sir Richard Bulkeley the Great Grand father of Robert Lord Viscount B— now living, by Arthur Bulkley, Lord Bishop of Bangor, in this manner. King Henry the eighth, as supreme head of the Church of England, granted his licence under the great Seal to the Bishop, Dean and Chapter of Bangor to pass the Advowson or right of presentation to the Rectory of Llandegvan and Beaumaris, which was accordingly passed by them to the said Sir R^{d}. Bulkley and his heirs for ever by two solemn Instruments (which I have had the sight of) under their hands and publick seals, the Instrument of the

Bishop bearing date Julii 8vo. die A.D. 1546, and that of the Dean and Chapter dated decimo de Julii A.D. 1546.

After the Advowson came into the hands of the Bulkleys, I cannot learn who were their first presentees, but in process of time, I find these Incumbents in the Rectory—

1. Rowland Bulkeley, Rector of Beaumaris and likewise of Llanddyfnan, 1592.

2. Launcelot Bulkley, half Brother to Sir R^{d}. Bulkley, the grandfather of this present Lord. The said Launcelot once lodged in a ground room upon the right hand as you go from the Common shore to Captain Arundells House. Afterwards he dwelt in the house that is now in the tenure of Mr. Robert Owen, Schoolmaster. He bought houses and lands in and near Beaumaris (which are now the possessions of his Grand child Sir Richard Bulkley of Old Bawne, near Dublin), and was thence translated to the Archbishoprick of Dublin, by the Interest of his Sister, Lady Valentia, Wife of the Lord Visc^{t}. Valentia of Chapel Izard, near Dublin.

3. John Lloyd, the heir of Hênblas in Anglesey, who was the Author of that Christmas Carol, or rather Xmas Sing-song, in use to this day—

1.

The promise made to Abraham
To be perform'd in Israel's race,
The Jews that of his lineage came
It to enjoy had not the Grace,
Which he therefore hath kept for us,
Qui hodie natus est Christus.

Chorus.

Rejoice all hearts both far and near,
This day was born our Saviour dear,
Disperse his praise from East to West
Messias hodie natus est.

2.

The Quire of Heaven at Xt his birth
Did utter Songs melodiously,
And unto Shepherds here on earth
Sing glory and praise to God on high,
On Earth to Men both peace and rest
Nam Christus hodie natus est.

Chorus.

Rejoice all hearts, etc.

3.

Though we through Sin to Death had bound
Mankind which over the Earth had spread,
*Mary through Grace did heal the wound, * Popery.
When Christ did crush the Serpent's head,
And by his Death in flesh o'recame,
As he had vow'd to Abraham.
Rejoice, etc.

4.

O ! Mary mild, O ! pure Virgin,
Most blessed of all Women-kind,
*Full of Grace, devoid of Sin, * Popery.
*Miraculously that hast inclin'd * Nonsense.
Thyself in that thou'st made to bear
Whom Heaven, Earth, Hell, and Sea do fear.
Rejoice, etc.

5.

When Christ was born his nobleness
*Was his Mother's Virginitie, * Nonsense.
And also she did stand no less
On her dear Son's divinitie,
So Virgin Mother, God and Man,
As he had vow'd to Abraham.
Rejoice, etc.

6.

The Wise Men from the East on far
At Bethlehem were strait arriv'd,
Their only guide was a bright Star
Which led them where the Child was laid,
Our Saviour Christ the Messias
In stable twixt the Ox and Ass.
Rejoice, etc.

7.

They offer Gold, Myrrh, and Incense,
Gold as unto a King truly,
Incense to God for Man's offence,
Meaning that he for Man should die,
His Mystery declar'd was then
That Jesus Christ was God and Man.
Rejoice, etc.

8.

Pray we to him that as this day
Was born to save from Satan's rage
Then that on him by faith do stay
That he bring us to heritage
Where Angels sing continually
All Glory and praise be God on high.
Rejoice, etc.

This Carol I have here set down not for any good Poetry or sense in it, but for Antiquity's sake, and for the esteem of it amongst that Vulgar to this day. And to shew that the common people will prize any ancient thing, though never so corrupt and nonsensical.

4. Dr. Rowland Cheadle was a Man of excellent facetious Wit, of which I shall give you some Instances. He caused a Painter to draw his picture on a Pane of Glass, and this Motto to be inscribed underneath—*Nunc primum transparui.* But though he was a facetious Man, he was no great Politician, for any man might see through him and discern the very secrets of his heart.

When Hugh Courtney, Governor of Beaumaris, made Bulwarks about that Town, A.D. 1652, in the Year that King Charles the Second marched to Worcester, he cut Turfs in the Castle Meadow and fill'd that whole field to make up the said Bulwarks, whereupon the Doctor cracked this Jest, "Woe be to us when Beaumaris stands in the midst of Castle Meadow." When Major General Mytton walk'd towards the Green of Beaumaris, with Captain Pitchford on his right hand, and one James Paynter, a Surgeon, on his left, two empty fellows, he compared him to an ass between two empty Panniers.

When his Brother Thos. Cheadle was arraign'd for poysoning Sr Richd Bulkeley the younger, and was acquitted thereof after great trouble and hazard, A.D. 1633, he gave him this Motto out of Virgil—

Adversis rerum mersabilis Undis.*

And in the same year, being sensible of the Inconstancy of fortune, the uncertainty of life, and the certainty of Death, he made a Greek Epitaph for himself prout sequitur—

Mando filio meo et amicis superstitibus
Epitaphium hoc quod in vivis agens ipse
inscalpi curet Tabulæ marmoreæ quæ
e muro meo immineat sepulchro.
Et tumulum facite, & tumulo superaddite carmen.

Latin Translation of the Greek Epitaph.

Hæc tellus servat membra exanimata Rolandi
Et ossa sicca Chedlei
Quid fixis oculis frustra hoc in pulvere quæris
Mentem perire nesciam.

* This line is wrongly attributed. It is from Horace, *Epodes*, I. i. 16, and refers to Ulysses' adventures. It reads "*im*mersabilis."—Ed.

Mens vivit, Dominique sinum tenet, Alme Viator,
Hic tantulum Exuviæ jacent
Ascendit Culmen Cœlorum ubi cantica fundit
Immixta Sanctorum choris
Vive memor mortis ; Mors regibus æquat egenos
Par omnium in tumulo cinis.

5. William Williams, M.A., present Rector of Beaumaris and Llandegvan, and also of the adjoining rectory of Lansadwrn.

To the Church or Chapel of Beaumaris belong'd the Chauntry of our Lady, the Lands whereof are call'd S^{t}. Mary's Fields to this Day. And Chaunteries consisted of Salaries allow'd to one or more Priests to say daily Mass for the Souls of deceased Founders and their Friends. Which not subsisting on themselves were generally incorporated and united to some parochiall Collegiate or Cathedral Church.

The aforesaid D^{r}. Cheadle made a copy of Verses for one of the Scholars of Beaumaris School to beg a cessation Day from his Master, M^{r}. Gronow Davies, in the wet Month of December as follows—

Nimbosus pluviâ December undâ
Implevit fossas ; vide ut lutosæ
Arx notabilis innatat paludi.
Transimus pavimenta semistrata
Calcantes loca lubrica & ipsi
Virtuti invia, perviosque solis
Calles anseribus, madente alutâ
Siccandis pedibus precor Magister
Hujus quod reliquum est dato diei.

He did use to call Cock fighting *Bellum natum ex Ovo.*

W. M., the Postmaster, being dead drunk and lying down on his face, the Doctor took chalk and wrote on his back

Post paid.

Conclusion of a letter from a Mr. Thomas Bulkely, Solicitor for the Officers and Burgesses of Beaumaris, directed to his very good friend, R^{d}. Hampton, Mayor of the Town of Beaumaris—

Give this.

——— You shall receive here inclosed a note, both of the Money I rec^{d} in Hilary Term, and how it is layd out, and what other Money I have layd out more than I received ; which overplus, together with *my Wages* for the last parliament, and my fee for this yeare, I hope you will send mee with the first. Soe *leaving* to bee longer troublesome, I take my *leave.*

Your loving Friend
Thos. Bulkeley.

Lincolnes Inne
this xxiiijth of June 1589.

The Note of Money mentioned in the precedent Letter.

Rec^{d} in Hilary Terme—£6

Layd out as followeth—

Imprimis to M^{r}. Sollicitor for his Fee ag^{t} the hearing ...	0	10	0
Item to M^{r}. Serjeant Glanville for same day	1	0	0
Item to Burcher the Attorney same day	0	5	0
Item the second Day to attend the hearing to M^{r}. Sollicitor	1	0	0
Item same Day to M^{r}. Glanville	0	10	0
Item 3^{d} Day to M^{r}. Sollicitor	1	0	0
Item to the Master of the Office for the order same day ...	0	1	4
Item for entering said Order	0	2	0

Castle of Beaumaris.

The Castle was built by Edward 1st in the same year as the Town, who appointed a Governor by the name of Constables. A List of Constables here follow—

1. Sir William Pickemore, a Gascoigne Knight, was the first Constable of the Castle constituted there by King Edward 1st. upon his Agreement with Wales.

2. His Son.

3. His Grandson.

Sir John de Sapy Kn^{t}. A°. Regni Reg. Edwardi 2^{d} decimo.

Sir W^{m}. Scrope A°. 17 and 18 Ric. 2^{d}. Adam le Clerk Deputy Constable A°. 18 Ric. 2^{d}.

John Salby, 20 and 22 Ric. 2^{d}.

Thos. de Bould 4th. Hen. 4th.

S^{r}. W^{m}. Newport Kn^{t}. 10 and 13 Hen. 4th. and 2^{d} and 3^{d}. Hen. 5.

Sir R^{d}. Walkestead 9th. Hen. 5. 4th. 7th. 8th. and 20th. Hen. 6.

Sir W^{m}. Beauchamp Kn^{t}. 25. 26. 30. 33. 35 and 36 Hen. 6.

Sir J^{no}. Bottiller vel Buttiller Kn^{t}. 36 and 38 Hen. 6.

W^{m}. Bulkeley his Deputy, 1458.

W^{m}. Lord Hastings A°. 1. 2. 4. 6. 8. 9. Ed. 4. J^{no}. Mael Esqr. his Deputy.

Anthony Earl of Rivers 14 and 17 Ed. 4. W. Bulkely his Deputy.

Sir Thos. Molyneux Knight 22 Ed. 4.

Sir W^{m}. Staples 6 Hen. 7.

Sir R^{d}. Pullow Kn^{t}. 13 Hen. 7 and 17 Hen. 7.

Rowland Bulkeley Esqr. 18 Hen. 7.

Sir Rowland Villeville al^{s}. S^{r}. Rowl^{d}. Brittaine circa finem Reg. Hen. 7 and beginning of Hen. 8.

Henry Morrys Esqr. 27 Hen. 8. Deputy S^{r}. Richard Bulkeley.

Sir Henry Knyvett and S^{r}. R^{d}. Bulkely made Joynt Constables of Beaumaris 14 June 28 Hen. 8, but Sir H. Knyvett surrender'd his Interest in the same the 18th June following to Sir Richard

Bulkly. And the said Sir Richard Bulkly, for his non-attendance on Hen. 8th. in his Wars beyond the Seas agt. the French was forc'd to sue out his pardon in *hœc Verba*—

Henry the eight, by the Grace of God King of England, Fraunce, and Ireland, Defender of the faith and Church of England and also of Ireland in Earth supreme Head. To all them to whom these present letters shall come, greeting. Whereas Sr. Rd. Bulkely Knt. hath of our gift by our Letters Pattents to him, and Sr. Henry Knyvett Knt. joyntly made, the Constableshipp of Beaumaris and Captaincshipp of our Towne of Beaumares in Northwalles during his life by reason whereof the sd. Sr. Rd. of his bounden dutie ought to have attended upon our royall person now being in the Warres beyond the Sea agt. our auncient Enemy the French King, according to the Statutes in that case ordayned and established. And notwithstanding that the same Sr. Richard by reason of his abode att home within our Realme of England and not giving his attendance upon our person hath incurred the damages of the sayd Statutes, yet considering the humble suite of the sayd Sr. Richard made to our Counsell and Commissioners appointed by us to compound with such persons our Patentees as doe stay att home and considering likewise how that the same Sr Rd. has now compounded for his licence and Dispensation in that behaulfe. Know that wee of our grace especiall and mere motion have licensed and by these presents doe give licence to the sayd Sr. Rd. that hee may att his libertie and pleasure abide and tarry att home and not to be coerced or constrayned to give his personall attendance upon our person in this Voyage and for this time of our absence Wee doe clearlye dispense with him for the same any statute or statutes heretofore made to the contrarie heereof notwithstanding, and that without any forfeiture of his sayd Letters pattents or any other losse damage or daunger that may growe or come to the sayd Sr. Richard in this behaulfe. In Wittnesse whereof wee have caused these our letters to be made pattents, witnesse our Dearest entirely beloved Wyfe Katherine Queene of England and general governesse of the same at Westminster the eleventh day of Septr. in ye. 36 yeare of our Reigne.

SOUTHWELL.

Per ipsum Regem
Virtute Commissionis regiæ.

N.B.—The Expedition referred to above was the Siege of Bulloigne, and the Queen was Katherine Parr, 6th Queen of Hen. 8th.

John Duke of Northumberland circa finem Hen : 8 and principio Ed : 6.

John Earl of Bath. Temp. Ed : 6 and Reg. Mariæ.

Richard Bulkely Esqr. Son and Heir apparent of Sir Rd. Bulkely Kt. 8°. Maii A°. Eliz : 3°.

Richard Bulkely Esqr. Son of Sr. Rd. B. : Knt. A°. 14°. Jac.

N.B.—This Richard Bulkely Esqr. was of Baronhill who dyed at Carnarvon.

Sir Edwd Lewis. His Deputy was R^{d} Vaughan of Beaumaris, Gent, Edward Earl of Dorset A°. 1631 or therabouts; his Deputy was Thos. Cheadle Esqr.

Thos. Lord Bulkely Visc^{t}. Cashel in Ireland.

Then happened an Interval of Governors instead of Constables in the times of the late confusions (viz.) from 1640 to 1660, which was the year of King Charles the Second's restoration (viz.)

1st Thos. Mytton, called Major General. The Deputies were Capt. Thos. Synbys, Major Edwd. Moore, and af^{ds}. Capt. Hugh Courtney.

2. Col. John Jones whose Deputy was Capt. Will: Wray.

Robt. Lord Bulkly made Constable A.D. 1660, whom God long preserve.*

This Castle a great Burden to the people until by favour of Hen: 8 the Garrison was reduced to 12 Warders and committed to the sole care of the Constable.

After Edwd. had built Beaumaris and incorporated it, he gave them large privileges and competent lands, which last he effected by removing the freeholders of this tract to other parts and giving them lands elsewhere in exchange, as for example, the old House of Henllys was the Seat of Gwerydd ap Rhys goch, one of the 15 Tribes of N. Wales, and of his posterity; but Edward at the founding his Corporation removed them to Bodelwyddan in Flintshire, to bestow Henllys on the new Corporation.

N.B.—There happened a great affray between the Garrison and the countrymen on a Market Day in the time of Hen. 6th, which in after times was called the *Black Fray, Y Fray ddu yn y Beaumaris*, wherein David ap Evan ap Howel of Llwydiarth in Twrkelyn Esqr. and many others were killed.

The Commission of the Constable of ye Castle of Beaumaris ran in hæc Verba—

Eliz: Dei gratia etc. Omnibus ad quos presentes Literæ perveniunt Salutem. Sciatis quod nos de gratia nostra speciali ac ex certa scientia et mero motu nostris dedimus et concessimus ac per presentes pro nobis hæredibus et successoribus nostris damus et concedimus dilecto nobis Ric°. Bulkely Arm: filio et hæred. appar. R. B. Militis officium Constabular: Castri nostri de Beaumaris, ac Officium Capitanei Villæ nostræ de Beaumaris

* I believe I have gathered their names and successions rightly; but I could not find the beginning and ending of their regencies.

in North Wall: Quæ quidem Officia Johannes nuper Comes Bathon: jam defunctus nuper habuit et exercuit et quæ in manibus et dispositione nostris jam existunt ratione mortis pdict. Johnis nuper Com: Bath: ac ipsum R: Bulkely Arm: Const: Castri nostri pdict. ac Capitaneum Villæ nostræ predictæ facimus ordinamus et constituimus p^r. presentes. Habendum tenendum occupandum gaudendum et exercendum officia predicta et eorum utrumque prefato R: B. Arm: tam per sufficientem deputatum suum sive Deputatos suos sufficientes pro quibus respondere voluerit pro termino Vitæ suæ. Et insuper de uberiori Gratia nostra dedimus et concessimus ac per presentes pro nobis hæredibus et successoribus nostris damus et concedimus prefato R. B. Arm: quandam annuitatem sive annualem reditum* quadraginta Marcarum legalis Monetæ Angliæ p^r. Annum in plenam contentationem omnium et singulorum Vad: Feod. et regard. tam ipsius R. B. Arm: ut Constab: Cast: pdict. ac Capitanei Vill: pdct quam omnium et singulorum Souldariorum in retentione ipsius R. B. custodiend: de tempore in tempus morand: et moratur. ibidem . . . . annuatim pdictam annuitatem sive annualem reditum quadraginta Marcarum pro termino Vitæ ipsius R. B. de exitibus proficuis et reventionibus Principalitatis nostræ North Wall: ad Festa ibidem usualia per equales portiones per manus Camerarii nostri ejusdem Principalitatis pro temp. exist. cum omnibus aliis Vad: Feod: commoditatibus proficuis advantagiis Jurisdictionibus Authoritatibus pertinentiis allocationibus et emolumentis quibuscunque eisdem officiis et eorum utrique aliquo modo pertinent. spectant. crescent. sive emergent. in tam amplis modo et forma prout pdict Johannes nuper Dux North: vel Hen: Knyvett Miles aut Hen: Norreys Miles seu eorum aliquis alius sive aliqui alii habuit seu habuerant ante hæc tempora pro exercitio sive occupatione officiorum predict: sive eorum alterius. Et hoc absque Compoto seu aliquo alio proinde nobis hæredibus vel successoribus nostris quoquo modo reddendo solvendo vel faciendo. Eo quod expressa mentio de certitudine premissorum sive eorum alicujus aut de aliis donis sive concessionibus per nos vel per aliquem progenitorum nostrorum prefato R. B. ante hæc tempora fact. existent. aut aliquo statuto Actu Ordinatione proclamatione provisione sive restrictione inde in contrarium habit. fact. edit. ordinat. sive provisis aut aliqua alia re causa vel materiâ quacunque in aliquo non obstat. In cujus rei testimonium has litteras nostras fieri fecimus patentes. Teste meipsa apud West: 28° Maii Anno regni nostri 3°.

Per breve de privato sigillo.

Naylour.

It may be gathered by the form of this Commission, and by other Records, that they who were the Constables of, were also Captains of the Town. I find but one antient precedent to the Contrary, viz., Sir J^no. Botiller Kn^t. was Constable of the Castle A° 36 Hen: 6, yet one Thos. Norreys was Captain of the Town at

* I find that the Constable of the Castle of Beaumaris's Yearly Fee was £40, and sometimes but 40 Marks. The Fee of the Captain of the Town was £12 3s. 4d. The Porter or Keeper of the Gates of the Castle of Beaumaris had for his Fee £9 2s. 6d. But the office of Porter is there long since disused.

the same time. In the year 1631, or thereabouts, Ed^{d}, Earl of Dorset, being made Constable of the Castle, appointed Thos. Cheadle Esqr. to be his Lieutenant and Deputy. The said Cheadle A.D. 1638 assumed the Power of Captain of the Town Company, and mustered them accordingly by virtue of that Clause in the Commission, *Damus et concedimus* Dilecto . . . . . Officium Constab : etc. Hereupon a great Controversy arose between R^{d}. B. of Baronhill Esqr. and the s^{d}. Cheadle about the Captainship of the Town. And though the said R. B. and the Deputy Lieutenant appointed Henry White of the Friars Esqr. Captain of the place, yet the said Cheadle used all endeavours to keep possession of it, and made a great stir and bustle as appears by the following Letter dated March 24, 1638, from the said H. White Esqr. to the s^{d}. R. Bulkely then at London.

Noble Sir,

On Friday Night I received by Post your kind Letter written on Wednesday before, and return you most humble thanks for your favours and remembrances of your poor but true friend and servant. The insolence of Cheadle in his behaviour about the Captainship of Beaumaris is grown to the greatest height of contempt and affront of the power and commands of the Lord Lieutenant and all you his Deputies that possibly may be. For on Thursday last the Deputy Lieutenants sent a Letter subscribed by Sir Thos. Holland, Owen Wood, and Rowl^{d}. White unto him to desire to know by what warrant or authority he had countermanded me, whom they had appointed Captain of the Town. As soon as this Letter was deliver'd to him, he instantly caused his own private Drum to be beaten in the open Street all about the Town, and his Ensign to be borne. And when they came over ag^{t}. S^{r}. Thos. Holland's House (he being then in town) there they made a stand for a good while, and in a bravery, by way of defiance of him as a Deputy Lieutenant, they beat their Drums and advanced their Colours a long while there. After this a Boy that waits on Doctor Cheadle came to S^{t}. Thomas Holland and told him Mr. Cheadle had sent him thither with a paper unto him which he deliver'd to S^{r}. Thos., and so went away (the paper itself I have also sent you herewith) which is as it seems written out of the Earl of Dorset's Patent. But the Boy neither shewed any Patent whereof that should be a Copy, nor any warrant from the Earl of Dorset to authorize Cheadle to be his Deputie, neither hath Cheadle so much as subscribed his name to testify that it is a true Copy, but in a slighting manner sent this inclosed bare scrawl to the Deputy Lieutenants in answer of their Letter signed by them, neither hath he shewn any warrant to any body. But tells all the town people he hath the Great Seal of England, meaning the Patent, and so frightens them ; if they come not unto him they shall smart. As soon as he sent this paper to S^{r}. Thos. he in person marched down the Streets in his Scarlet with a great plume of Feathers afore his Drum, and R^{d}. Vaughan carried the Ensign with him. William Hughes and Garnett Terry attended him as Officers of his band, and so he marched into the Castle, having formerly by his Drums summoned all the Souldiers of the Town before him there,

but very few save Stodart or one or two more came unto him that day. Only he and his Drum was followed through the Streets by his created Officers, and all the idle people and Boys, which made a very unlawful Assembly, and in these dangerous and troublesome times to convene people together may be of ill consequence. The next day being Friday he caused his Drum to be beaten again, and his Ensign to be carried about the Streets, and proclamation to be made at the Cross and divers other places to this effect, viz., All Gentlemen, Soldiers, and Inhabitants of Beaumaris, You are to appear before Mr. Cheadle, Lieutenant to the Earl of Dorset, who is Captain of the Town of Beaumaris, at the Castle by two of the Clock, upon peril that may ensue. On Saturday again through the midst of the Market (that the Country as well as the Town might take notice of his Authority), he marched with his Drum, Colours, and Officers to the Castle, and then by reason of his threats to return their names, and have them fetched up if they appeared not. Very many came thither with their Arms to him, and he writes their names down in a List. And all this he hath done in such an insolent and arrogant way, in boasting words and behaviour, as much tendeth to the affront of the noble Lord Lieutenant and his Jurisdiction and of his Deputy Lieutenants' power, and he hath from an interruption and opposition proceeded to an actuall usurpation of what is conceived to be the right of our Lord Lieutenant and his subordinate Officers. All which the Deputy Lieutenant here and myself (who was appointed by you all to discharge that place he intrudes upon) do earnestly desire you to signify unto the honourable our Lord Lieutenant, and humbly beseech his Lordship to move for redress therein, for through the sides of his Ministers he in this is wounded in his honour and authority, which he and his officers have formerly had and enjoyed till Cheadle's time.

But to answer the Clause in the Patent of the Constable of the Castle joining the Captainship of the Town with ye Constableship, the said Henry White and others argued as followeth, That the Patent of Constable of the Castle of Beaumaris may, perchance (now as in the time when there was a garrison) contain words of the Captainship of the Town, but the question is of what force they are at this time.

Before the uniting of Wales to England the Constable of the Castle of Beaumaris was, according to the words of his Patent, Captain of the Town, having then allowed him a Garrison of 24 soldiers, with 4^{d} p^{r}. Diem apiece for their maintenance, had annually a distinct fee of £12 13 4 as Captain of the Town, and another Fee of £40 a year as Constable. Yet since the incorporating the Welsh and English, and the alteration of the Government by the Statutes in that behalf made the allowance for any garrison soldiers is quite extinct and none kept or maintained, the particular fee of £12 13 4 is not continued to the Captain, but the title of Constable and Captain is drowned in one, and the former large fees contracted to £26 13 4, as may appear

by records mentioned in Judge Doddridge his book of the Principality of Wales, fol. 56 and 70.

So though the words of Captainship of ye Town remain still in the Constable's Patent of the Castle, yet I conceive they are not of force now, for since both people are become one, what was instituted to keep the Welsh in subjection before the Union is abolished and of no vigour since. Yet the Titles with some small stipend are still continued pro formâ that somebody might preserve the materials of those ruined Castles from being imbezzled and stolen.

N.B.—Cheadle was a mark of indignation in those days to all the great families of this Country. And as the Constables of the Castle were Captains of the Town by Patent and prescription, so likewise they were Masters of the prisage of Wines and of Butlerage in the Port of Beaumaris. And the Prizage of Wines mentioned in the Stat. 5 H : 8 c. 5 is a Custom by which the King out of every bark laden with Wine under 40 tons claims to have two tons at his own price. Termes de lay, Pag : 505. See same Statute for Butlerage. N.B.—In the Return of a Jury, the name of John Griffith de *Paris* Gent. occurs, 1565. Quere if this be the present *Paris Mountain*, so fam'd for its Copper Mines.

29th March 1631

A Survey made of the Castle of Beaumaris and of such things as now remain therein by Humphrey Jones Esqr. his Majesty's receiver general of North Wales by virtue of letter to him directed from the R^t^. Honble. Edward Earl of Dorset now Constable of the s^d^. Castle to require and authorize him thereunto which was done in the presence of Thos. Cheadle Gent : Deputy Constable of s^d^. Castle as followeth.

Imprimis, in the outward ward of the s^d^. Castle there is one great brass Culverin which is thought not to be serviceable by reason of crack it hath, and a small french falconett of brass, and two stock fowlers of Iron fasten'd in the Castle Wall, the Mouth of one of them looking to the Town of Beaumaris, the other towards the passage or Ferry of said Town.

Item, I found the Gate house of s^d^. Castle covered with lead, but so decay'd and worn because of the extremity of ye Weather that the lead hath many great holes in it.

There is another Tower call'd the Gunners Tower which standeth towards the Haven that I find covered with lead, and another Tower on the East part of s^d^. Castle call'd Windsor Tower which hath part of it cover'd with lead, the rest of it, being about the 3^d^. part of it, better taken off and gone. All the rest of the Lodgings in that Ward being ten Towers in number all uncover'd and neither lead nor timber left.

Item, having done with that outward Ward I pass'd into the inward

Ward of the said Castle where I found a brass Robinett and Wheels and carriages for the other two brass pieces that were in the outward Ward, one pair of ye Wheels being for the great brass piece and shod with Iron.

From thence coming to the Constable's Lodging which were antiently call'd the King's lodging where I found a goodly pile, but become a heap of Ruins, the Walls only standing, but the timber and lead fallen down and lying all on heaps on the ground and am much in doubt that much of that lead hath been imbezzled thence for that, for that I did observe divers sheets of lead that lay partly under the timber cut, and some thereof seem'd to be done very lately. There remains there likewise a boiler of lead.

Item, I found in the inner ward Gatehouse a great heap of Iron Chambers which by bad keeping most of them are eaten with Rust to nothing. I found there also a quantity of lead lying loose which I guess and imagine to be about 400^lb^. or 500^lb^. Weight.

Item, I found that Gatehouse all cover'd with lead but beginning to decay for want of Repair.

Item, I found the Chapel Tower well-cover'd with lead, and another Tower call'd the Queen's Lodging wherein there is a heap of old Armour decayed and eaten with rust.

Item, I found the Walls or Passage from Tower to Tower on the Walls for the most part cover'd with lead, though something decay'd, but the rest of the lodgings in that Ward being four great Towers altogether uncover'd and neither lead nor timber left.

Item, there is in the said inward Ward another Room which they call the Chapel wherein the Store and munition of the County is kept, which seemeth to be in very good repair, the Door whereof had two locks upon it and the keys remain'd with some of the Deputy Lieutenants, so that I did forbear to go to survey that Room untill my Lord's pleasure were farther signified concerning the same, uppon the Letter I did write unto his Honour in May last.

This Castle was heretofore exactly survey'd and all things that remained upon the death of S^r^. R^d^. Bulkely the elder Kn^t^. late Constable of s^d^. Castle, and at the coming to the place of Sr Edwd. Lewis that succeeded him in that office, a Copy whereof coming accidentally into my hands I thought fit for the better satisfaction of my Lord to annex a true Copy.

A Description of the outward Ward of Beaumaris.

Imprimis, one wooden Bridge that leads from the South gate of the Castle being 15 yards in length, and 3 in breadth, all rotten and decay'd.

Item, the two towers of the said South Gate of the first Entrance of ye outward ward being 19 yards in length, in breadth 8 yards, cover'd over with thin lead, with many holes and decay'd consisting of 3 heights.

Item, the first little Tower South-west from the af^d^. Gate, being round, 5 yards over, without lead or timber, having beneath 2 Rooms, a Tower and a higher Room.

Item, 3 other little Towers, being round 3 yards over, without lead or Timber, having under two rooms apiece as aforesaid.

Item, one other round Tower, 7 yards over, with one rotten Gunner in the mid East, no lead, in height 8 yards, having beneath two Rooms as af^d^.

Item, two other little Towers on Northside, 4 yards over, uncover'd.

Item, the Northgate without lead or timber, but vaulted over, and a close passage under it, in breadth 4 yards, in length 18 yards, having great holes upon the Top over the passage to let fall Stones if need were.

Item, the Corner Tower North East side, round 8 yards over, and 8 do. in height with some lead and some timber, and leaded on the passage about it, having beneath two rooms as af^{d}.

Item, on North East side 3 small Towers 3 yards apiece over without lead or Timber and two rooms as af^{d}.

Item, the East corner Tower 5 yards over, cover'd with thin lead much decay'd. 2 Rooms under.

Item, a stone open Gallery upon the East side and South, arched underneath, in length 31 yards, a Tower on the End 4 yards over and open to the Gallery, in breadth 3 yards, with a little Tower 3 yards over, on the one side open to the ground, and two little Gutters of lead.

The Description of the breadth and length of the Inner Ward which is the Main Castle.

The passage from the said Towers to the Tower Eastw^{d}. being in breadth 4 yards, 18 long, cover'd with thin lead.

The two Towers on both sides the Inner South East Gate 14 yards in breadth, 28 long, leaded thinly and decay'd roof ready to fall in, having been 3 Rooms.

Passage about East Tower from said Gate Eastw^{d}. 4 yards long and as many broad, thinly leaded.

East Tower round 12 yards over and 12 high and foot to it, without lead or tymber, as is the staircase.

Passage from that Tower to the Chapel Tower East by North, 18 yards long and 4 broad, of same height, thinly leaded with holes in it.

Passage by Chapel Tower 7 yards long 4 broad.

Chapel Tower almost square, 8 yards long and ½, 7 broad, thinly leaded but decay'd, with passage round it not leaded.

Passage from Chapel Tower to Queen's Tower 20 yards long, 4 broad, cover'd with decay'd lead.

Queen's Tower round 12 yards over, 12 and a foot high, thinly cover'd with lead decay'd, a passage about 4 foot broad cover'd.

Passage about Queen's Tower leading to the passage leading to the hall, 3 foot broad 3 yards long.

Passage from Queen's Tower to the hall 14 yards long, 4 broad, cover'd with decay'd lead.

Passage from South East Gate, being the two Towers formerly mention'd, towards the South West Tower, 18 yards long, 4 yards broad, cover'd with decay'd lead.

The South-west Tower round 12 yards over without lead. The Passage about it on one side of it cover'd with lead 16 yards long 4 Foot broad, and Stairs without lead.

Passage betwixt West Tower Northward, and the middle Tower 4 yards broad 18 yards long cover'd with lead.

The Middle Tower being 2 yards without lead or timber, 12 yards and a foot high, and stairs on both sides without lead. The Passage on the one side of it is 4 yards long and 2 yards broad cover'd with lead.

The Passage from the middle Tower to the North West Tower 4 yards broad, 18 long, cover'd with lead.

The North Tower round, 12 yards over, without lead or timber, with stairs on one side. The passage on the other cover'd with lead 4 yards long, 4 foot broad.

Passage between North Tower and ye Hall on that side being cover'd with lead 4 yards broad 17 long.

Measure of the first Room under where the Hall was is 8 yards long, the Timber of that end of ye Hall fallen into this Room, and also the lead that cover'd the hall, the Timber all rotten. There is a stone Arch over the middle part of the hall and some lead hanging upon it.

The second Room under ye hall 8 yards long and 8 broad, North East end under the hall with some rotten timber and lead fallen into it from the top.

The two inner Rooms being under the two towers of both sides the gate Northward, one on one side of the passage, the other on the other side, 9 yards long each and 6 broad, Lead and Timber fallen in.

There is some lead over the passage leading from one side of the hall to the outward Ward, and timber, the top 18 yards long, 6 yards broad.

The Gate is 3 yards broad and passage 6 yards long.

The Passage upon the side of the hall next the South East gate is cover'd with lead 4 foot broad and 21 yards long betwixt both towers.

The Tower at the South West end of ye Hall is round 4 yards, and leaded over.

D^o^. at the North East end of ye Hall round 4 yards leaded.

All the inner Castle is of one height, viz., 12 yards and a foot, having the two towers on the North Westgate somewhat higher.

We find to be in the Castle one brass Culverin with a flaw in it, with carriage belonging to it. We find also one Soker of brass without carriage. We find also a Robinett, being a very small brass piece without carriage.

We find also two Iron Murderers with many Chambers, but whose they be as yet we know not.

We cannot learn of any other provision ordinance in the said Castle saving such as are mention'd in this Schedule.

There is in the middle Room on the North East side one Chapel vaulted over, and all along from one end to the other on both sides dark passages to pass and many Vaults underneath the middle Rooms.

This is a true Copy of the former Survey made of this Castle.

Humffrey Jones.

But Thos. Cheadle Esqr. being made Deputy Constable of said Castle under Edwd. Earl of Dorset sold a great quantity of lead off it, and embezzl'd many other materials belonging thereto, to ye great damage of King and Country.

From the time of S^r^. Rowl^d^. Villeville to the time of the Civil Wars, 1642, no garrison kept there, and the said Cheadle began to put men, ammunitions and provisions in it. But the Gentry and the Country, particularly T. Bulkly Esqr., looking upon him as a man of a rotten heart did withstand his progress and procured an order from the King to build a Fort on the top of a neighbouring hill on North East side of the Castle above the Harbour under

pretence of guarding harbour from Pirates, but in reality to awe Cheadle the *suspicious* Governor. But the Earl of Dorset, surrendering the Constableship to s^{d}. T. Bulkly, A.D. 1643, said Fort was dismantled.

A.D. 1643 certain persons of County of Lancaster were sent prisoners of War to s^{d}. Castle, viz., George Dodding, Ralph Arderne Esq^{rs}., Francis Fitzhugh, Geo: Towleson and Robt. Bradshaw Gent., who from thence were removed to Chester. And in the same year there came Orders from Prince Rupert for Lord Bulkly to remove the Trunks, plate and goods of Robt. Earl of Leicester (then design'd Lord Lieuten^{t}. of Ireland) from the Fryars to the Castle of Beaumaris, about which trunks and goods there happen'd a great suit at law.

In the time of the Civil Wars a report of seizing the Castle of Beaumaris then garrison'd for ye Parliam^{t}. was spread far and wide over the Country, and did sting the Ears of Dr. John Williams, Archbishop of York, then at his house of Penrhyn, Carnarvonshire, who was pleased to use his pen as followeth.

> To his much honoured Friends and Cousins Col: Rich^{d}. Bulkely, Lieut^{t}. Col: Robinson, Major Lloyd, and Captain Jones at Beaumaris Castle.
>
> These present.

My very worthy Cousins

By a Letter and some Papers sent unto me from the Gentlemen at Berw the last night, I perceive that you have possessed yourselfes of the Castle of Beaumares, as without the approbation of the Gentlemen and chiefe Comanders of the Countie soe (which I was very glad to find) without any such opposition to the King and Parliament, but may be easily reconciled, if you doe not delay it too long. This is a greate and powerfull Bodie and will not bee capitulated too much withall especially by a few Gentlemen who have surprized a Castle in a time of Treatie, att the best, but as they mainlie affirme when all Conditions were agreed upon and they had relyed and confided on the Lord Bulkely's and the Commissioners their assurance I beseech you therefore for your owne good and the good of the Countrey to give Generall Mitton some speedie contentment as I understand you have written unto him allready a very civill letter. And that may bee with taking some part of his Men presently into the Castle, my Cozen Bulkely holding still his Command as Constable untill your propositions bee debated. For to keepe all the Men out as mere Strangers doth putt a slurre on the Major Generall and through his sides upon that great body of the Estate whose minister he is. And for those in the Towne, they may mingle with the Towne guard and have no cause to complayne, they are looked upon like Enemies. Or some other fayer* respects (which my Cosen Robinson understands better than I)

* I.e. *fair*, which derives, through the Mediæval forms *fayer*, *feier*, *feiyer*, etc., from the A.-Sax. *fæger*.—Ed.

may bee putt upon them, and those Articles of suffering them to passe away, if they bee recalled elsewhere sett aside. And God forbid they should have any cause to demand such Articles. It may be these are of the best Servants the King hath, if his Majestye bee with the Scotts, and is satisfyed for the Covenant. I am sure they speake as well and pray as zealously for the King as my Lord Byron's people did. And may bee never thrive that doth otherwise. The King is gracious and takes noe delight that his Servants should be ruined and beggared to noe purpose, but to complie with the humour of some few, and those none of the wisest Commanders. I am your neare Kinsman, acquainted with all your Fathers and Grandfathers, and can have noe other end upon you beside your owne preservation from daunger and ruyne. And I beseech you soe to interprett this Letter of

Your affectionate Friend and Kinsman
Jo: Eborac.

Penrhyn
this 8^{t} of June, 1646.

A certayn Schoolmaster observing the Carriage and perusing some letters of the Archbishop of York in that year said that his Grace did *Pencrwn-esco*. *Pencrwn* was Welsh for a *roundhead*, by which name the Parliamentarians of that time were denominated, and that new coyned Verb, by the Grammar Rule *Inceptivum* in *Sco* signifies that his Grace was beginning to turn *Roundhead*. For his Grace in the foregoing letter which is extant under his own hand joins King and Parliam^{t} together, making them co-ordinate Estates, which was the doctrine of the Rebellious Presbyterians of those days. But hear the Answer of the Gentlemen of the Castle.

May it please your Grace

Col: Bulkeley hath possessed himself of this Castle upon no other grounds than the just Interest your Lordship well knows. He, together with his Father, hath it, by Patent from the King, it being then upon surrendry without either his privity or the Country's general consent, so that it cannot bear the name of surprisal, but the maintenance of his insubordination to his Majesty's right. And whereas it is mainly affirm'd that this was done after agreement made, wee'le assure your Lordship, we have earnestly desired to see the conditions for the security of the Inhabitants of the Island, but could see none, not so much as for the Officers and Soldiers of the Garrison, who being without Articles disbanded were still liable to imprisonment or to be disposed of as the Parliament pleased, who though never so powerful a Body may and ought to be so far capitulated with as to know upon what grounds to stand. Our Agreement with the Commissioners for cessation from hostilitie (though admitting no party into the Castle nor mingling of Town Guards) cannot but give General Mytton satisfaction enough for the present. When things shall be fairly and openly debated and concluded upon by the universal Consent we shall then be willing to receive hostages for their performance on both sides, and that we conceive to be the more soldier-like way. And as for the Article for their free departure if recall'd, it was of their own suggestion,

nor say we, God forbid, they should have cause to demand such. We are glad your Lordship is now of opinion that these will prove his Majestie's best Servants, who the world knows is in person with the Scotts, though his being satisfy'd with the Covenant we dare not so much as imagine an *If*. To judge of theirs and the Lord Byron's people's prayers, we leave to him to whom all prayers ought to be directed, but join with you in the Imprecation, May he never thrive who doth otherwise. The King we know, and the Parliament we hope is gracious, not desiring the ruin of a whole Country, out of compliance with the humour of some (whose names we question not), whose experiences cannot call them Commanders. We shall therefore by all means possible study to prevent it, and with the thankful acknowledgment of your care and advice remain

Your Grace's most humble Serv^ts.
R^d. Bulkley.
J^no. Robinson.
David Lloyd.
Henry Jones.

June 8, 1646.

About this time Doctor Bridgman, Bishop of Chester, who had been a Sojourner long at Mr. Rich^d. Vaughan's house, Beaumaris, was taken prisoner in his passage to Bangor by Captain Rich of the Ship Rebecca for presuming to pass over into Carnarvonshire, being Parliament Quarters. And as his person was seized on by Rich, so his Goods were seized by Col. Bulkely, but the Bishop after petitioning the Colonel to let his Baggage be conveyed to Penrhyn to the Archbishop of York's care. The Colonel insinuates in his Answer that the Archbishop says, he "besides I hear for certain, to whose care you intended to commit them, is now ingaged in a more serious employment." This serious imployment was that the Archbishop was then undertaking to join with the Parliament force in besieging the Garrison of Conway (which at that time stood out for the King) *to his everlasting Infamy*.

Mytton's Troops to reduce the Island of Anglesey landed at Cadnant, upon which this Englyn was made

Mil chwe chant gwarant ac wyth a deugain
Digwydd Môn yn ddiffrwyth
Pan ddoeth hawl Diawl ai dylwyth
i Gadnant aflwyddiant lwyth.*

Cadnant is a modern Name; in antient MSS. it is call'd Aberllifiog.

In this affray between the Islanders under Col: Bulkley and the

*In sixteen hundred forty eight
Fair Mona bore a heavy weight
'Twas then the vile infernal band
At Cadnant creek usurp'd the land.

Parliament Forces Sr. Arthur Blaney on the side of the King had his Elbow shatter'd to pieces, on the Roundhead party one Vavasor Powel, a *military preacher*, wounded, and on the Cavalier side one Mr. Price, Vicar of Bettws Abergeley, mortally wounded. At the same time Captain Lloyd of Penhwnllys, being commanded to guard the Church, he lock'd his men in it, and ran himself away most cowardly, taking the Key in his pocket, wherefore he was called Captn. Church to his dying day.

Of the Enemy were kill'd about 40, of the Islanders 30, but near 400 taken prisoners. Col: Bulkley surrender'd to prevent Effusion of blood. So Holyhead and Beaumaris were garrison'd for the Parliament, Mytton being Governor.

Mytton's Deputies were: 1st., Major Edwd. Moore, a man of singular civility towards all persons, who govern'd during 1649, 1650, 51. His next Deputy was one Hugh Courtney, put in by Cromwell and Harrison, a Lay preacher, a Conventicler, and utter Enemy to the Clergy. In his time there were seldom prayers or preaching in the Church, but the Garrison Soldiers were call'd together by beat of Drum at the Town cross, and their Exercise was sometimes in the Town hall, sometimes in the Court of Guard in the Castle, and sometimes at the Deputy's House. The Preachers or Holders forth of the Garrison in these fanatick times were one Moris, a poor Labourer, one Gregory, a blindish fellow, one Benjamin, a blacksmith, one Fowler, a Jesuit as afterwards found out, one Roberts, a pretended scholar, two Brothers named Edwards, one a Minister at Llanfair Dyffrin Clwyd, Denbighshire, the other *homo incerti laris*. And Courtney himself did often use to hold forth, especially at his own house; but they gain'd very few proselytes either from town or Country.

In the time of Hugh Courtney's sway happen'd at Beaumaris a thing worthy of especial remark. In the year 1653, in the month of August, when the great Sessions for the County of Anglesey was held at Beaumaris, Benjamin, the blacksmith aforesaid, preached in the pulpit at Beaumaris Church before the Judges of the Circuit, William Littleton and Edwd. Bulstrode. It was a strange sight to behold two Judges in their scarlet Robes, the High Sheriff of the County, the Officers and Bailiffs attending them, 2 trumpets sounding before them, the Gentry of the Country, the Lawyers and Attorneys following, just as Agrippa and Bernice went into the place of hearing μετὰ πολλῆς φαντασίας with great pomp, Acts 25, 23. And all this to hear a nonsensical Blacksmith, who presumed to teach and counsell the Judges out of that scripture, Psalm 2. 10, 11—Be wise now therefore, O ye

Kings, be instructed O ye Judges of the Earth. Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling. The blasphemy of his prayers, the nonsense of his discourse, the ridiculousness of his delivery were abominable, especially in God's holy temple and before such a grave Auditory. That a blacksmith should make an Anvil of a Doctor of Divinity's pulpit (Doctor Rowland Cheadle being then Incumbent of Beaumaris); that Reverend Judges, learned lawyers, and worthy Gentry would afford their presence and ears to such a pitiful fellow; that Judges and Lawyers would come to see the Law of God and Man abused before their Eyes.

Courtney not long after was advanced to some higher employment in or near London, and Captn. W^{m}. Wray succeeded him at Beaumaris, a Man of better temper and far more civil to Gentry and Clergy. Yet in his time Conventicles were kept up still, the s^{d}. Gregory and some others being the holders forth in the Garrison.

But Major General Mytton dying, Col. John Jones was made chief Governor of Beaumaris, a Man of fanatick, bitter and Devilish principles, who had been guilty of the great offence of sitting upon the life of King Charles 1st., and who looked on all as Reprobates who were not Fanaticks and frequenters of Conventicles, which will plainly appear by this following letter, written with his own hand to Captn. Wray, his Lieutenant.

For Captain Wray, Lieutenant
in the Garrison of Beaumaris

These hast.

Captain Wray

I had not time by last post to write unto you as touching the two Men you mention to be continued in prison for stealing the leads of the Castle. I have advised with the Advocate General, and he tells me they cannot be tryed by martial law without being sent up hither with witnesses, so that the way to proceed ag^{t}. them is to put them out of the list, and then cause them to be indicted and proceeded against at the Sessions, and likewise those that bought the lead of them. But if you conceive them to be penitent, and that there is any hope of their reducement to a civil life you may let them return to their Duty and continue in the list upon their good behaviour, and forbear further proceeding against them. This I leave to your discretion. I intend to allow Edward Gregoric for his Encouragement to continue in the garrison £40 p^{r}. Ann: to be paid him quarterly, and the first fifty shillings to be paid him now in May, which I intreat you to pay him. I understand likewise that there are some few people in your town that meet often together to seek the Lord and improve each other in the knowledge, fear, and worship of God. I would have you to pay them 50^{s} to be by them at their meeting distributted as they shall judge fit, either for the relief of their poor or otherwise as shall be most conducible to the advancement of that good practice. I

would have you likewise pay to the hand of Cornet Jeffrey Parry, who dwells near Pwllheli, in Carnarvonshire, £5, which is to be distributed by him and those that walk in the fellowship of the Gospel in that County, in such a way as may be most for the encouragement of such as carry on the work of the Gospel there, whether it be by relieving their poor or otherwise. And £20 more I would have you to pay unto such persons as shall come for it and appointed to receive it by a Note under Mr. Morgan Lloyd's hand, which is intended for the like use in other places where there is need. There will be as I take it £12 remaining in your hand, beside the two Mens pay, which I leave with you till things be better settled, or an opportunity given me to come to visit the garrison. I have no more at present to trouble.

Your assured Friend
Jo. Jones.

28 April 1657.

I presume this written from London.

Edward Gregorie above mention'd was a poor purblind fellow that could neither write nor read, yet was the preacher or holder forth of the Garrison. Cornet Jeffrey Parry was a great *Heaven-driver* in Llŷn, and a zealous maintainer of Conventicles. So was Morgan Lloyd at Wrexham. But you may see by the precedent Letter how beautifully John Jones encouraged those Sons of Satan and Agents of Antichrist.

About 1658 John Jones, with Corbett and Ludlow, were appointed Commissioners in Ireland; but in the Revolution, when Monk began to march from Scotland, the s^d^. Commissioners were outed of ye Government of Ireland, and John Jones also out of his command in Beaumaris, Sir John Carter of Kimmel in the Co: of Denbigh, Kn^t^, succeeding.

Carter enjoyed his command but about half a year, from Feby 1659 to Sepr 1660, when Robert Lord Bulkely obtained from King Charles 2^d^ now reigning to be Constable of the said Castle, and Captain of the Town, with a Garrison of 60 Men or more for some time maintain'd at the King's Charge.

4. Sea and Port.

The Fretum between Beaumaris and the Continent was not so broad in former times as it is now, for there is a general tradition that one Helig ap Clynog had large possessions and a fair house between Penmaen mawr and Penmaen bychan, which now the Sea has overflown.

> Si quæras Helicen et Burin Achaidas urbes
> Invenies sub aquis.*

* Ovid, *Metam.*, XV, 293.—Ed.

And this Story gains the more credit because there are ruins of old Walls to be seen in that place to this very day at Equinoctial tides. And because wrought and carved free Stones and Iron barrs of Windows and other Irons belonging to buildings have been found there. And the Compiler of this history hath been told by antient people of Ty Mawr (now the Mansion house of Robert Coytmor Esqr. not far distant) that they had seen Iron bars of Windows and other Irons come from thence. Moreover, there is a place call'd Y Wylfa upon the Sea side, not far from Dwygyfylchau Church, which signifies the place of weeping. For when the Sea by God's secret Judgm^{t}. had leave to transgress its antient bounds, and to fall upon Helig ap Clynog's house, the Houshold made hast towards the Hills, and upon a Hillock in sight of the place, seeing House &c. overwhelm'd by the Sea, they could not chuse but lift up their Voices and weep; whence the place is call'd Yr Wylfa to this day. Besides, there are Relicks of Wears in the middle of the Sands between Beaumaris Ferry and the main Land of Carnarvon, the proprietors not known, but it is tradition'd that about a hundred years ago much Greensward and Wood hath been over ag^{t}. Gorddinog, where there is nothing but sea and sand at this day. To which we may add that there was a Causeway (still visible at Equinoctial tides and very obnoxious to Sea Men) pointing from Ynis Siriol or Priestholm, in the Isle of Anglesey, towards Penmaen mawr and S^{t}. Siriol's Chapel, whose ruins remain on the side of that hill, at this day unpassable.

Upon the Fretum of Menai there are several Ferries from Carnarvonshire to Anglesey (viz.) Velaven, Porthaethwy, Moelydon, Talyvoel, and Abermenai.

These Ferries formerly belong'd to the Crown, for I find that King Henry 8th. made a grant of them all to Rich^{d}. Gifford, one of the Sewers of his Chamber, and the said Gifford lett the same to William son of Rowland Bulkely Esqr. 8° day December Hen. 8th. A° 33°.

But the Ferry of Beaumaris or Velaven* was since granted to ye Town of Beaumaris by Charter A° 4to. Reg: Eliz., and the other Ferries were likewise pass'd into other hands. Velaven is a Sand at low Water, reaching from Penmaen mawr to the Ferry of Beaumaris, about 3 or 4 miles.

N.B.—This was formerly the direct road to Ireland.

* Alias Wylofaen, the place of weeping, for many disasters happen on this Sand.

Englyn by Dafydd Nanmor calculated for Traethmawr between Merionethshire and Carnarvonshire may serve for this allowing an hour—

Yn nydd y lloer newydd ar naw ar gloch
Y gwlych y llanw eithaw
Y Llon ddydd y llanw a ddaw
ir nôd lle bu'r newidiaw.

At nine o'clock of Luna's change
'Tis full Sea on the Shore,
And on the day of Luna's full
'Tis full Sea the same hour.

5. Borough and Corporation with the Government thereof.

The Town of Beaumaris was incorporated by Ed. 1st., and that by Charter dated at Berwick on Tweed on the 10th. Sepr. 24th. of his reign, whereby he granted, 1st., that the Town of Beaumaris should be a free borough, and that the men of the same town should be Free burghers. 2d., that the Constable of the Castle should be Mayor of the Town. 3d., That 2 Bailiffs should be chosen at Michaelmas yearly. 4, That they shall have a free prison in the Castle, and shall have cognizance of all Trespasses except the Case of life and member. 5, That all Lands assigned to the Borough shall be *diswarrened* and disafforested ; and that no Jews shall dwell there. 6, That they shall have a guild of Merchandize with *haunce* and other Customs and liberties to such a Guild appertaining. 7, That no Sheriff shall enter there for any plea or plaint. 8, That the Villeine of any person shall dwell and hold land in the Borough, paying scott and lott for a year and a day without claim or challenge, and from thenceforth shall be coerced and call'd again by his Lord, but remain free in said Town ; and that he shall have Sock and Sack and Theane and Infangthiefe. 9, That the Burgesses of sd. Town shall be quit of Toll, Lastage, Passage, Murage, Pontage, Stallage, Danegeld, and Gaywitt, and all other Customs and Exactions through the King's Dominions. 10, That the sd. Burgesses and their goods shall not be arrested within the King's lands and power, for which they be not sureties or principal Debtors. 11, That if any of sd. Burgesses die testate or intestate, their goods shall not be confiscated to the King, but their heirs shall have the same. 12, That the Burgesses shall not be convicted by any foreigners for any matter but by English Burgesses, except it be for matters touching the commonalty of the said Borough, and then they are to be led by the Customs of ye City of Hereford.

This Charter was ratified and confirm'd by Edwd. 2d. at Wal-

tham Cross, June 26, 15 of his Reign ; Rich^{d}. 2^{d}. at Westminster, June 30, 12 do. ; Henry 5, Prince of Wales at Harlech, Sepr. 8th. A°. 4°. Hen. : 4th. ; Henry 6th. at Westminster, Decr. 5, 4th. year of his reign : Edw. 4. do., Sepr. 28, 8th. do. ; Rich^{d}. 3, do., March 7th., 1st. do. ; Hen. 7, do., Decr. 30, 8th. do. ; Hen. 8, do., March 1st., 1st. do. ; Edw. 6, do., Novr. 20, 1st. do. But this Charter was renewed and enlarg'd with ample privileges by Queen Eliz : 22^{d}. July, 4th. of her reign.

N.B.—In perambulating the bounds of the Borough they used to stop at Llaniestin, read prayers and sing a Psalm there. Llaniestin was heretofore a Rectory belonging to the Priory of S^{t}. Francis at Llanvaes, and was in the gift of the Prior ; and I find two Parsons or Rectors thereof (viz.) Griffith ap Iolyn, A°, 9°. Ed : 4, and Sir Thos. Grono, Chaplain to S^{r}. Rowland Villeville Temp. Hen. 8th.

The Town and Suburbs are divided into 4 Wards (viz.) Castle Street Ward, Church Street Ward, Watergate Ward, and Wrexham Street Ward—a Constable to each Ward. In Wrexham Street Ward there is a Street call'd Rating Row (or as corruptly call'd Rotten Row), so call'd because in old times when the Castle was garrison'd the provisions coming from the Country were rated there for the use of ye Garrison.

The Shire Hall built by the Country A.D. 1614.

The Court Mawr in Church Street was the first Mansion house of Inheritance of the family of Bulkley in this Country—the *Old* Plâs being more modern.

Baronhill built by S^{r}. R^{d}. Bulkley A.D. 1618. The pile now standing, as tradition goes, was meant for a Gate house to the main house intended to have been built for the entertainment of Prince Henry on his way to Ireland, design'd by his Father for the Lieutenancy of that Kingdom.

The Ash Trees in Park and file about the house were planted by the hands of Marg^{t}. Savage, Wife of S^{r}. Rich^{d}. Bulkley the 2^{d}., in memory of the Battle of Mussleborough in Scotland, Temp. Ed. 6, in which s^{d}. Sir R^{d}. Bulkely was an eminent commander, the Trees being sett in the same order and Array as the English Army was drawn up on that day.

On the South side of Red hill Park, Kerrig gwyddil Wood, of which it is said that if a chip of it be cast into the Sea or any water it will sink as growing on Stone, and partaking of the sinking Nature of the Stone.

King's Wood, Coed Cadw, is the largest Wood in the Island of Anglesey.

The house of Dancoed call'd Kighley house from the family of Kighley, of whom Sir Gilbert Kighley, Sir J^no^. Kighley, and Sir Alan—all lived Temp. Hen : 6.

Llanvaes or Llan S^t^. Katherine. Here stood the Friary of S^t^. Francis, built on this occasion. Joan, Daughter of King John of England, having married Llewhelin ap Iorwerth, and she dying A.D. 1237, was buried here as her pleasure was, and Llewhelin did build a house of bare foot Friars over her grave. At the dissolution, being granted to some Courtiers of Hen : 8th., it was sold to the Family of White.

Upon the Farm of Cremlan-Manach there stand great Stones on which is carved the Effigy of S^t^. Francis, which the poor Franciscans used to worship. The head of S^t^. Francis was carved on a Free Stone in the corner of the Stone Wall as you come from Llangoed Lane towards the Town, and when the Friars lived there, if any passengers fail'd to uncover their head to S^t^. Francis's they would exact a forfeit from them. The Friary Chapel now turned into a Tithe barn, in which have been digged up several Stone Coffins, of the same form with that of Llewhelin ap Iorwerth's taken up at the Abbey of Nant Conway, now remaining in the Chapel of Llanrwst. These Coffins are now converted into Swine-troughs in several houses of Anglesey.

The Borough was first govern'd by a Constable, Alderman, and two Bailiffs, but since the renewal of the Charter in Elizabeth's reign there is only a Mayor and two Bailiffs. The first Mayor on the new Charter was R^d^. Bulkly Esqr., after Sir Rich^d^. It had a Recorder, a Town Clerk, a Coroner, two Serjeants at Mace. Two Church Wardens, one to be chosen by the 24 Burgesses, the other by the Minister of the Town, accountable only to the Town Court, and not to the Consistory Court of Bangor for their yearly Accounts, a privilege they claim by prescription. Two Sidesmen, two common Appraisers, two Searchers and sealers of Leather, two Scavengers, two Burleigh Men or Overseers of the Hedges, Ditches, and inclosures about the Town. One Water Bailiff, a Bailiff for each of the 4 Wards, and one Bailiff for the Liberties. One Beadle. The first Recorder after renewing the Charter was Thos. Bulkley of Lincoln's Inn Esqr., Brother of S^r^. R^d^. Bulkeley. 2^d^., William Jones Esqr., afterw^ds^. Sir W^m^. Jones Kn^t^., Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. 3^d^., Chas. Jones Esqr., his son. 4th., J^no^. Griffith of Llyn Esqr. 4th., Richard Owen Theodor of Penmynidd. 5, Owen Wynne of Glascoed in Carnarvonshire. 6, Owen Hughes, an Attorney

of the great Sessions, not fit to carry the shoes of his Predecessors, who were learned Counsellors at law.

The first Member of Parliament after renewing the Charter 27 Eliz. A.D. 1585 was W^m^. Bulkley Esqr., Lincoln's Inn.

In the short Parliament call'd the Cuckow Parliament, from its sitting at the time of ye Cuckow's Song, Charles Jones Esqr., Barrister at Law.

In the long Parliament, John Griffith Esqr., Llyn, but, he dying, in his stead was chosen William Jones Esqr., a Lawyer of Shropshire.

In Cromwell's Convention, call'd Barebones Parliament, Hugh Courtney, Dep : Governor of Beaumaris.

In the Convention turn'd out of doors without doing anything, Col. Geo. Twisleton.

In the house of Nantanog was born David Hughes, founder of the Free School and Hospital in and near Beaumaris. His Father's name was Hugh ap Gwilim ap Hugh ap Conws of Traffwll Esqr.

In the Rectory and Parish of Trefdraeth Beuno, Einion ap Gwalchmai (Advocate to Owen Gwynedd) ap Meilir ap Madoc Maban had an antient house, Trefeilir.

David Rowland of the house of Penheskin and Trefôs translated Lazarillo de Tormes from Spanish into English.

On Llewhelin of Llandegvan, a man of ill name in his time, was made this Englyn—

> Llewhelin wynebin ebol, cael Iddew,
> Celwydde anianol ;
> Bustl yn d'oes anfoesol,
> Ath blant a ddal dant ar d'ol.

The said Llewhelin's Grand-daughter married Owen Hughes of Beaumaris.

III.

CARNARVONSHIRE.

Extracts from Williams's MS.*
(1814.)

Creuddyn.

In this district, in very early times, the Kings of Wales held their Court. Here Maelgwn Gwynedd lived at a place called to this day *Llys Maelgwn*, and known also by the name of Bryn Euryn, the Golden Hill. He reigned from 517 till about 546, and as nominal King from that time to 560. Died of the Yellow Plague, *y Fâd Felen*, and by what Dafydd ap Gwilym says, it seems to have originated in this part—

"Yr oer fâd felen o Rôs"—

meaning the portion called Eglwys yn Rhôs; and it is said that Maelgwn died of it while in the Church of Rhôs, having retired there as to a sanctuary even from disease and death. The Adage, at that time most probably first adopted, throws some light on this, and may serve to confirm the conjecture that he was buried here, and not in Priestholm Island, as some say—Seiriol not having begun his Establishment till 70 years or upwards after Maelgwn's Death—"Hir hun Faelgwn yn Eglwys Rhôs," The long repose of Maelgwn in ye Church of Rhôs.

It is supposed that Maelgwn Gwynedd resided occasionally at Deganwy, but it was a royal residence before his time. It was destroyed by lightning A.D. 816; rebuilt in 876; strengthened by the Earl of Chester in 1098, the maritime parts of Wales from Chester to Conway having been long in possession of the Saxons and Normans; destroyed by Llewelyn ap Iorwerth in 1209; rebuilt by the Earl of Chester. In 1210 John with his Army came hither but he was obliged to a sudden retreat. Henry the 3rd possessed, but he was also obliged to quit it precipitately. In 1245 he came again thus far, and a little repaired it, but the Welsh came upon him and obliged him to return to England. In 1263 Llewelyn ap Griffith took it and destroyed it, and it was never rebuilt.

* MS. 2.52.

The Church of Rhôs may be supposed to have been erected for the service of the royal Residence, or the Palace was so placed to have the use of the Church, as it bears no Saint's name.

The celebrated Taliessin was his *Bardd Teulu*, or Poet Laureate, which certainly Gildas points at when he says, "But warnings truly are not wanting to thee, since thou hast for thy Instructor the most eloquent Master of all Britain."

Gildas is very severe upon him; nor does he escape the curses of even his own Bard, who probably reprehends him for deserting his intention of leading a religious life—

Na bo rhad na gwedd ar Faelgwn Gwynedd
Drwg na ddialer ar Run ei Etifedd
Boed fyrr fo ei fuchedd boed diffaith fo ei diroedd
Boed hir ddifroedd ar Faelgwn Gwynedd.

Let neither blessing nor graceful mien
Be possessed by Maelgwn Gwynedd
If vengeance falls not on Run his heir;
Let his life be short, let his lands become desolate,
Let long punishment befall Maelgwn Gwynedd.

He erected the see of Bangor about the year 550, as is supposed, that he might take upon him the profession of religion, and to become a Monk there.

He was Son of Caswallon law hir, Son of Einion Yrdd, the honourable. In his reign the Irish Picts made frequent descents on the coasts of Wales, especially Anglesey. Einion sent his Son to repel them with a great force. They, hearing of this, fortified themselves at a strong place called to this day Dindryfal, *i.e.*, the triangular fort, in the Parish of Aberffraw, being a rock resembling a Sugar Loaf, on the top of which are seen the remains of their works, as is imagined. Caswallon probably encamped on an opposite height, called Cefn Trefeilir; and in the intervening Valley the two armies met, and a bloody battle ensued, in which the Irish Rovers were defeated, and Sirigi their leader slain by the hands of Caswallon himself, on a spot in the North end of the Vale, which, from the event, as is supposed, was and is still called Cerrig y Gwyddel, *i.e.*, the Irishman's Rocks; and the field of battle still bears the name of Cae bod Cadferth, the field of the bloody battle. Some say that Sirigi retreated to Holyhead to his Vessels, intending to embark; was pursued and slain at Holyhead. However, it is most probable that he was buried there in a place still called Capel y Gwyddel. Caswallon from this time fixed his residence in Anglesey, at least as may be

supposed during his father's life, at a place in the Parish of Llan Eilian where the remains of his palace are shewn, and called Llys Caswallon.

In his time lived the Saint Elian Gannaid, who built an Oratory in Creuddyn, and another in Anglesey near the reputed residence of Caswallon. Some difference taking place between the Prince and Saint, the former was excommunicated and punished with loss of sight till, by penance and prayers of the Saint, he was restored. A Poet of the 14th Century alludes to this :—

Eilian wnaeth i rai wylo
O lid am ei fuwch a'i lo ;
Fe wnaeth yn ddall Gaswallon
Arglwydd mawr ar Ogledd Môn.

Thus Englished—

For's Cow and Calf St. Elian frown'd,
Which caused much weeping t'all around ;
Struck with blindness and with grief
The great Caswallon, Mona's chief.

Caswallon's grant to St. Elian of Lands to endow his new religious Establishment is still in being and the limits of the lands so granted are yet known by the same names.

Copy of the Grant.

Good Christian people, hearkeneth unto me. Kyswallon law hir ap Eiğian Yrth, praying blessed Hillary to have sight to mee and unto my men of my Household, they us then prayest especially and devoutly. When I and my household Men lost of sight, I was Lord upon the wrong to you ; when I took the Oxen and the Milch Cows, then I was on the wrong to myself ; therefore I will give for each Oxen ten Oxen : then said Hillary, Yf I had mine own goods, I would desire no man's goods. This said Kyswallon, yee shall have whatsoever you will, and name it ; then said Hillarie, thereupon lift up your hand, I will name it. And so he did. Kyswallon lift up his hand to uphold his promise. Then Hillary made answer saying, I beseech my Lord God, for his infinite goodness, to restore unto you your sight ; and forthwith as blessed Hillary had finished his Prayer Kyswallon had his sight as perfectly as ever he had before, and all his Household men. And then Hillary asked his gift, not else, but as much lands and ground as his Hart wynneth in running from all your Greyhounds, and let them slippe from this same footinge. That is to say, Dulas his Hill, from thence unto the Mountain of Yngen, from thence to Gorsedd Veigill, and through the *Nannes Yle** to the hill of *Trysklwyn* and through Bodnefey, thence to the Hart's leape, called in Welsh Llam y Carw, and thence he swame the Sea to his Lord Hillary

* Words in italics are underlined. For a better copy of the grant, see *The Cambrian Journal*, 1863, pp. 320-2.—Ed.

to Porth Ychen to Land; and thus Kyswallon gave the Land, men, wood, and waters, and fields within those meares, and boundes, above named, to Hillary in whatsoever freedom, libertie, or franchise he would. And then Hillary assign'd Kadowr and Frydall to devyse and chose their franchise because the land was theirs. And Cadowr and Frydall chose to pay a penny to the chief Lord by way of Atturnment or seysin to keep the liberties and franches, and when whosoever of this blood shall happen to dye, the heir shall go to the court of the chief Lord and there pay a penny in the same seysin and atturnment to suffer him to be a freeman to God and to Hyllary without bondage or thraldom upon him, and free to him to sell his land to whomsoever him list or will. And he that buyeth the land to pay xij^{d} of fine in two parts, iij^{d} to the chief Lord and iij^{d} to Hyllary, and a penny by way of seisin or atturnment to the Lord's Court, shewing him to be a Freeman to God and to Hyllary; and he shall not sweare within x Miles, but in his own comot, and in his Lord's Court, and not to sweare there but for debt, and if he be cast iij^{d} of amerecment to the Lord, and if he be not cast to have xl^{d} of the x^{d} for amends, and free to him to buy and sell all manner of goods without impeachment; and the land and sanctuarie both to people and Cattels from the Lord's Offieers, and Hillary shall keep them from evil spirits. And Kyswallon taketh upon him or them that breaks this franches and grant, or that disturbeth, troubleth, or offendeth any part thereof, or meddleth contrarie to the said grant upon Hillary's lands or his Men or any other taking the Sanctuarie a Fine of £40 as oftentimes as he or they so do offend against the aforesaid liberties; and if a man of Hillarie's be hurt or maymed the *same and amendes*, that is to say, the third part to Hillary and to the Lord, and two parts to him that is so hurt or maymed; and whatsoever death take any of Hillary's Men; that the Lord have nothing to do with his Goods, Wife, nor no man, but only his Kinsfolk have thereto authority; and if he be outlawed, that there be not upon him xii^{d} of fine to be divided in two parts vi^{d} to the chief Lord, and vi^{d} to Hyllary, because he is Hillary's Man. And his liberty and franches that I Kyswallon lawhir do give to God and to Hillary and my blessing withal, and my curse to him that breaketh. And also I sett Kaldwr and his Issue off it to *reer* the Lord's part, because the Land is not free to my men, and he himself not amerced; and if a Man of Hillary be slaine, there is not to him that slays him but to be hanged; but if both parties be accorded; and then Hillary gave his Curse to *Gentells* that ryde upon his Land with his foote in the Styrope; and to them that slew a party upon his land. And then Kyswallon asked of Hyllary whether he would grant his men to come with him to the East, and he granted yf Caldwr would, so that no compelling be upon them farther than the mears of their lands, but if they will of themselves, for why he is an evil man that will not go in his Lord's need. God yield that said Kyswallon, and shall have horse and armour for him that will, and armour for footmen that will have them at my cost, and reward for his labour as much as the most. Then said Eiğian the Lord's Brother, the liberty and franches of Hyllary's Men is better than your men's; that is no marvel said the Lord, I give in my need and not in his *E'a*.

From a MS. Extent of Anglesey in the possession of the late Owen Jones alias *Myfr*, Furrier, London, 1805.

St. Elian built his church in Anglesey about the year 450. He is called the British Hilary. As he had a church dedicated to him in Creuddyn likewise, he may be supposed to have been the regular spiritual attendant of Einion Yrdd and Caswallon lawhir's Courts.

The Church dedicated to him in Creuddyn has near it a sainted well, famed for curing many diseases and frustrating power of spells. There was a Woman (now dead) who attended the Well, and who pretended to defeat the influence of Witchcraft.

In the Woods of Gloddaith many Walks and Labyrinths in ye old taste.

Qu. whether the name of Duganwy may not have some reference to the Cangi who were called by the Britons Gocangiaid.

Between Bodavon and Rhyw a grit stone about a yard long inscribed.

Ednyfed Fychan had his chief residence at Penrhyn in this district. Pugh of Coytmore descended in a direct line from him, and possessed Penrhyn as his Heir at law. This family had in their possession a Grant from Prince Llewelyn ap Iorwerth of lands in Creuddyn to Ednyfed Vychan with the Prince's Seal in green wax to it.

Conway is governed by one Alderman, a Recorder, Coroner, Water Bailiff, and 2 Serjeants at Mace, annually chosen.

General Mytton took Conway for the Parl^t^., Novr. 10th, 1646. Several Irish were tied back to back, flung into the sea and drowned, the General bearing towards them an implacable hatred.

In Cromwell's time the Ferryboat at Conway sunk with about 80 in it, who all perished except one young woman, who lived to the age of 116, and is buried at Llanfairvechan.

The curious encampment surrounded by picked stones, tradition says, was prior to Caerhun, and therefore the country people call it Caer hên.

Taliessin to Merddyn ap Morfran, A.D. 540, enquiring about the fate of the Britons, found at Gwydir some years ago :—

Hanbych well Morfryn
Sydd *ai* fod gyssefin (*qu.* o'i)
Yngoror Gorllewin
Tan Faelgwn Frenin
Pa wynfyd neu draha
A ddaw i Lin Troua ?

Atteb Merfyn, yn y flwyddyn 541 :—

Pan dorrer y deri
Yn agos ir Yri
Ai nofiad yn efrydd
O Gynwy i *fro* Gwerydd (*qu.* if fôr)
A throi'r Cerrig yn fara
Yn agos ir Wyddfa
Ar Cefn gwyn* yn drwyth
A llwyth o' gamwedda
Dwfr Aber Crafnant } Two streams in
Yn gorug a chornant } this neighbourhood.
Tafodau gwenhieithas
Yn Lladron twyllodrus
Y byd mawr ar ddyfo
Y ddiweddu y trallodd

* Lavan Sands.

Ti wyddost bob gorsaf
Dy hunan wyt hynaf
A thithau yn feddyarydd
O Waen Llyn Geronydd
Gan Ystlys coedy blawd
Taliessin fy mrawd
Cwsg yn dy Gaban
Nes dêl Coronog faban
I gyfrannu hedd
Ac i wneud yn rhyfedd.
Merfyn Wyllt ap Morfran.

The same Englished :—

All hail, Myrddin, whose primary abode is in the western high region under King Maelgwn,
Pray, say what happiness or disaster shall befall the Trojan race ?

Myrddin's Answer, in 541 :—

When the Oaks are fallen in the neighbourhood of Eryri, and will gently float down the Conway to the Irish Main,
And the Stones are turned into bread near Snowdon Mountain, and Cefn gwyn soaked in water, and Men loaded with iniquity.
The flood of Crafnant to join that of Cornant,
And Sycophants are apparently deceitful thieves.
To end the disaster, a troublesome world is immediately to follow.
Thou knowest my brother, Taliessin, the situation of every fortified station, being thyself the elder ; and thou being also the Possessor of Llyn Geirionydd, along the side of Blawd wood.
Rest in thy Cabin
Till the coming of a crowned child
To share peace and do wonderfully.

The following words of Taliessin point at the quarrelsome disposition of the South Walians :—

Arth o Ddeheubarth
Yn Cyfarth Gwynedd ;

i.e.,
A South Wales Bear
Barking at N. Wales.

At Llanrwst, £300 worth of Stockings sold in the Morning before ye Market begins, by the Knitters themselves.

Penmaenmawr.

A Mr. Jones, Rector of Llaneilian, in Anglesey, a South Walian, in 1739 said in the hearing of old Williams of Llandegai, when he had this living given him, he was obliged to borrow a horse for the journey, as he had none of his own, to take possession of it ; and riding over Penmaen, the Horse lost his steps and fell with him over the Precipice. The Horse was dashed to pieces, but he providentially escaped with little hurt. He had a horrid custom of swearing in relating this story ; swore a great Oath, that he was obliged to pay for the horse, though he had hazarded his own neck.

At or near the end of Penmaenbach, in ye parish of Daugy-fylchau, began that tract of ground inundated by a great flood from the Mountains, about the beginning of the 6th Century. Its edge was near to a line from the end of Penmaenbach, but something bending onward on Llanvaes Friary, and ended at about 2 thirds of the Sands over, making there an angle, and from thence it ran a line bending archlike westward, to the Mouth of the Ogwen River, an extent of upwards of 7000 Statute Acres. At the utmost angular point some stones are discoverable in the Sands, which, according to tradition, was the residence of the Lord of the district, named Helig foel ap Glanog, and is still called Llys Helig ap Glanog. This Helig, and his father before him, were reputed to be the Lords and owners not only of this extensive tract but also of the whole Comot of Arllechwedd. It seems he and his family escaped with their lives, and ever after embraced religious lives. His Sons' names were Gwynnin, Celynin, Rhychwyn, Aelgyfarch, Brothen, Boda, Gwyar, Euryn y Coed Helig, Bodvan, Bedwas, Brenda and Peris—which last was said to have been a Cardinal. The district was called Hendre Bodfan and Cefn gwyn.

To this Catastrophe Merfyn ap Morvran alludes in his answer to Taliessin, where he says in his prophetic way—

Pan fo Cefn gwyn, etc.

Merddin lived at this time and must have been eye-witness of this event, though he mentions it as a thing which was to come. Lavan must be a name given to this place after this dreadful event. The explanation which the neighbouring people to this day give it is that when the Inhabitants found themselves and their effects lost, they made a doleful cry for assistance to rescue them, and that after the desolated waste was named Traeth y Llefan, the Sands of the lamentable cry, of which Lavan is a corruption.

Cochwillan, like Penrhyn, was granted by Llewelyn ap Iorwerth to a Chieftain called Iarddur, and made him forester of Snowdon. Griffith Hiraethog says to this Iarddur there were two Sons (viz.) Madoc and Iorwerth. Madoc was got before marriage. He requested from his legitimate Brother a portion of the Estate, but was refused. And there was a Knight's Service on the Estate. It fell out that the Prince took the field. Madoc attended him, but Iorwerth did not. Therefore he forfeited his property, and the land was given to Madoc; but he gave half of it back of his Brother and part of the Arms (viz.) the head of the Stag; and Madoc bore the whole Stag and his decendants; but those who trace to Iarddur at this day bear Gules, a Chevron between 3 Stags' heads, Caboched Argent.

Robin of Cochwillan had by his 2nd Wife a Son Thomas beheaded at Conway, 1466, by order of the Earl of Pembroke, for adhering to Edmund, Earl of Richmond; and his Wife carried his head home in her Apron.

Penrhyn.

First a royal residence, was, as is recorded, inhabited by Rodri Molwynog, who began his reign about 720. It was razed to the ground in 987 by Meredydd ap Owen, Prince of S. Wales, which makes it probable that it continued a royal residence till it was granted to Iarddur.

In Sir William Griffith's time the Estate was said to be £15,000; but a great part was sold to portion 17 children he had by two Venters. Sir Rees Griffith repaired it in 1575.

Under the old plaister in some of the Rooms there were seen paintings in fresco.

Pierce Griffith, when England was threatened by the Armada, fitted out a ship at his own expense, and sailed from Beaumaris 20th April 1588, and arrived at Plymouth 4th May following. Followed Sir Francis Drake. Great complaints were preferred against him by the Spanish Ambassador in James's time. He was charged with having continued his piracies after peace had been proclaimed, and was so harassed by prosecutions on that account that he was obliged to sell his Estates to procure his pardon—which were purchased by the Lord Keeper Williams.

In the Mouths of the common people of the neighbourhood to this day is frequently this artless stanza :—

Llwm ac ocr y gwela' i'r Penrhyn,
Glan y Môr ac Abercegin,
Er pan aeth y Capten Gruffydd
Dros y Môr i speilio gwledydd.

Pierce Griffith died in London, and is buried in Westminster Abbey.

Hirlas.

This Horn—Corn Bual—artificially bent like a bow hooped, and the edges tipped with silver, and a silver chain fastened to both ends, and a large silver ring towards the middle for hanging it up, holds about half a pint of liquor. It received its present setting in the time, perhaps, of Sir Rees Griffith, in 1567, as his Initials and his Lady's are on the silver hoop. It was found in a heap of rubbish close to the Wall of the house.

The Hirlas of Owen Cyfeiliog was a long strait blue Horn, and not bent like this. They were likewise blown in the Chase ; and possibly they might have acted the part of the *Corn Cyweithas* in the day of battle, or for a March that of *Corn Cychwyn ;* and the tradition is that Piers Gruffydd used to sound this very horn from the top of the Hall tower for summoning his retainers and volunteers when he had occasion for them.

Ogwen.

At the Mouth of this River is a dwelling house called Capel Ogwen, and it appears to have been such, lying exactly East and West. The East Window over the Altar, which has been but lately demolished (this written 1805), is of stonework. It is

called by the neighbouring people Capel St. Tray. The Tradition is that it was built to receive the bodies of those who had procured the privilege of interment in Llanvaes, Penmon, or Priestholm, and here their *Gwylnos* or Vigil was kept. The Corpse was the next morning ferried over. The ferry always did, and now does, belong to Penrhyn, for which a rent of ten shillings is paid by the Charon of the place.

Cromlech.

At the entrance of the fish Wier in the sands belonging to Penrhyn there was formerly a large Cromlech, the Sea having, by its great encroachment mentioned above, washed away the ground on which it stood; the incumbent stone fell on its supporters, which were 3 in number, and these were limestone, and were to be seen (1805), and must have been brought from far, there being no Limestone near.

Perhaps a fishery existed there in the earliest times, as the profit of a Wier was a princely revenue, and that this Altar may have some reference to it; being there erected as an altar to offer up thanks for success, or to pray for it, and even not above 50 years that the custom of offering up prayers at the beginning of the fishery season ceased. The Parish priest used to attend there and pray in his Surplice, and the capture of that tide was his reward, and probably the Chapel before mentioned was connected with some religious observance of this season, as well as a depository for the Corpses on their way to Mona.

The Custom of praying for the success of the fishery in the herring season is still used in the Isle of Man (as formerly at Fishguard and here), and the late pious Bishop Wilson composed forms of prayers for the occasion.

Aber.

Church dedicated to Bodfan one of Helig's Sons. Its wake 2nd January. It is called Aber gwyn Gregyn, the Stream of the white shells, on account of its falling into the Shelly sands. It rises in a small lake in a hill about 3 Miles above the Village, and falling over a precipice forms the Cascade which Travellers from this place visit. Aber garth gelyn its old name. Garth means a mountainous range. Diameter of Aber Mount 20 yards.

Up these Hills women go morn and even to milk their cows, and descend with safety with their pails.

Prince David, the last Claimant of the British Throne, was found concealed by the Scouters of Edward at the foot of Bron Mountain in boggy ground with his wife and family, half starved with cold and hunger, betrayed and deserted, and thence carried to the English Camp at Rhuddlan, and was executed at Shrewsbury.

Vaenol.

Sir W^{m}. Williams, in the reign of W^{m}. the 3rd, left his great estate, no less than 30,000 acres, demised after the Death of Sir Bourchier and Chichester Wray to King William. When this was told the King, he asked who this fool was, for, says he, Had he no relations or friends to leave it to? One Smith, then Speaker of the House of Commons, being present, said, It matters not who has it, for it is nothing but barren rocks; whereupon the King replied, Then I give it thee, Smith. This is the tradition, but certainly a descendant of that Smith enjoys it in right of that grant to this day.

Llandegai.

Church dedicated to Dygai, Son of Ithel Hael, who, with several others, came over from Armorica with Cadfan. Dygai was Brother to Llechid, and he had 8 Brothers, who all came over together—Baglan, whose Church is Llanfaglan, Carnarvonshire, Twrog, who had Llandwrog; Trillo, whose Chapel is in Creuddyn; Hywyn was Chaplain to Cadfan at Bardsey, and is patron Saint of Aberdaron; Gredfiw, at Llanllyfni; Fflewin, in Mona, at Llanflewin; Caron, at Tregaron, Cardiganshire; and Tanwg, in Meirion.

Dygai first fixed himself at Cors Dygai, but finding himself too near Cristiolus, removed hither. The foundation of a building shewn at Corsdygai in ruins is said to have been his first chapel.

Church supposed to have been built about the time of Ed. 3rd. or Rich^{d}. 2nd., *temp.* of one Gwylim ap Griffith, there living, at his own expense. Of the Effigies in Alabaster there probably Rhys Goch of Eryri speaks, who died at an advanced age between 1400 and 1420, for it is supposed to have been brought at the Dissolution from Llanvaes. Of the warrior the Bard says :—

Great was the lamentation when he was laid in the Chancel under Marble in God's Court at Llanvaes in Mona. Fair is the Court of God in Mona.

Llanvaes, celebrated for the benefit it confers on the land, where morality and good manners are at their full growth. Rejoiced to see (the Valiant will easily credit me) William with ye sharp spear. Before the sons (they will feel remorse) of the dragon of the shining rook, of the scaly skin, a cross couple, the Emblem of grace gave a grave to the aged Lion of the hosts of Gwynedd. Fair was the Canvass which he to the wind displayed; to remote regions did he ever direct his course. He was the Hector of the Action of the Land of Egypt.

The same Poet has a Poem to the same person, whom he styles William Fychan, which was the usual epithet, like junior, for a Son in the lifetime of his father.

25th March 1650. Archbishop Williams died at Gloddaeth, whither he had fled from the fury of the rebels. It may be supposed some favour was shewn him by Cromwell, as it does not appear that he was molested in this retreat. Oliver, when a subaltern in the army, was often one of the Archbishop's guests, who frequently used to express himself in treasonable language against the King and government, and the Archbishop advised the King to arrest him, saying he was a soaring spirit and might prove troublesome to the State; but Charles smiled at his simplicity.

Llyn y Cwn.

The highest lake in Wales. Its waters fall into Cwm Idwal. Idwal's residence and grave are shewn on the banks of the Lake. The tradition of Idwal, Owen Gwynedd's Son not likely—more likely from Idwal, Cadwaladr's Son.

The triplets of *Beddau Milwyr* record three graves hereabouts, of Bedwyr on the Tryfan, Ebediw on the Glydar. Over Cwm Idwal hang the two Glydars. Glydar fawr is supposed by some to be higher than Snowdon.

Cwm Bochlwyd.

Between Glydar bach and Tryfan. Its name means the hoary cheek. The names of Mountains are often borrowed from parts of the human body they are supposed at a distance, seen with the eye of fancy, to resemble; such as Clun, Esgair, Pen, Trwyn, Ysgwydd; and the hills in England, though the names are now corrupted, betray their origin. What is Skiddaw but Ysgwydd dew; Peak—Pig, etc.

Tryfan.

From 3 stones standing erect on its top, two yet existing, the other fallen; called so 1,200 years ago by Taliessin.

Nant Ffrangcon.

It had this name in Taliessin's time, as he mentions it in one of his poems, where he says—

Gwelais ymladd taer yn Nantffrancon
Ddiw sul pryd pylgaint
Rhwng Wythaint a Gwdion;
i.e.
I saw an urgent contest in Nantffrancon
On Sunday at early dawn
Between Wythaint and Gwdion.

Gwdion was the son of Don, and perhaps this contest happened at Gwdion's father's house, which might have been here, as he was reported to be Lord of Arllechwedd, and Taliessin was only of a few Miles to the East of this place.

Capel Curig.

A Chapel of ease. Curig the Saint was Son of Lleudden Llueddog o Ddinas Eiddin (Edinburgh). His mother's name Julitia. The whole district here called Bro Gurig. A tradition is that a Gentlewoman residing in this neighbourhood was troubled with a Cancer, but was advised to wash the part with the water of a spring on the farm of Gelli'r Mynach, and that she was cured, and in gratitude to God she built this Chapel. And probably this Lady was no other than Julitia, who, with her Son, were the first founders of this Chapel, and had discovered this Spring, she herself having been perhaps the first patient; and it is probable that Gelli'r Mynach was their first residence. The Spring was for ages much resorted to, but some years ago the tenant of that farm, suffering trespasses from the paths of those who frequented the Water, sunk it, and filled it up, but was soon after attacked by this disorder, but searching for the Spring, he could not find it. The Country people say it was a judgment, and that many of his posterity have been subject to Cancers.

In Gelli'r Manach were the remains of some monastic Establishment, and a dormitory with some old carvings, but now removed, to make way for a new farm house.

I was told there is a Water not far from the Inn that, rubbed on common Warts, would cause them to waste away. R.F.

About two miles from Capel Curig, on the Roadside to Nanhwynen, a Carnedd on which was set upright a slatish stone thus inscribed—

V n c u o m
Я u o
T ı n m
Ŧ

It is called Llech y Gwyr, the Warriors' Monument.

Rail Road

from Slate Quarries in Cwm Ogwen to the Waterside is on a fall of upwards of 500 feet, which is the highest Quarry above high water mark. It is about 6 Miles in length ; reduces the expense of conveying slates to one-fourth, and the Slates are brought down more perfect.

Cantref Arfon.

Has 2 Comots—Isgorfai and Uwchgorfai. Isgorfai contains 7 parishes, viz., Bangor, Llanddeiniolen, Llanvairisgaer, Llanbeblic, Llanrug, Llanberis, and Bettws Garmon.

Bangor.

Divided from Llandegai by the river Cegin, not Cegid, as Mr. Pennant calls it, which is a Hemlock, also the Jay ; but it has its name from the Spring which rises from among a ruinous place called Cegin Arthur, Arthur's Kitchen.

Cathedral.

Demolished by Owen Glyndwr, remained ruinous till Henry Dean, Bishop in 1496, rebuilt it. Thos. Skeffington, then Bishop, in 1532 built the Steeple.

Griffith ap Cynan lies buried on the S. side of Altar. Died 3rd. year of Stephen, A.D. 1137, at 82, having reigned 50 years. His Son Owen Gwynedd lies in the gable end wall of the S. Wing, his monument still to be seen entire with a Cross on the lid of his Stone Coffin. Died 1169.

Enderbie says that the name of the place now called Bangor was Acaon, which is a corruption of Y Cae On, the Ash Inclosure.

There is a heap of Stones within the Road from Bangor to Melin Esgob called Bedd y Witch. It is not many years ago that the

Custom ceased of every person passing to throw a Stone to the heap. Tradition says that a Woman practising witchcraft was burnt here.

Llanddeniolen Parish.

Most of the Parish belongs to Vaenol. There is one old mansion in it called Glascoed, formerly Wynne's, but now Mr. Rice Thomas's, by the marriage of Gaynor Wynne, the Heiress, to Rice Thomas of Carnarvon. Church dedicated to Deiniolen, a Saintess most probably from the termination in *en*. Wake 22nd. Nov.

Llanbeblic.

Dedicated to Peblic or Peblicus, Son to Maximus, Emperor of Rome ; others, his Grandson, who retired with his Mother Helen here. Wake 4th. July.

Carnarvon.

A Vessel of 4 or 500 Tons may load at the Quay under the Castle.

Quere, Why are the turrets of Carnarvon Castle surmounted with Eagles, the highest with one of extraordinary size ? And why do they not appear to ornament his other Castles ? Was it in allusion to the words in Merlin's prophecy, which the Eagle spoke at Caer Septon, perhaps a corruption of Caer Segon, Carnarvon ?

The Princes of Wales made their residence here from Rodri Molwynog till Rodri Mawr's time, when it was removed to Aberffraw.

N.B.—Sir David Trevor, Rector of Llanallgo in Mona, 1480, wrote *Cywydd y Gorchestwyr*, the Heroes' Poem—

Ple mae Edward ? &c.

Above the Gateway of the Castle is a Stone Statue of Edward First in his Robes, with his hand on his sword, pointing downwards, signifying that as long as his new subjects would remain peaceable the Sword would not be raised against them ; but at the same time they were to remember that it was in his hand ready to use if provoked by their disaffection.

Plâs Pilstwn.

Was the Mansion of Roger de Puleston, a favourite of Edward's, who was hanged for his oppression by the populace, 1292.

Ancient Revenues issuing out of Anglesey, Carnarvon, and Merioneth.

Carnarvon	1134	14	6
Anglesey	832	14	6
Merioneth	748	11	3
	2716	0	3

In 1785, after the fair, as the Anglesey people were crossing the Channel. the Boats sank, and between 50 and 60 persons perished, only one saved.

Llanrug.

Church ded^{d} to St. Michael. Wake 29th. Sept. Perhaps it took its name from the heath with which it abounds, or the Rye.

Castle of Dôlbadarn.

10 yards Diameter. Owen Goch confined there. Owen Glyndwr fortified it. Copper Mine, discovered about 50 or 60 years, and worked with various successes, above the upper lake. Valuable slate quarries of various Colours; carried to Carnarvon and Moelydon, chiefly now to the latter.

Cwmbrwynog.

High on this farm on the ascent to Snowdon is the Maendu yr Arddu, or the Black Stone of the blackham. It is a loose tumbler, with a lesser lying on it, and laid there by hands. These Stones have had the character of possessing an inherent virtue to inspire those that sleep on their summit a whole night with a poetical spirit. Tradition says that two tried the Experiment on a Summer's Night. One was named Huwcyn Siôn y Canu, and the other Huw Belisa. On awakening, the first found himself inspired by the Muse, the other bereft of his senses.

Bettws Garmon.

Nant Sir Robert Williams formerly called Ystrad Uchaf.

Uwch Gorfai.

This Comot has 6 Parishes—Llanfaglan, Llanwnda, Llandwrog, Llanllyfni, Clynog, and Llanaelhaiarn.

Llanfaglan.

Church ded. to Baglan, who is said to have lived here, that is, at Coed Alun. Near the Church a sainted well, and by it a stone where the impression of the knees of the Saint is shewn. Such memorials are often pointed out, such as the print of Beuno's feet at Trefdraeth in Mona; Kybi's in a rock near Holyhead; Deiniolen's foot on a stone near Llanddeiniolen Church; Print of Elaeth's Horse shoes under Lligwy in Mona; of St. Asaph's Horse near his Cathedral, &c. Mostly natural cavities in the Stones, though probably improved by the Chisels of ye Monks.

There is here an old Adage—Fforddd Llanfaglan ydd air i'r Nêf, The way to Heaven is by Llanfaglan Road.

Llanwnda.

Church ded. to Beuno, yet it bears the name of Gwyndaf. Wake 21st. April. In this parish at a place called Gwaredog was born Maenwyn, afterwards called St. Patrick.

Llandwrog.

Church ded. to Twrog, who is supposed to have written that ecclesiastical history, a Copy of which was found in the Church of Clynog, after it had been burnt, and preserved from the flames by being covered with a black stone. Dr. Thomas Williams saw it in 1594, but it is now lost. The Wake kept 26th. June.

In this Parish is Glyn Llifon, the Glen of the Ash Stream. All the Glynns descended from Cilmin Droed ddu, one of the 15 Tribes. 1st. Argent an Eagle displayed with 2 heads Sable. 2nd. Argent 3 fiery ragged sticks gules. 3rd. as the 2nd. 4th. as the 1st. Over all an Escutcheon Argent a Man's leg couped a la Cuise sable. This Estate continued in the same family till Frances, heiress of Jn. Glynn Esqr. married Sir Thomas Wynn of Bodfuan in Lleyn, descended from John Wynn of Bodvel, Standard Bearer to Ed. 6th. in Norwich, 1549. Tradition says that, for curiosity, Cilmyn Droed ddu entered a Cave near Abergelau in Denbighshire, and lost his way underground, but came to light again, but found that his left leg and thigh had altered their natural colour to black, and continued so, which was the reason of his Name and part of his Arms on the Escutcheon.

There is a large pillar standing a little to the South of Glynlly-

fon on a field belonging to Plâs newydd, which I take to be over the grave of the person mentioned in the following triplet—

Bedd Gwynwyn Gorgoffri
Rhwng Llifon a Llyfni,
Gwr oedd ef y gwir y neb ni rodd.
The Grave of Gorgoffri's son Gwynwyn
Between the Rivers Llifon and Llyfni,
Stories are told all doubtful of his fame.

Dinas Dinlle.

Perhaps a fort of the Town now covered with Sea below it, which Tradition says was called Tregaeramrhawd.* It has been asserted that at very low ebb some of its ruins have been seen; and tradition says that many females, particularly at low water, used to ride on horses on Sundays and holidays over to Llanddwynwen, in Anglesea, on the opposite shore.

Morfa Dinlle.

The Triplets, *Beddau Milwyr*, mention the grave of Gwdion, the Son of Don, here—

Bedd Gwdion ap Don ym Morfa Dinlle
Dan vain dy feillion
Gwaranawg y geiffyl meinon;

i.e.

Gwydion ap Don lieth beneath a hut
Of sweet trefoil in Dinlle Marsh,
And that is good to make poor slender horses fat.

Llanllyfni.

Church ded. to St. Rhedyw, Son of Ithel Hael. A sainted Well, with a Stone and print of his horse's foot, and his own thumb.

Clynog.

Or Celynog, the place being productive of Holly, perhaps. The spot on which the Church stands was given by Gwyddiant, a relation and Courtier of King Cadfan, to Beuno. On South side of the Church a separate and more ancient building, called Eglwys y bedd, where it is supposed Beuno was buried, and lately there was on the middle of the floor Stones piled as on a grave, and covered with a board on top, under which it was said the Body of the Saint lay. But some few years ago, at the request of Lord

* The literary Caer Arianrhod.—Ed.

Newborough, the spot was dug into, but not so much as a bone or anything sepulchral was found, but I was told they sunk not above a yard.

The offerings at Beuno's shrine of old were very great, and there are people now living who are yet superstitious enough to drop a piece of money annually in the Strong Chest at Clynog on the 21st of April, Beuno's patron day, for the prosperity of their Cattle and prevention of certain diseases.

Llanaelhaiarn.

The Patron of the Church was Haiarn, and Ael means the brow of the Hill on which the Church stands. Bounding this Parish are the Eifl, the Name being plural of Gafl, which means the opening of the thighs or the fork, there being 3 Peaks, and the hollows between are the Eifls, or the openings. This Hill as it were poises Penmaenmawr, that being at the Western end, and this at the eastern end, of the Beam, and Snowdon as it were the handle in the middle. Eifl about the same height as Penmaenmawr, and both with their bases in the Sea.

Eifionydd.

Has 9 Parishes—Llanarmon, Llangybi, Llanystumdwy, Criccieith, Dolbenmaen, Ynys Cynhaiarn, Treflus, Llanvihangel y Pennant, Penmorfa, and part of Beddgelert.

Llangybi.

Ded. to Cybi. Here is a famous Spring walled in, of greater use in Rheumatisms. Doctor Linden gave an account of its properties in a pamphlet published some years ago.

Llanystumdwy.

Takes its name from the junction of 2 streams which unite here. The foundation of ye Church is ascribed to Beuno. In this Churchyard is interred that truly honest Man Owen Gruffydd the Poet, who died 1730, aged 87. He was by trade a Weaver. Many of his moral and divine Songs are still in being, replete with a spirit of true Christian piety.

Of the Climate in this Churchyard, which lies in a most sheltered Vale, you have the following distich—

Tecca Man o Gaer i Gymry
Ydyw mynwent Llanystumdwy.

Cricciaeth.

Probably from Crug, a hillock, on which the Castle is perched. Probably first built when Harlech was by Maelgwn Gwynedd, but, no doubt, bears marks of Edward's total reedification. It was granted to Sir Hywel y Fwyall, where he occasionally resided. Prince Dafydd ap Llewelin imprisoned his Brother Griffith here. He was hence moved to the Tower of London, where he broke his neck by endeavouring his escape. Crucciaeth is situated on part of that space where it is said Cantre'r Gwaelod Vale once stood, the name meaning, literally, the Bottom Hundred, which comprehended 16 Towns (that is Vills), as we are informed by tradition and some hints in the Triads. The Lord of the Place at the time was named Seithennyn, who was reputed to be a drunken Debauchee, and that in a fit of drunkenness he let in the sea upon the dams which secured this Vale from being inundated. But he was not Lord of the district, but only had the charge of the Sluices. It is said the Inundation happened about A.D. 550 or 60.

We have, including this, three watery tracts on the Coast of Carnarvonshire which are said to have been dry land; the two first, taken notice of before, are the Lavan Sands and Caer Arrhawd—the Carnarvon Barrs.

Besides the evident marks, and the voice of tradition, by which we may judge of the reality of this, we may naturally suppose the possibility of it, because at Ebbs these two parts are now dry, and so must still be higher than the adjoining sea; and how much higher and more solid must these tracts have been 1,300 years ago.

If the Surveys of our Coasts and Bays are accurate, as there is no doubt they are, it appears by the Charts that the rocky ridge pointing westward from Harlech, and beginning not far So. West from this town, ran for more than 20 Miles into the Sea in that direction; and another ridge of about four Miles in length from Llangelynnin point in a direction to meet the other, so as to form an Angle at their Extremities; if these two ever met, as one may naturally imagine they did, then it is possible that the spaces contained within their limits have been at some period of time dry land embanked out by these ridges of which we have the remains. The first Cop is called Sarn Badric, and the other Sarn y Bwch, and the spaces limited by their ridges is mostly soft or foul ground, containing about 200,000 Acres of Statute Measure, not much less in extent than the Island of Anglesey.

At a place called Ceilwart, near Barmouth, some time ago there was a stone found, about a 100 yards below high water mark, with the following inscription on it—

C ÆLEXTI
MONEDO
RIGI

There stood about 80 years ago a fish Wier upon the entrance into the Menai North of Bangor, at the place called Garth. Some of the remaining stumps of the stakes are still visible in the Sands. It was called Goredgit, and the place where it stood is still called so. It may be supposed that this Wier was at first made by the Romans, as it retained the original Roman Appellation, and it is a proof that the word Gored has its root in that Latin or Roman word.

Bedd Gelert.

Ded. to St. Kelart. The Priory was endowed with the tithes of the several parishes of Llanfair is Gaer, Abereirch, Dolwyddelen, Llanfihangel y Pennant, Ceidio in Lleyn, and Llanidan in Mona.

Snowdon.

Having the inflexibility of a Quaker, will never take off its cap to any potentate on Earth, unless well favoured by Sol's Smiles.

Llyn Gwynnen.

On the South side of the Lake ruins of a Chapel. Was used to be be served once a Month by the Minister of Bedd Gelert. Kept in repair by the proprietor of Hafod lwyfog, and probably built at first by some pious possessor of this place. Divine Service continued to be performed in it until within a Century ago, when a great flood happened and prevented the Parson from attending; but some people being assembled, the young Heir of Hafod lwyfog mounted the pulpit and made a mock Sermon. And this was the last Service performed there. Yet 'tis said the young Libertine lost his health from that time.

Dafydd Nanmor.

The Bard was buried in this Chapel, and not at Beddgelert.

Rhys goch of Eryri

was buried at Bedd Gelert. His compositions shew him to have possessed great command of language; no words wanting, none to spare.

They were both Cotemporaries, as was Robin Ddu, the Welsh Nixon, who was, by all account, a native of Llanddeiniolen, but lived after at a place called Caeau Cregin between Moel y Don and Bryntirion. There was at the place not long ago a deserted building called Ysgubor Robin Ddu, and near it growing an old Elder Tree, and this is the tree that he is said to allude to in the following Couplet—

Lle bu mhen ar obenydd
Ysgawen fonwen a fydd;

i.e.

Where my head rested on a pillow,
A white-stem'd Elder tree will grow.

Dinas Emrys.

At first called Dinas Faraon. So called in the Triads.

Ogo Filan.

In the parish of Bedd Gelert. The true word is Ogo Filyn, or the Cave where Beasts took shelter in stormy weather. Milod is beasts, and Milyn a small beast, such as a sheep or Goat.

Lleyn.

Has 3 Comots, viz., Dinllaen, Canologion, and Cymmytmaen.

Dinllaen has 9 parishes, viz., Abereirch, Llannor, Bodferin, Ceidio, Nefyn, Pistyll, Carnguwch, Edern, Llanjestin with Llandudwen.

Canologion has 7 Parishes, viz., Melltiern, Llanfihangel Bachellaeth, Penrhos, Llanbedrog, Bottwnog, Llangian, and Deneio.

Cymmytmaen has 10 parishes, and part of another, viz., Llanengan and Tresoch, Llandegwnning, Rhiw, Aberdaron, Llanfaelrhys, Melltiern (part), Bryncroes, Bodfean, Llangwnadl, Tydweiliog, and Penllech.

Bardsey.

Called by Ptolemy Edri, by Pliny Adros, by us Enlli, I suppose from Ynys and Lli. It must have been a place of note so early as

Pliny's time, who died A.D. 79, as he notices it. The Druids might then have occupied it, as tradition faintly alludes to it.

It is about 2 Miles round, contains from 12 to 15 Houses, inhabited by about 60 people or more. It is said to belong to Pembrokeshire.

There is to the West of it a reef of Sand, dry at low Ebbs, which at full tide causes a heavy Sea, which makes a dreadful noise, and is very dangerous. It is called Gorffrydau Caswennan, the Torrents of Caswennan, which tradition says took its name from a ship of Arthur's of that name lost there.

The inhabitants live chiefly by catching Lobsters and Crabs, which they have in great abundance, and carry to Liverpol in their open boats, though they have 40 leagues of Sea to sail over.

There are scattered ruins, very trifling, and part of the tower of the Abbey. Human bones dug up in many places, but chiefly about the Mountain. The Mountain at the East very steep on the Sea side.

It retains still a government over part of the neighbouring Continent, under the Appellation of the Lordship of Bardsey, whose Land they say is the Prince of Wales'. The Court is regularly held at Aberdaron, and the Earl of Uxbridge or his Deputy presides—*Qu.* Within about half a Mile of the Village of Aberdaron there is an ancient House called the Court, where at present resides Mr. G. Jones, Vicar of Aberdaron, and in this house they say formerly the Courts were held, and a prison is to be seen there at this day. Near it is a small hill called Bryn y Crogbren, the Hill of the Gallows. There are also the remains of an old Chapel; and not far off a house called the Exchequer. The Island is about 3 Miles distant from the land; the passage between extremely rough and often dangerous; its average depth about 60 Fathoms. Near that is the remarkable yellow rock or pillar called Maen Melyn in Lleyn. There is also a Cave, and a spring of Water within it, a spring of water consecrated to the Virgin; and not far off the ruins of a Church, called Eglwys Fair, 12 yards in length and 5 in Breadth. It stands in the middle of a square inclosure called the Churchyard. The plain in which it is situated is divided into a vast number of Quillets, which belong to as many different proprietors.

Most of the places about have some sacred Name. On some of the Stones are inscriptions, as NERACIVS PRS . . . HIC IACIT; that is, Neracius presbyter hic jacit. On another Stone, Senacus Pres. hic jacit. There are more ruins of Chapels and sacred Wells in the neighbourhood. At a place called Capel Odo

heaps of human bones have been discovered lying huddled confusedly, and it is supposed a battle had been fought there.

It is said that 20,000 Saints have been interred at Bardsey. However, it is well known that Princes, Bishops, and Abbots were ambitious of burial there, and we have the names of many great men handed down who have been interred there.

Mor ap Pasgen ap Urien Reged, about the year 600. Myrddin ap Morfran alias Myrddin Wyllt, about 560. Meugant ap Gwyndaf ap Emyr Llydaw, about 550. Maelerw or Maelrhys, Cadfan's cousin-german, about 520. Cadfan himself, about the same time. Llynab ap Emyr Llydaw, a Bishop, same time. Lleuddad ap Dingad ap Nudd Hael, with his brother Baglan, Gwtherin, Tegwyn, Tyfriog, and their sister Eleri retired to this place about 520, and are supposed to have died here. Hevin ap Gwyndaf Hên of Armorica, Principal of this College about 600, and buried here. Gwyndaf Hen. Llewelyn ap Tegonwy ap Teon. Dirdan. Dochdwy. Deinioel, founder of Bangor College in 554. Hywyn. Dyfrig alias Dubricius died here about 450, a proof that here was a religious establishment before Cadfan's time.

What was the support of the Convent is not well known. No record but of the tithes of Aberdaron, Penmachno, and Llangwynodl.

Arms of Bardsey, Argent 3 Chevrons sable and Argent alternately between 3 Drakes, backs sable, breasts and bellies Argent.

The Island belongs to Lord Newborough, purchased by his grandfather Sir J^{no} Wynne of a Doctor Wilson, of Newark, in Nottinghamshire. It is occupied at present by 3 or 4 families, farmers, the principal of which resides in a miserable old house, but the largest having been formerly the Abbot's lodging.

St. Tudwalls.

Inward of Penrhyndu point are two Islands, on the largest of which formerly stood a Chapel, dedicated to St. Tudwal. Remains of Chapel still to be seen. Some years ago repaired and covered in, in which to lodge the people who came to visit the sheep fed there, and to take Rabbits and Puffins. Both Islands are held with the farm of Castell March. The largest is 30 Statute Acres; the other 20. Belong to Aston Smith, Esqr.

In 1805. A person says he heard an old man, who then had he been living would have been 104 years old, mention, that

when he was a boy, to have seen a couple of small potatoes brought to his Father's house in the Parish of Llanbedrog, and that the person who brought them told the people present that they were eatable. Some of them bit them, and found them nauseous; so they were thrown away. This was the first root of that kind seen in Lleyn.

Some years ago a person who lived in the lower end of the Vale went to a Farmhouse above Llyn Gwynen to borrow a large brass pan for dyeing wool, and carrying it on his back with his head in it, came to the edge of the Lake, and being rather tired with the weight, laid it on the Water, and finding it floated, went into it, and rowed with this hands, which carried him to about the middle of the Lake, when, bending his body too much on one side, the pan overset and sunk, but the man being a good swimmer, got safe to land.

Ancient Customs.

Most ancient is burning of Bonfires on All Saints' Eve; but it is now grown to be only the amusement of Children. There used to be another Bonfire on May Eve; this as a publick sign for thanks to God for the blessing on the newly sown seed, as that on All Saints' for the fruit of the ground just received. This Bonfire is by some called Coelcerth, but more generally Coelcaeth, or Coelcaith. There are Stones, at parting, thrown into the fire by every one, running round it, and through the smoke and the sparks. They run home when the fire is out with the greatest precipitancy possible, lest they should be overtaken by the Hwch ddu gwtta, the black bob-tailed sow. The writer says that many times when a boy, he thought that something pursued him close at his heels.

On coming home there is a treat of Nuts, Apples, and Pears; but before they taste, an Apple is hung to a string, or rather stuck to an horizontal stick, of about a foot long, which is fastened to a string, and a candle lighted at the other end; and this stick is put to whirl round, and he that can catch the Apple with his teeth shall have it for his dexterity. Another apple is put into a pail of water, and he that takes it up has it. Each throws a nut into the fire, which, if it blazes clearly, indicates a happy year to the person; but if it blackens and cracks, otherwise, perhaps an omen of death. They after this partake of a supper of Parsnips, and a bed of parsnips is generally sown in every garden for this purpose.

IV.

LHUYDIANA*

(1696–)=and following years.

ANGLESEY.

St. Elian's.

There is a Cupboard, where foolish people used to thrust their heads and their bodies, where, if they can *turn*, they hold it a good omen.

Lhan Eleth.

In Lhanallgof Parish St. Eleth rode into the Sea, and came ashore here at Amlwch, where, upon a flat rock, they shew the prints of his horse shoes.

It is certain that there lived heretofore in Anglesey men and women of a gigantick stature; and such a woman was buried in the Church of Llanedwyn, who was commonly called *Y Ferch a'r Bais lâs.* And about 80 years ago some jolly young men fell adigging of her grave, and found her Bones wholly answerable to the tradition of her high stature.

The Grave of Ffinan is to be seen to this day on the edge of the road leading from Beaumaris to Lhangefni, not far from Llanfinan Chapel.

Round Table on Dinas Sylwy Frenin seems to have been a large British Camp. It has no Trench nor was it necessary, it being encompassed on all sides with a naked precipice. On the top there is a circle of stones like Carn Llechau, but no Cistvaen—Llan Gevney in Anglesey, June 20, 1696.

Lhech Genvarw.

June 20th, 1695, one O. ap Wm. Owen, of Llanerchymedd, digging for building stones, found 8 or 9 Graves, viz., Kistieu maen, all underground, one about 3 yards long, and in it a piece of skull, exceeding thick, about 2 feet deep. Within a stone's cast of them there is a large stone pitched on end.

* MS. 2.59.

In Llech Cynvarwy lies a decay'd town called Geirn, out of which an 100 Men were sent to the King's Service (*vix credo*).

Bodychen House, which was built by Rhys ap Llewelyn ap Hwlkyn, was the first house of that height in Anglesey.

Inscription above the Church Door at Llangadwaladr ; another at Vron dêg. Inscriptions at Capel Eithin—July 6, 1696.

There are two especial Tides in Anglesey Seas in Spring, called Rhyferthwy coch Mawrth and Rhyferthwy yr Adar, when the Sea flows higher than at any other time of the year. The first is the next Spring tide to the vernal Equinox ; the other at the latter end of April or beginning of May.

On the 22nd of Feby 1649, the Rump or Relick of Parliam^{t}. passed an Act for propagation, on rather extirpation, of the Gospel in Wales, by force whereof all the Ministers of Anglesey were sequestered and ejected, but Mr. Robt. Morgan, Mr. Evan Lloyd, and Mr. Thos Hughes.

CARNARVONSHIRE.

12 great Stones pitched on end in a circular order on a very small dike or bank. The Diameter of Area about 19 paces. Two of them that are fallen down between two and three yards high. 5 others about a yard and a half or two yards, and the rest about a yard in height, but all rude and unwrought. Between these greater stones are several lesser ; and the circular bank is wholly composed of stones. There is no Cistvaen in the midst, but there is one a few paces off, where there are lesser stones pitched on end, and a Bowshot farther 2 Carneddau.

Coeten Arthur.

Yng Hae'r Goeten in Celynin Parish a Cromlech, very smooth underneath, but of an uneven testudineous kind of form above, like that at Bodowyr, in Anglesey. It is supported by 3 stones, about 3 feet in height, but there's a 4th not near so high. The entry into it is almost towards the East. Many rude Stones near, some down, others pitched on end.

About a mile to the South of this Cromlech there's another. N.B., one of the supporters, that on ye East, towards the top a little pyramidal, seems to have been wrought.

There's near a small rising call'd Castell Deli, and the field it is in, Bryn y Castell.

There's another Cromlech to the South of Coeten Arthur called Allor Beuno, which is a long stone, between 3 and 4 yards in

length. At the East end much higher than the other, about 2 Feet thick; from which 'tis gradually thinner to the other end. On the South side it slopes. It is supported by 3 Stones, but there's a 4th, not high enough to reach it. It lies on a small bank. Upper surface full of Tolkie.

Anno 1691. At a rising ground in Morfa Nevyn called Pen yr orsedd, within a furlong to the West of Y Plâs yng Heidio, were found Urns.

3 Pots like Bee hives, and altogether as large, with mouths downwards. On the top of each a round hole, capable of admitting a boy's fist.

These were placed in order lengthwise, and by them another order of Urns of a much less size.

The bones and earth were in the large ones, and the lesser had nothing in them.

Coeten Arthur.

Tre Garnedd in Llanjestin Parish is about 3 yards long, and 2 and ½ broad, and is a monument of that kind they call Heathen Altars, and not of the Cromlech kind. About 4 yards to the West of this a very small tumulus, like a large grave.

N.B. That there is an inscription on the blue stone, etc., in Llanvair Parish between Newburgh and Carnarvon in a ditch by the wayside. It is pitched on end; is broad, but not high.

Penmaenmawr.

Inaccessible on all sides for loose stones, which in many places are heaped one on another so as to form walls about 2 yards thick. On the land side these walls are like turrets, but towards the sea they seem to have been continued walls. No part of these walls now standing above 4 feet high and 4 and ½; nor was there ever any mortar—mere *magwyreu*. On the very height of this hill there is such a Well as I observed at Castell Dinas Brân, viz., a *Pydew*, or small pit of water that never runs over. The edge or brink of this *Pydew* is guarded with stones, which seem to have been pitched there with hands.

St. Tudwall.

The Relicks of an old Causeway are seen near Pwllheli going into the sea to the St. Tudwall Island, so called from a she Saint of that name.

In the time of Bp. [Robert] Morgan [Bangor, 1666–73] there happened a kind of Rot among the Clergy, more dying in 7 years than had before in 30.

DENBIGHSHIRE.

Near the place where is *sepulchrum Emiliani Tovisaci* there was a place called Presep y vuwch, and an enclosed spot by about 15 or 20 stones, each a load for 4 Oxen, placed on end near each other. Within a stone's throw of this there was a place called Petrual, where people had been digging for supposed treasure; but they found nothing, only stones placed as they conceived to mark a grave.

Cerig a Llythrenneu between Llanrwst and Conway.

A sort of Cromlech between Cerrig y Druidion and Spytty by Havod y maidd.

Kessig Aled, two grey stones by Llyn Aled.

The grave of the tall man, having a stone at each end, 3 or 4 yards in length, ar Vryn y Petrual, and there are letters on one of the stones.

An Inscription found at Llwyneu Brys. Enquire at Plâs Iolyn.

At Kreigieu Glyn Diffwys, in Llangwm Parish, they find a sort of clay which, when tempered, they use to solder with. They first lay it on the Iron, and af^{ds} heat it.

Kerrig y Druidion.

Examine it well. Llwybr Elen wrth garchar Kenrig Rhwth.

Meum on Voelas Mount in Denbighshire, and at Dinas in Carnarvonshire. Q. Why at these Roman Forts, and whether planted there at first?

At both Llan Elians there is a well where people offer Groats.

At Llandoged the Parson hath a tithe of Smelts or Sparlings, and publick thanksgiving is offered when the first fish is taken.

Llannevydd

(corruptly call'd Llan Ivydd), near this Churchyard there is Bedd Frymder, who was reputed a Saint, set about with Yew.*

* Cf. *Parochialia*, i, p. 153. Ed.

Nantglyn.

Saint y glaw, to whom they prayed for rain in times of popery. Within the old walls of Capel Morde[yrn] the old superstitious people did use to dig a reddish Earth, which, being sprinkled upon the Cattle, would keep them (as they fancied) from diseases.

CARMARTHENSHIRE.

Llandebie.

A Village consisting of 9 Houses. Dygwl Debie 3 diwarnod kyn dygwl Vair. Distant from Llandeilo Vawr 3 miles and Carm^{n} 10. In the Commot of Iskennen. Bounded with Bettws, Llandeilo Iskennen, Lh. Vihangel Aberbythych, Llan Arthne, Lh. On, Lh. Edi. Its breadth from Rhyd y bisweil i gîl y manlhwyd five miles, and is from Bettws to Kappel Gwenlaish 3 miles.

A Vicarage. Richd Lewis present incumbent. Divided into 8 Hamlets, viz., Fferen vawr, Fferen y garn, Derwydh, Tir Rosser, Pistyll, Piodeu, y Blaeneu, Glyn Tay. Pont gerig on Marleis by the Village. Henbon[t] on ye same Brook a mile higher. Derwydh the Seat of Richd Vaughan Esqr, ye present Burgess for Carmarthenshire. Piode an ancient Seat belonging to Arthur Gwyn Esqr. Llandebie House his present habitation. Mydhynfych belonging to 2 Co-heiresses, the Daughters of Walter Lloyd Gent. Aber Laish the present house of Thom^{s} Bennet Gent^{n}. Kilyrychen belongs to Geo. Rice of Newton Esqr.

Y Dinas a very high mount seemingly all natural. Ty'n y dail enw Ty wrth Grug a chlawdh o gwmpas idho e. A Beacon upon the Dinas aforesaid. Y deg karreg ar y Mynydh mawr are so many stones pitched on end in a regular order. Also ye Mân hîr near ye Ch. y^{d}. Bryn y Bedheu on Mynydh mawr, a mile hence, where there is a round entrenchment. The Garn Bicka is only a Limestone Quarry. There is a place at Fferen y Pistilh call'd Pant y Wydhan, famous as is reported heretofore for duelling. They talk much here of one Gwilli Vawr who lived at Llygn y Blaeneu. He was a Man of prodigious strength, and lived in the time of Henry 7th, serving under Sr Rhys ap Thomas.

Their Mountains are Mynydd mawr, a Common about 2 miles long, and Carn Bicka. Kôd piode a small wood. Hendre syglacth the name of a Sydhyn. Marlaish River springs out of Pysgodlyn Iarll in the Parish of Llanvihangel Aber bythych, and runs almost thro' the middle of this Parish, and so divides Bettws from Llan Edi, etc. This River meets with Lhychwr vach in this P. near Kastell hên. Gwenlaish springs at Cappel Gwenlais in Lh. vihangel Parish, and divides this Parish from that, and falls into Marlais River at Waun y Vicar. Gwydhvân springing at Lh. dyvân (a name of a Medicinal Well in this Parish), and so running thro' this Parish enters Morlaish near Piode vach. Nant gwineu (sometimes dry) rises near Piode House, and falls into Morlais near Piodeu vach. Y Lash springs at Pylheu Gloiwon in this P. and falls in Lhychwr vawr at Aber laish. Lhychwr vach comes out of Lhygad Lhychwr in Llandeilo Iskennen P., and running thro' this meets with Morlaish, and last at Aber lash, whence it takes the name of Lhychwr vawr. Amman River springs somewhere in Brecknockshire, and runs thro' the [P. of Ystrad] Gynleis and bounds Bettws from this P., and then falls into Llychwr vawr by Melyn Lhwndu. Llychwr vach has a remarkable fall called Ffrwd vawr near Klyn hir issa. Gwili R. springs at Kors ffoch [goch] from [*blank*] and divides this P. from Lh. Nonn etc. Fferrws comes from Kwm-Nant [Tarw] in this P., and dividing this from Lhan *fade* [Edi] falls into Amman [Llychwr] at Velyn newydh in Lh. Edi Parish.

Old names here are Cadwaladr, Gronw, etc. A woman lately died here aged 100, and it is supposed there may be about 20 or 30 aged 80. Gwenlaish R. runs underground from Pylheu drychiaid (i.e. *putei fossarum*) in Lh. Vih[1] parish to Ffynnon gwenlais. Caves at Dinas hill. Yn yr alht vychan yn y Dinas y mae i tri Kyskadydhion etc. There is lead earth tho' not worked at Dinas. Iron ore common, but not pits at present. Stone coal in abundance all over the Parish; also Limestone plentiful. Y gam rydynen ar y Glô, a Lhŷn trôd y vran dan y Glô; also in the Limestone, Lhygad yr Ych, and Lhyn Kregin. Last year a large long necked bird was found here. Quere as large as a Goose, of a grey color; Pig dhy a choeseu dhyon.* The place call'd bryn yr Eglws in this P. is a circle of smaller stones, where, according to tradition, the Church of Lhandybie formerly stood. Y deg karreg are 17 small stones pitched on end in a circular order, besides 3 others out of the circle.

* An interesting instance of the dual number in Welsh.—Ed.

Lhannon.

Is call'd as is supposed from Non ye Mother of St. David. They formerly kept their feast on the 2nd March. A small village of 5 families, 2 whereof are but cottages. In the Kwmmwd of Karnawlhon. The adjoining parishes are Llan Edi, Llan Genech, Lh. Elhi, Ll. Dharrog, Lh. Arthne, Lh. Dybîe. 3 miles and 1½ broad.

In Impropriation of ye D^ke^ of Somerset (who has 6 churches here, Lh. On, Lh. Gennech, Lh. Elhi, Pembre, Lh. Dyvaelog, Lh. Gyndeyrn), who allows Mr Morgan ye incumbent 20 marks per annum.

It consists of 4 Hamlets, Glyn, Blaenau, Is morlais, y Goedref. Y bont newydd betw. Lh. Edy and Lh. Non a wooden Bridge. Ystlys y Koed a House in this parish belongs to Mr R^d^ Gwyn of Gwempe. Blaen Hirath belongs to M^r^. John Llwyd o Lan Gennech, ye present Sheriff.

Y Krŷg a small artificial Mount in a bog at Brynhwlthen vach. Two Stones pitched on end at Gwayn i mân lhwyd. A mile hence, also another at Bryn y Mân. A Beacon at Lhwytkot. Mynydh y goedre, Mynydh bach, Mynydh y Garn vach.

The Brook Gwilly springs at Mynidh mawr and divides this Llanon from Lh. Edy. Gwendraeth vawr divides Lh. On from Llandarrog. Morlais (Kornant) springs near Byrgroes, and runs through the midst of this parish and falls into Lhwchwr in Lh. gennech parish, having 1st run thro' Coal pits on Evan Gryphydh's land at Dynant. Tyle stones dug at Bryn mawr. No Limestone. Ffynnon mynydh y Goetre noted for its binding quality.

De Lhannon supra
Lhan-Non ai bron ai brî
Mam Archescop Dewi
Lhan hynod wiwnod yw hî
Mam dylwyth gwlâd Kydweli.

Lhanelhy.

A small market Town of 51 Houses. They hold their Feast on Dwgwl fair y Canhwlleu. It lies in one of the 3 chwmmwd of Kidwelli bordered with the Sea, Penbre, Lhannon, Lh. gennach ; and divided from Caslwchwr by that River. This Parish 7 miles long from Kaslwchwr to Pont y Berem, and about 3 b^d^ from Lheidi River to Lh. On. It is governed by a Portreeve.

The Informant has seen 7 Parishes meet here at their Mâb

sant of Dwgwyl Elliso, which is a week before the other. It is an Impropriation of the Duke of Somerset. Half a mile out of the Town—called yr hen Gastell. Capel Gwenlhiw in this P. is now ruined, and called now Capel Byrwig. This P. has but 3 Bridges, Pont ar Luedi, a Stone B. at the upper end of the Town, and a Wooden one at the lower end.

A House at Lh. Elli was lately the Seat of John Vaughan Esqr. Y dommen vawr a Tumulus by the Hen Gastell. Mynydh Coese Cawr a Common, als Mynydh Syle. Lhiedi River springs at Mynydh Syle in this Parish, and running thro' it falls into the Sea below Ll. Elhi. Sion dd. Domas of this Parish died about 8 y^{rs} ago aged 105. Mr Mansel of Trimsarn has a Coal Work at Cwm Llanelhi.

Penbre.

Situated in the commot of Kydweli. Bordered on the North with Croeslaw Mount in Lh. Elhi; also Lh. Gyndârn, Kydweli, and the Sea. The Village has about 20 Houses. Is divided into 3 Hamlets, viz. Lhan, Penrhyn, and Lhanderi.

Certain ruins here, perhaps a Priory belonging to the Abbey of Taley. In this Parish are 2 Chapels, K. Lhan Dyri and K. Kynnor. The latter now ruined; in the former Evening Service is read. Pont Yspydor a Stone Bridge over Gwendraeth Vawr, leading to Kidweli P. Pont Newydd another Bridge up a mile higher upon the same.

Penbre Court ye Seat formerly of the Butlers, and afterwards of the Vaughans, and now belonging (in right of his Lady) to — Ball Esqr, whence it descends to my Ld Ashburnham's Lady. Trim Sarran ye Seat of Sr Edward Mansel, who had it in right of his Wife, the Heiress of Phillip Vaughan Esqr deceased. Lhetty'r ychan belongs to Mr Mansel of Britton Ferry, formerly to Sr Ed^{d} Mansel of Mudlecomb B^{t} in Kidweli Parish. Near Lhetty'r ychan there is a Field called Park y dimpath, entrenched about and having a vault underneath, sed de hoc quære melius. Near Lhandyrri Chapel there is also an intrenched Barrow called ye Mote. Pen y bedd the Mansion of Chas. Dalton Gent. Kaldekot that of Ja. Dalton. Kôd y Marchog near Pembre. At Kôd y Marchog they have a Rock called Karreg lwyd whence they have a prospect of the sea. A Warren at Pembre Sands belonging to Ball Esqr.

Morlais Brook springs at Crôslaw Mountain, and runs thro' this Parish by Lhan dyrri Chapel to Gwendraeth. Diwlais Brook divides this Parish from Lh. Elhi, springing at Croslaw

Mountain, and falls into the Sea in ye s^d Division. Gwendraeth divides them from Kydweli, springing at Lh. Llech Owen in Lh. vihangel P. Here are 2 Lakes close together, called Swan Pool, where there are plenty of Eels, and in the Winter store of Fowls, such as Ducks and Teel, sometimes wild Swans or Elks and wild Geese. The adjoining one stored with Turbot, Bret, and Sole. They take here a large sort of Fish call'd Friers or Monk Fish (in Hereford, Glocester, and Worcester, whither they carry them, Soucing Fish) about May, June, and July. This Pool (or Pools, for both may be called one) is called Swan Pool because the Lord of the Manor (Mr Bull) has thereon about 40 Swans. Before the hard Frost there were about 80, which all died to 6.

About 5 Years since one Ann Davy was buried aged 111. One Saeds William now living is above 100, and John Thomas Rŷs near that age. There are about 10 more near 80. They have a well called Ffynnon Gynrie much used against vomiting; it casts up certain Gravel which they call old coal. They have also Ffynnon Vre and Ff^n newydh, not so much at present resorted to as formerly. Ffynnon Deri near the Chapel of that name; a Rain-Water standing in a hollow Stone. Coal works by Trim Sarran, and Run coal for Smiths at Kyross. Tile Stones on Garn vawr. No limestone.

Carmarthen

has 430 Houses, whereof 43 are considerable. I heard that in the country they find the frock fern, etc., below the coal, and as the workmen are persuaded, never above it.

Y Castell wrth Gappel St Nicholas* is in circuit 7 score paces in the middle of the hedge, and 6 from the apex to the bottom. The well of St Nicholas is celebrated for its waters, and is resorted to by people living 60 Miles off. It is good for a hooping Cough and gwrthnebrwydd—nausea; nor is it right to put the vessel down to the floor till 'tis brought to the patient. The water of the spout will not make broth; therefore for such purposes they take it from below the spout.

* This excerpt cannot by any chance apply to Carmarthen, as no Chapel (or Holy Well) dedicated to St. Nicholas is known to have ever existed there. It has clearly slipped its mooring. It might possibly relate to the town of Brecon, where the Castle Chapel bore this dedication. There is, however, no local tradition to-day of a Holy Well within its precincts, though there might well have been at the close of the seventeenth century. Kidwelly also suggests itself, but impossible.—Ed.

Meidrim.

In this parish, Castell bron y gaer, an oval camp. There is a free school with endowment of £8, as 'twas ordered, the informant hearing by Dr Hay Lloyd in informant's hearing.

There is a well at Capel Kynnog that cures Kryd y wrach. There are pearls in the rivers here.

Kenarth,

a small village of 6 thatch'd Houses. The extent of the Parish about 3 miles long—Ffynnon Lawdhog to Aberkych, and near the same breadth, from the R. Kych to the R. Teify. Their feast Dygwl Lawdhog, about the 24th Jan. Mr R^d Harries incumbent of the vicarage.

Houses of note near are Gelli Dowylh (the Widow Lewis whose son is James), Pengwern H^se (Rhys James), Pengwern ycha (Richd Harris, the Vicar), Gelli Gatti (Dd Howels), Penkelli (— Niclas), Dyffryn Achty (near Mynachdy), Trelhwyn (Geo. James), Penrhyn Kych.

At Bwlch y dommen there is an intrenched Tumulus. Capel i wân krig y câr. N.B. y wyrgryg at Llan-vihangel Jorwerth seems to have been a corruption of y wyrdhyng. A Beacon on Voel vâch. At Park [*blank*] Kilycôd near Bwlch melyn House there are 3 Stones supporting another vast one, and 2 others pitched by their side. The Forest of Pen y buarth a great Wood belonging to L. Carbury. River Arâd divides this Parish from Penboir. Gwydhon springs at Voel vach and falls into the Teivi a mile below Newcastle.

Remarkable Ages, R^d John of N. castle, 95, strong and healthy. D^d John, 80; his Mother 100, but blind these 4 years.

Blue Marble plentiful in the Common of Aber-Arâd, which they use much as compost. A Quarry of blue Walling stone at the end of N. castle Town.

Kynwyl Elved,

a small village of 8 Houses. Their Dydhgwyl Gynwyl 3 wythnos yn ol D. nadolig. Mae yma dair Esgar, Esgar y drefawr, yr Esgar genol, ag Esgar drevel y pwlh. Yr hên gastelh y galwant hên gar ar dîr Mr H. Howels o ben y Keireu. Y mae Ty bach a elwir y castell bach. Pen y Keireu the Seat of M^r. Humphrey Howels; also Lhether Môl, his brother Thomas's House.

Y Krûg mawr in Elved, a large Barrow ; y Krŷg glâs, a chrug ŵan, Pen y Keiri aforesaid. Brigwn Kynwyl Kerig dizos ydynt 3 Karreg neu ragor yn i sevill wrth y pwll dû ar gydawelh, o leia dwy lath a hanner y lhech lwyd oddiar y Kryg mawr yn Elved.

Gwili River springs at Dôl Parros (Quæry). Gothi passes between this Parish and Lhan y Pymsant and the Parish of Abergwili, and falls into Towy at Abergwili Bridge, a q[r] of a Mile above Carmarthen. Kydawelh springs in Lhech lwyd in this Parish, and falls into Gwili a mile from Carmarthen. Kydawelh vach rises in Pwlh du in this Parish, and falls in the other River of the same name near Kynwyl Church below the Bridge. Avon Kowin rhwng Kynwyl ag Ebernant, rises at Kryk glâs, and falls into the Tave near Laugharn. The half of this Parish mountainous.

Lhan y pumsant.

Kerwyn Pumsant ar nant y pumsant, whither people resort from remote places, from 10 Miles off. No coal nor lime.

Llanvihangel y Corn.

Pencader Well formerly much resorted to. Pencader Chapel ruinous.

Trelech.

Probably so called from Llech y Vilast, a small mile distant. Pant Howel, once the Seat of Sir James Williams, was in this Parish.

At Maes Lhan wrthwl

there is a stone inscribed called Maen wrthwl—

TALORI ADVENTI MAQVERIGI FILIVS.

Kaio.

At Gorsddu they find swords, dagger, Horse shoes, and as some imagine Muskets. A woman delivered of 3 Children at a birth, 1656.

Penylanwen is perhaps an artificial Mount. Castell Meurig coch an entrenchment at the top of a high hill.

Crwys hên Sarn Elen near Lh. y Bigwn Karnoithen.

Two stones hard by Bwlch with strokes, and 2 others by Borthin. Bryn y bedd a hill in the Hamlet of Cwm Twrch. Crygie ladyr are several heaps of stones in Cwm Kelli near bwlch

y rhiw, near which Y Maen hir. Coitane Arthyr ar Waun Cwm luogwen. A piece of gold was lately found at Cwm Gogerddan in Maenor issa; another probably Roman found at Gogoveu. N.B. Carreg awyr—Chrystallus. At Bryn Eglwys no Church nor tradition of any. At Cryg Cyski in Kilycwm parish artificial Mounts, where O. Glyndwr lay. There have been old swords found. N.B. They call here hills Glennydd, and plains Eiland, and Gallt a wood.

There is a pool call'd Eneinva in Rhannell river, concerning which an old woman related, that she and another had brought a man there who had been bedridden a 12 month, and after bathing there he became drowsy, and slept with his feet in the water and head on their Laps for about 2 Hours, after which he walked home. The Gerwn is a small pond above, whither they drive Cattle to prevent and cure the Murrain. Some throw water into their nostrils and besprinkle them with the water. The murrain they call the Wharren.

There is a lake call'd Llyn y Gogove; and Lhyn twrch on the top of Craig dwrch. At Eneinva they shew Ffynnon y Clystiau and Ffynnon y Llygad; and Ffynnon Gynwil, where they shew the print of his Knees, Elbows, and boots.

Gogove, Caverns supposed to be Roman mines. Carreg yr Awyr and Carreg Kesser sometimes found. Carreg y pumsant at Gogove. The Cure above mentioned was wrought at y Gerwn, not at Eneinva.

N.B. Lhannerch y morwynion, a small place in the midst of a field called Caer y Gogovau ne carreg y pumsant, just below Gogovau pool; notwithstanding liming and mucking would never produce any corn or turnips, etc. This is a thing beyond dispute and well known to all the neighbours.

Lhansawel.

Craig cwm gorlech. Rock where Ravens breed.

Llanycrwys.

Man y Prenvol, a Cistvaen; also the Hirvaen gwidhog, the mere stone.

Kil y Cwm.

Castell Hain, an Entrenchment. Neuadd vawr, formerly the mansion of Llewelyn ap Gwilym ap Llewelyn, whose motto over his door was, Gresso pan dhelech, a chennad pan vynnech, a

phan dhelech tra vynnech trîg. Here are two [heaps] called Crygiau Cysky, where arches of wheels have been found; also Crygiau ladyr, two great heaps of stones ment[d]. erroneously in Caio. 3 great Stones erected triangularly at a field called Maes y llecheu. Maen hîr on Malhan Mountain. Pieces of spears found at Cae Llwyn Owen by ploughing. Galht nwch [?] gwyn a notable rock above Gwnlas River, Cwm y vran a notable wood, where Herons breed. Sarn Elen is on Pentre Cwn land. Also in Lhanycrwys parish from Rhyd y geleu to Twrch, both pitched. Most of this parish of one family or Clan, and called Llwyth Vorgan.

Taley or Tâl y Llycheu,

called from the two Lakes near, or Fishponds. A Cave in the church called Y Vwt vydhar is reported to go underground and under the Lakes.

Near Taliaris we saw about 30 rude stones placed somewhat in oval form. There seems to have been heretofore 2 or 3 orders of them.

Llansadwrn.

A Stone pitched on end ar blain [?] Marlais, in which sticks a piece of an iron bar. Maenhir [?] round or flat on the ground near it. In front [of] Abermarlais.

Llanwrda.

There is a Beacon on Cefn bennydd.

Llangadog.

The Grave stone at Llangadog said to be the Monument of Idio Wyllt. At Carnwen is such an old Caer as Caer Corwini.* Y groes vach has an Inscription. A beacon on the top of Trychryg. Coeten Arthur is a very round stone lying on the ground.

* Edw. Lhuyd no doubt meant the Caer (its name spelt Caer Creini, C. Crwyni, among other forms) almost midway between the villages of Llangwm and Llandrillo yn Edeirnion. See the letter written to him in 1693, with a groundplan of the Caer, in *Arch. Camb.*, 1851, pp. 54–5; also the paper on it, *ib.*, 1881, pp. 307–15. There is a proverb, "Lladd maer Caer ar Gefn Cerwyni" (*Myv. Arch.*, p. 864), Murdering the Mayor of Chester on Cefn Cerwyni. Cf. Prof. Bridge, *Cheshire Proverbs*, 1917 pp. 138–9.—Ed.

Myddvay.

A beacon formerly on y leugôd [Goleugoed]. The Castle they say was called Castell Myddevy.

Lhandyngat.

The road from ye river Mynys to Pont y rhyd Tawe about 3 miles is artificial and supposed Roman. Some Meini glain have been found in this parish.

In Llanybyddar parish a man found a Cothurnus by cutting turf at Bwlch y kythlin. It reached to the middle of ye leg, and was to be laced to the back of ye foot.

Llanybyddar.

Crygeu Edrith are 4 Tumuli, 2 and 2, about fifteen yards asunder, each a heap of Stones. Tommen y Castell a round Mount entrench'd. Pen y gaer with bwlch y gwrdy is at least on ye top 100 yards Diameter, with a double ditch. Over ag^t^ this in Cardiganshire is another, called Pen Court Rhyddlan. Sarn Elen visible (to the Informant) for 5 miles, viz., from Gwar yr allt in Llanllwyny parish, by Bwlch y gwrdy through Yskybor Aberduar, trwy dy Lhwyn crwn a than y bank under Pencarreg Church, and through the wood of Cylyblaidd, and through Dolgwm Moor. It's pitched and gravelled. Memorandum—About 30 years ago, this was a very woody tract, and harbour'd highwaymen. Llyn Gogwrn.

Penkarreg.

Llyn badarn above the Church. It affords no fish, but about March, and so to May, it throws up a small prickly Eel, almost dead. The Informant's wife saw once a vast fish, by her comparison as big as a horse, in the month of June. No water comes in or goes out. There are plenty of trees in this pool, and they say a town swallowed in it. All the trees presumed to be oak. It casts up plenty of *Sabularia lacustris*. They say it was famous formerly for changing its colour into yellow, and particularly it changed colour when the above *bellua* appeared at Wainddu just under the Church. Fir trees are often dug.

It is observable that there is neither Coal nor Lime between Towy and Teifi.

Llanvihangel y Corn.

Trees pitched crosswise called Y Groes ddrain, near which they had a Beacon on Cefn y gribin.

Llanllwni.

The Ruins of an old Priory near the Church. Capel Nonni ruinous time out of mind. Croes Elen a beacon or Pentall. Ardd y garreg lwyd on Yskybor wen, land about 2 yards high. Crygier ieir, dau grig. Cryg y Bisweil, a large mount.

Near Llandyssil on Teifi-side, in Carmarthenshire—Ir oedd gwaith 4 Sgwar uwch ben yr afon ; heb ddim gwaith yno, either yn serth iawn, ai henw Castell Henfryn.*

Within a mile of Aberglasney a carved Stone, the same probably as Sanders's Cross.

GLAMORGAN.

They call a Cistvaen in Glamorganshire Coffor Garreg.

Merthyr Tydvael,

a Village with about 40 Houses. A Rectory of considerable value. Pont y gwaith so called from an iron work having formerly been there.

Y Twyn, a little above Pentre Merthyr. A remarkable Parish. An old inscription on a Marble Stone in ye church.

Gellygaer.

Here are inclosed fields called y gaer, whence its name. Encompassed formerly with a wall, as appears by remains of it. In this Gaer they find bricks, which bespeaks it Roman. On the Mountain called Cefn Gelli gaer there are divers Carneddau, particularly one called Carn bycka, a Cistvaen. On a Carn at Cefn gelly gaer Parson Thomas told me that a Cafan, like a Hog trough, was about 15 years ago. Fynnon Gattwg good for sore Eyes. It is worthy of notice that in many Parishes in this district there are Tumuli near the Churches.

* Cf. *Parochialia*, iii., p. 77.—Ed.

Coyty Castle.

Anciently the seat of one Meurig, then of the Turbervilles, then of the Gamages. Inscription at Coyty Church, and at Oldcastle Chapel on the Font stone. Pwlh dai Griffith—so called from a man of that name drowned therein, and never seen after—is a remarkable pool within less than a Qu^{r}. of a mile of Bridge end. The ground where it is seems to have been sunk, and now of the shape of a lime kiln, said to be unfathomable. The water looked livid and nasty. It is more than a stone's Cast from the surface of the water to top of Bank. Two Eels were seen by the informant (Abr. Price) found in this pool of an extraordinary size, and of a Pyed colour like Snakes. Their Flesh (says he) eat as strong as beef.

Llandocho.

Castell Llandocho, Sir Edwd Mansel's. Lady Walsh's Monument, 1427, who is said to have lived in the Castle.

St. Athan's.

An old house called Castleton East Orchard belonged to the Berkrolles. A heap of Stones dividing this Parish from Llantwit Major called Quick and Dead. The tradition is that the tombs in the So : Isle belonged to the Berkrolles, Flimston. Fynnon y green noted for curing sore eyes, before Sun rising. Some years a sort of Knotty grass common here grows to such a size, to the length of 9 feet, which is so sweet that Hogs eat it. It has yielded 10 Waggon loads an acre, each waggon drawn by 6 Oxen.

Llanvaes.

The Effigy of Cattwg lately in wood. There is an old house call'd Llanvaes Castle belonging formerly to the Bedfords and Maleford. Quere if not Malefant.

At Culverwell, about half a mile from it, a Camp, perhaps Roman, says Lhwyd (but from its shape, say I, not), encompassed with treble ditch, except where it lay towards the Sea, where no fence was necessary. Somewhat of a triangular form, and about 700 paces in circuit. Mr. Nichols told us 'twas called Col Hugh. Only one entry, except from the Sea. (Danish no doubt.)

Llantwit Major.

The Saint is Illtud. His feast is held 6th Novr. Then they have revels, dancing, horse racing, etc., and they build a Hut

which they call John o' Neal's Castle. This John o' Neal is habited like the fool in our Welsh Anterlutes. The King and Queen and Pancake, etc., besiege him, and so rout him. By the Church a House called the Chantry. The Church loft here is as large as most College Halls in Oxford. There are Cellars and other conveniences for brewing, and within these 40 Years, or thereabout, there were brewing Vessels, and such as were necessary for a feast, and Wedding dinners, and Ale biddings, were kept there. Saesneg Lhan Illtid is a proverb for broken English, for the old Natives were English, but Welsh encroaches very much.

In this Parish are Cattwg's Cross, Martin's Cross,* and several others, besides that with IHS on North side of Church, and another on South side.

Reinold's Church is a Cave in a Sea Cliff between the Dumb hole and St. Donats.

Gilstone.

There is a well that ebbs and flows.

Coulston or Cowlson,

in Welsh, Tre Colwyn. At the Golden Mile there is an artificial Mount call'd Ty twmpath daiar.†

Ewenny.

Ffynnon vair yng Hortwn. Ffynnon vawr yno hevyd. That at Ewenny a notable spring. In the Park a lead mine.

Newton Nottage.

A Barrow on Mynydd Trenewydd called Twmpath daiar, and a round Entrenchment near.

Lhandidawc, Tythecston.

A well called Fynnon Ivan is presumed to cure the King's Evil.

* These are both wrongly ascribed. For the best account of the Llantwit inscribed and sculptured stones, see *Arch. Camb.*, 1889, pp. 118–26 (Mr. J. Romilly Allen); and 1899, pp. 147–55 (Sir J. Rhys).—Ed.

† For the opening of this barrow, see *ib.*, 1888, pp. 83–93.—Ed.

Merthyr Mawr.

Merthyr Mawr an old House of Sir Ed. Stradling. Tre Gonlho belongs to my L[d] Brook. It is thought there has been a sort of Castle there formerly. Capel Sant y Rok a mined Chapel visited by some Rom. Catholicks. Waters frequently ran here underground.

Mr. Cox's Salthouse, Oct[r]. 28, 1697, shewed us by Mr. Rich[d] Thomas of Watchet, Somersetshire.

They had a great wooden tub or Vat, into which they pumped the Sea Water, with which they near filled it. Adjoining the Tub were three several fire places placed triangularly at equal distances. Out of each fire place went a Mortar piece or iron pipe, resembling a piece of Canon, towards the tub for conveying the heat. This water in the tub they boil for a longer or shorter time (according to the state of the weather) with coal fire, and the nearness of the Coal was their greatest Encouragement, till by tasting they find it suff[tly] salt. After that they lade it into broad square leaden pans, like coolers, and they boil it for some hours (an hour or two was commonly found to suffice), after which the salt would shoot to the bottom, much like Ice. This done they take it up and place it into baskets over earthen pots. So the salt sticks in the baskets, and the liquor falls into the pots.

The Salt they put into Bins, fashioned like the inside of a roof, which have a conveyance at bottom for the liquor to run out, and vessels on the outside to receive it, as is used in making Cyder.

V.

MISCELLANEA*

ANGLESEY.

Llanbedr goch Mathafarn Wyon Church is built on an old Gaer. Supposed Graves found all round it, but without the Churchyard. Door south side a square stone curiously moulded.

* Mainly from MSS. 2.58 and 2.59.—Ed.

2 Stone heads, one on each side of the door, seemingly meant for Bishops. Arms of Gweryd ap Rhys goch in painted Glass on Chancel Window, viz., Argent on a bend sable 3 Leopards' Heads of the field.

Pabo Post Prydain, a large face (Nid anhebig, says Ed. Lhwyd, i wyneb Griff. Jones).

Aberfraw.

There are still some relicks of the Prince's Palace there.

1. In Aberfraw there was *Eglwys y bwytty*, a church wherein the Prince's dole was dealt.

2. *Talar y rhodio*, a kind of green where the gentlemen attending on the Prince used to walk.

3. *Bryn Cun*, near Bod Erw, the Hill of the Lord, where dwelt some Lord of the Court.

4. *Trefdraeth Wastrodion*, or the Township belonging to the Prince's Grooms or Stables.

5. *Trefdraeth Disteiniaid, i.e., Oeconomorum.*

6. *Y Llys*, the place where the Palace stood.

7. *Y Gadlys*, the Pretorium, or the Prince's court of guard.

8. *Eglwys Abbot du*, part whereof was standing within these 40 or 50 years, but now quite taken away, and the fair is kept on the site of it.

9. *Maes y Maerdy, i.e.*, the field of the Præpositus, or town Prætor's house.

10. *Trefgyfri* (corruptly Trefgyfryw and Trefryw), the township where the Prince's Accompts and Exchequer was kept.

11. *Tref Berfedd*, the township of Garbage, or of the Prince's slaughter house.

12. *Tref Cornor*, or township of ye Horn Sounds; both these last in Lhangadwalader Parish.

13. *Tref Castell*, in the Parish of Lhangwyfen, because the Castle belonging to the Princes stood there.

The Princes of North Wales had four Manors and Palaces in Anglesey, which were Castles much like those in Ireland, as I conjecture by a small part of one yet standing. One at Aberfraw; another at Rhôs fair, now called Newborough; another at Penrhôs, where is to be seen at this day a piece of the Palace, called Y Gadlys; and the 4th at Kemeis—all seated in very fat soils. These were the Prince's capital Manors, and Courts are kept to this day in each of them, except Kemeis.

CARNARVONSHIRE.

Taken out of an old register of Llandwrog, 1648—

Alexander Llywelyn killed att the Skyrmise by Bettws (between Sir John Owen's Soldiers and general Mitton's) was burried the fourth Day of June, Año supra dict: (Then was Mr. Wm Lloyd of Plashên wounded, and dyed two or three Days after).

Llanberis Copper is worth £140 per ton when smelted. 5 tons of ore will make one smelted. 7 levels in all; new one 180 yds. in length. Boat will carry about 5 tons. About 50 years ago first worked. Sion John Robert gained £300 in quarter of a year. He worked by the ton then; now by the square yard.

Maen yr Heussor.*

I mae Maen mawr yn y Mor yn ymil Rhyd y Cerrig gwynnion yn y Creuddyn ag a elwir Maen yr Heussor ag y sydd agos gyferbyn a Llandrillo yn Rhôs, ag ni welir ef onid dwyweith yn y vlwyddin ar ddau ryferthwy, a'r maen hwnnw oedd o fewn ir wyth ugein mlynedd yma cyn belled tu yma ir beisted (sef yr beiston, nod y gorllanw) ag ydw y beiston yn awr, y tu yma iddo ef, sef yw hynny milldir neu ychwanneg; sef yw, achos i gelwit ef Maen yr Heussor. Yr Heussor a fyddei arfer ar amser haf eistie ynghyscoed y maen rhag y tês. A Mein ereill oedd yn gyfagos neu yn ymyl y maen hwnnw, lle i byddei yr Heussor arfer ddodi ei botteleu yn eu cyscod, ag or achos hwnnw i gelwit ef Maen yr Heussor; ac i mae llemeirch godidog yn magu arnaw yn awr—*Ex libro Johannis Jones.*

DENBIGHSHIRE.

Denbigh Castle.

Captn Jno Arundel had £100 for demolishing it and making it untenable, with all the Iron, lead, stone, etc.

There is a tradition still about Lhan Sannan of the oppression of Saeson Conway, for all the Country, even to Bala, paid thsm contributions.

* "The Herdsman's Stone." The extract was, it would appear, originally taken from *Peniarth MS.* 267 (John Jones of Gelli Lyfdy's). There are copies also in *Llanstephan MS.* 18, and *Panton MS.* 17.

Glyndwr's Wars—beginning 1400, lasted 15 years—brought great desolation on Nant Conwy, so that the green grass grew in the Market place of Lhanrwst, and the Deer out of Snowdon fed in the Church yard.

The Parishioners of Harding [Hawarden] are called Jews because they were very forward at the beginning of the Reformation, in so much that they sold the golden rood for Money.

MERIONETHSHIRE.

In consequence of Sir Robt Vaughan's passion for roadmaking, a neighbour of his, a Mr Revely, used to call him the Colossus of Rhodes.

Archdeacon Edwards of the Cathedral of St. David's (who was a Dolgelley Man) knew the great Mr. Fox well, perhaps having been of the same College, viz. Hertford, in Oxford, and used to say that he was one of the best tempered Men he ever knew; that he sometimes thought of a God, sometimes of a Devil, and sometimes of neither. This Sir Robt Vaughan had from Edwards himself.

BRECKNOCKSHIRE.

Llanfrynach, 1698.

There is a Field near Llanvronach called Cae'r Croff, over against the dwelling house of the Estate, in one corner of which is said to be hid a great treasure of Money, and many persons have attempted to dig a pit there; but instead of a Treasure they have been frightened with Apparitions, and at last were obliged to desist, some of the persons running mad, others lame, continuing so a long time. These persons are now living. [Sir R. C. Hoare. MS. 2. 61.]

Battle.

Battle is the name of a Village, of which there is a tradition that it was so called from a Battle in which Prince Rhys ap Tudor was slain by Iestyn ap Gwrgant and Fitzhamon with his Normans. On the Mountain near is a Well called Fynnon pen Syr Rhees. [Sir R. C. Hoare. MS. 2. 61.]

CARMARTHENSHIRE.

Llansadwrn and Llanwrda Parishes.

Pope Nicholas's Taxation makes no mention of them, A.D. 1291. Some therefore conclude that they were not formed then. They were appropriate to the Abbey of Talley, founded by the Lord Rhys, who died A.D. 1197. It was an Abbey of an exempt or privileged order of Præmonstratensians.

When the Church of Llansadwrn became appropriate to Talley there was a Vicarage endowed; but there is reason to believe that endowment no longer exists.

By a Survey, 26th Henry 8th, the Vicarage returned Ann. Val. £6 10s. 0d., but not specified from where that Sum arose. On Examination of Minister's Accounts of the dissolved Abbey, 30 Henry 8th, it appeared that the Minister of ye Crown answered for £15 11s. 6d. for the Rent of Tythes, etc., of Rectory of Llanwrda demised to Jno Derham. This Lease was of the Rectory only, reserving to the King the advowson of the Vicarage there, dated 10th May 29 Henry 8th, by which it appears that Value of Rectory was more than double that of Vicarage.

The Lordship of Llansadwrn with a capital Messuage, Abermarlais, was part of the possessions Rees ap Griffith attainted and granted, 37 Henry 8th. to Sir Thos Jones, Kt.

[In the autograph (Van) of Sir Richard C. Hoare—MS. 2.59 :—]

Van.

Called at Llanddwysant. Stop at the Clerk's, who keeps a publick House. A shrewd fellow, a great lawyer, consulted by all the neighbourhood, and a great rogue.

No monument, only a small tablet to one Edwards, of the House of Blaen Sawdde, an old Mansion above the Sawdde, just at the foot of the Black Mountain.

Vale of Sawdde well wooded to its source.

Of the Clerk of Lhanddwysant a Poet wrote :—

> Lhanddwysant, bryn yn Sant sy,
> Clyche yr Diawl yw'n clochydd ny.

Ascend the Mountain. Saw a number of Mountain Ponies on the side of the Hill, and a white sandy or gritty stone which makes the grit with which mowers and reapers whet their Scythes

and Hooks. Went in sight of the first Lake, out of which it is said the Lochor [issues].

LLANARTHNEY.

Mr. Accerm's analysis of Middleton Hall Chalybeate.*

	One Gallon contains
Carbonic Acid Gas	16½ Cubic Inches
Atmospheric Air	4½ Do.
Total Cub. Inches	21
Carbonate of Lime	4.7
Carbonate of Iron	5.3
Muriate of Soda	6.25
Muriate of Lime	3.125
Sulphate of Lime	2.125
Total Grains	26.½

Temperature 52, when the Thermometer in the open Air was at 28.

GLAMORGAN.

On a steep hill near to the passage of Britton ferry some time stood a Castle built by Morgan ap Cradoc ap Iestyn, and fortified with Men, that none of the then late Conquerors durst pass that way without a strong guard.

In old times, before Grenville built his Castle at Neath, where now the Ruins of it are, a Castle stood on the West side of the River, but built by him in the parish of Llangattwg, probably where the Roman Station was.

[Sir Richard C. Hoare's account of their visit to Neath—MS. 2. 61 :—]

Friday. At Neath. Walked out after Breakfast with Mr. Elias Jenkins to a Field near the Turnpike to see a spot where, as the tradition is, a Town was once swallowed, which, I fancied,

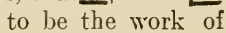
* Cf. the analysis given in Lewis's *Topog. Dict. of Wales*, s.v. Llanarthney. —ED.

might have led to a discovery of the scite of antient Nidum; but saw nothing that could indicate a Roman Station.

From hence walked to the Abbey, which was a prodigious structure, and very elegant, if we may judge by the very few pieces which are perfect. The arched Rooms, particularly the largest supported on light Pillars, are very beautiful. Over some of the Windows remain Stone Linterns elegantly wrought with Coats of Arms intermixed with the ornaments. Observed the Arms of Iestyn ap Gwrgant amongst them. I presume the Windows in that part of the Building, once inhabited by the family of Hobby, were of that period.

On our return, walked through Court Herbert Lawn to see a stone taken from the precinct of the Abbey, placed erect, with a Cross rudels cut on it. Flat on the ground close to it lies in Effigy, seemingly well sculptured, a Priest with a Church in his hand, without any inscription.

Sunday, 22 Sep^{r} [1805 ?] Left Neath. Morning cold, but fair. Breakfast at Pyle. Charged 1s. 6d. each for Tea. Passed Margam Woods. Fine. Thought I saw fragments of the Roman Road near a great Common in which there has been great digging of Limestone.

Pass through Lalystown. Alighted and went up to the Church, the Porch of which, as well as the door in the West end, shew the work of a Master. Observe that ornament, ascribed to the time of Henry 6 or 7th, over Doors and windows, thus  over all the Windows and Doors, supposed to be the work of Lalys.

Reach Bridge End, the Church there seemingly of the same character with that at Lalyston. Remark a curious ornament over a house with a Porch in descending the Street towards the Bridge. Met my old Schoolfellow, Mr. Turberville, for the first time since we were at School together. Was kindly received; dined with him, and took a Bed. The Evening was spent very cheerfully.

INDEX.

Aaron ap Bledri, Sir, 75
Abbey Cwmhir, 35
Aber (Aber Gwyn Gregyn, Aber Garth Gelyn), 181, 203, 206–8, 316
Aberdaron, 329–30
Aberdovey, 121
Abererch, 46, 225, 234
Abereseyr, 24
Aberffraw, 274, 350
Aberffrydlon, 86
Abergele, 150–2
Aberglaslyn, 223
Aber Gorlech, 77
Aber Lash, 336–7
Aberllefeni, 84
Aberllifiog, 298
Abermarlais, 63, 69, 72, 344
Abernant, 64
Abernodwydd, 272
Act for Propagation of Gospel in Wales, 333
Aelhaiarn's Well, St., 230
Alaw, r., 267
Ale biddings, 348
Allen family, the, 64
Allor Beuno, 333–4
All Saints' Eve customs, 331
Allt yr Odin, 8
Allt yr Ynys, 28
Altar, position of, at Mallwyd, 87
Amlwch, 263–4, 272
Ancaster, first Duke of, 172
Anian, Bp., 144
Anstey, the poet, 90
Antiquarian Society, the, 73
Aran, 88–9, 92, 130
"Archaiology," the, 178
Ardda, 165
Ardda'r Mynach, 176
Ardudwy, 119
Arenig, 90, 130–1
Armada, 315
Artro, r., 96, 98–100, 102–3
Arw, r., 178
Asaph, St., 323
Auricular Confession, 12

Bachwen, 231
Bachygraig, 141–3
Bachymbyd, 157
Baglan, St., 323
Bagot, Bp., 144
Bala, Town and Lake, 41–2, 89–91, 129–30
Bala Association, 42, 45, 89–90
Bala Deulyn, 233, 247
Baldwin, Archbp., 47
Bangor, City and Cathedral, 205, 212–3, 237, 308, 320–1
Bangu, 72–3, 202, 262
Bankes, Sir Joseph, 56, 148
Bardd Coch, 261
"Bardd Cwsc," 99–100
Bardsey Island, 328–30
Barmouth, 51–2, 95–6, 105–7, 110, 122
Baron Hill, 256, 259, 268, 304
Barrow, Bp. Isaac, 144
Battle, 352
Beads, glass, 177; silver, 85
Beaumaris, 209, 255–6; Castle, 258–9, 286–301; Church, 259–60, 275–85, 299; School, 276, 280, 285, 306; "History" of, 275–306
Bedd Dwgan, 230; Frymder, 335; Gelert, 222–3, 327–8; petrual, 267; y Witch, 320–1
Beddau Gwyr Ardudwy, 124
Bell over porch, 96
Benarth, 202
Berain, 147
Berkinhead, Sir Ralph, 170
Berkrolles, the, 347
Berwyn Hills, 40, 78

Bettws (Cedewain), 38; Garmon, 322; Mountain (Carm.), 2; (y Coed), 185, 192–3
Beuno, St., 231, 323–5
Beynon, Mr., Vicar of Llandeilo, 2, 4, 10
Bingley, W., 163
Bird cherries, 24
Bird Rock, 108, 110-11
Bishop's Castle, 33; Moat, 34
Black Fray, the, 288
Blackhall (Kerry), 34
Blaen Edw, 21
" Blodau " (John Lloyd), 141
Bodelwyddan, 145–6, 152, 288
Bodeon, 225, 269–70
Bodewyr, 261
Bodfach, 38
Bodfan, St., 313, 316
Bodfari, 140–1, 153
Bodorgan, 274
Bodvean, 47, 49
Bodvel, 225
Bodvells, the, 229, 263–4
Bodwigan, 273
Bodwrog, 273
Bodychen, 333
Bodysgallan, 199–200, 244–5
Bond, Sir Thos., 207
Bonfires, 331
Bonover Marsh, 275
Borthin, 342
Braich y Dinas, 204
Brampton Brian, 32
Brân, r., 15, 136
Brandon, Sir Wm., 159
Brandon Hill, 32
Brecon, 22–4
Brevinium, 32
Bridgeman, Bp. of Chester, 298
Bridgend, 355
Bristol, 93
Briton Ferry, 354
Broadway, 69
Brochwel Ysgythrog, 24
Bro Gynin, 268, 271
Bromfield Church, 31
Bronbyban, 111
Bron Danw, 254
Bronwen, 267–8
Brwynant, 13, 76–7
Brychan Brycheiniog, 2
Brynbella, 139, 142–3
Bryn Derw, 210; Derwen, 238; Dinas, 80–1
Bryn Eurin, 201, 225, 243, 245, 307
Brynkir, 228
Brynllys Castle, 22
Bryn y Beddau, 336; y Castell, 177–8, 333
Bryn y Clychau, 262, 265
Bryn y Cyfergyd, 124
Bryn y Gefeiliau, 184–6, 191
Bryn y Groes, 22; y Petrual, 335
Bryn yr Eryr, 266
Bryn yr Eryr Gronwy, 124
Bryn y Voel, 189
Buckhurst, Lord, 200
Buckingham, Duke of, 251
Buckler, artist, 177
Builth, 19–20
Bulkeleys, the, 255–6, 259, 276–306
Bull, Bp., 23
Burleigh, Lord, 28
Bwa Bach, 268
Bwlch Blaen Twrch, 12-13
Bwlch Croes Iorwerth, 78
Bwlch Oerddrws, 132–3
Bwlch y Ddeufaen, 179–81, 206
Bwlch y Groes, 88–9
Bwlch y Rhiwgyr, 118

Cader Idris, 93–4, 106, 108, 128
Cadfan, St., his Grave, 121; his Well, 53, 60, 110
Cadnant, 298
Cadwgan ap Bleddyn, 127
Cae Bryn Dadleu, 260–1
Cae Nest, 99
Caer Arianrhod, 324, 326
Caerbiris, 20
Caercelli, 261
Caer Cerwyni, 344
Caer Collen, 19
Caergai, 41
Cae'r Goeten, 253
Caer Gyffin, 203
Caer hên, 183
Caer lêb, 261
Cae'r Orseddau, 262
Cae'r pridd coch, 178
Caer Rhun, 175, 177–9, 185, 311
Caersws, 35–7

Caerwys, 140–1
Caerynwch, 93, 112
Caesar, Dr. Thos., 278
Caethle, 53
Caffo's Well, St., 271
Cain, r., 128
Caio, 13, 76, 342–3
Calvinistic Methodists, 42, 89–91
Canologion, 328
Canonici de Glannauch, 258
Cantref y Gwaelod, 96, 98, 100, 326
Capel Beuno, 231
Capel Byrwig, 339
Capel Curig, 184, 187, 319–20
Capel Cynnor, 339
Capel Cynog, 341
Capel Duddgen, 3
Capel Gwenlais, 337
Capel Gwenlliw, 339
Capel Gwrtheyrn, 100
Capel Gwynen, 327
Capel Nonni, 346
Capel Odo, 329
Capel Sant y Rok, 349
Caractacus, 31–2
Carausius, 264
Carbery, Lord, 3
Cardiganshire, new map of, 14
Carmarthen, 1, 4–5, 340; Priory, 4
Carnarvon, 321; Castle, 218–20
Carndochan, 42, 91
Carn Madryn, 225–6, 235
Carnedd Llewelyn, 183
Carneddau Hengwm, 119
Carol, Christmas, by John Lloyd, 282–4
Carreg Kennan (Cennen) Castle, 57–9
Carreg Levan, 64
Carreg Pumsant, 76
Carreg y big, 188
Carreg y Gwalch, 172
Castell Caer Lleion, 202
Castell Cidwm, 220
Castell Deli, 333
Castell Dinas Brân, 334
Castell Gorvod, 65
Castell Gwithped, 1
Castell Gwrtheyrn, 9
Castell Henfryn, 346
Castell Idris, 261
Castell Maelgwn, 177–8
Castellmarch, 251, 280, 330
Castell Meurig Coch, 342
Castell Priddlyd, 70
Castell Prysor, 43
Castell y Vaerdre, 199
Castleton East Orchard, 347
Caswallon Lawhir, 272, 308–9
Caswennan, 329
Catherine of Berain, 147–8, 171
Cawdor, Lord, 58–9
Cecils, the, 28
Cefn (St. Asaph), 147–8
Cefn Cethin, 59
Cefn y Bedd (Brec.), 18
Cefn y Gaer, 52–3, 84–5
Cefn y Van, 228
Ceilwart, 327
Cell y Dewiniaid, 221
Celynin, 52, 105, 108, 333
Cemes, 86, 350
Cenarth, 341
Cennen, r., 58
Cerrig Ceinwen, 275
Cerrig Gwyddyl Wood, 304
Cerrig y Drudion, 335
Cerrig y Gwyddel, 308
Cerwyn Pumsant, 342
Cesyg Aled, 335
Ceubren yr Ellyll, 127, 244
Charles, Thos., 90
Cheadle, Dr. Rowland, 284–5, 300
Cheney, Sir John, 159
Cherokee Country Squire, old, 122
Chester Cathedral, 178
Chwaen Bach, 273
Cilgwyn, 73–4, 138
Cilmin Droed Ddu, his epithet, 323
Cilsant, 75
Cilycwm, 67, 343–4
Cistvaen, use of, 119
Civil Wars, the, 155-6, 275, 296
Clenennau, 228
Clettwr, r., 8
Clôs y Llechau, 22
Clough, Sir Richard, 141–2
Clwyd, Vale of, 138
Clynhir, 60, 337
Clynnog, 231, 253, 324–5
Cnicht, 223
Cochwillan, 216, 314
Coed Alun, 220, 323
Coed Cadw, 304

Coed Gronw, 26
Coed Helen, 220, 249
Coed Mawr, 65, 247
Coed y Marchog, 339
Coelcerth, 331
Coetanc Arthur, 343
Coeten Arthur, 333–4, 344
Coetmor, 238; Howel, 162–3, 167, 171, 173
Coffor Garreg = Cistvaen, 346
Coins, 2–3, 41, 53, 62, 200, 264, 268
Col Hugh, 347
Collwyn ap Tangno, 228
Conovium, 177, 179, 182
Conway, Town, Castle, and Church, 167, 173, 183, 193–6, 203, 243, 245, 311; Abbey, 163, 165, 196, 305; Abbot of, 160; River, 158, 174–6; mussels found in, 176
Copper, 121, 232
Corbet, Mr., 53, 108–11, 121, 125
Cornish adventurers, 223
Cornu Ammonis, 262
Cornwallis, Miss Letitia, 69
Cors Dygai, 317
Corsygedol, 47, 51, 96–102, 104–5
Cors yr Eira, 273
Cothi, r., 13, 67–8, 79, 342
Cotton, Mr. (Dean), 237
Coulston, 348
Court Derllys, 65
Court Llechryd, 18
Cox's Salthouse, Mr., 349
Coxwell Hill, 32
Coytmore, Mr., 46–7
Coyty, 347
Cradock, Lord of Nangle and Newton, 3
Craig Cwm Gorlech, 343
Craig y Deryn, 108, 110–1
Craig y Dinas, 97, 229
Craig y Llam, 229
Creden Hill, 29
Cregrina, 21
Creigiau Glyn Diffwys, 335
Cremlyn Mynach, 263, 305
Crenddyn, 183, 203, 243, 307–11
Crewerion (Corwrion), 241–2
Criccieth, 46, 99–100, 224–5, 326
Crickhowel, 25–7
Cristiolus, St., 317
Croes Asewrn, 1
Croes Ceiliog, 1
Croes Elen, 346
Crogen, 123
Cromlech, use of, 119
Cromwell, Oliver, 3, 152, 299, 318
Cross Foxes, 87
Crucifixion, the, 29
Crug, 61
Crug Gynon Lake, 107
Crug Howel, 28
Crug Mawr yn Elved, 342
Crug y garn, 66
Crug y Wiel, 10
Crug-ie Cyseu, 343–4
Crugie Edrith, 345
Crugie ladyr, 342, 344
Crwys hên Sarn Elen, 342
Cryd Tudno, 198
Cuckoo Parliament, 306
Culverwell, 347
Cunnington, Mr., 9
Cursus, Roman, 205, 265
Customs at Beaumaris, 303; of the City of Hereford, *ib.*
Cwellyn Lake, 220
Cwm Bochlwyd, 318
Cwmbrwynog, 322
Cwmbychan, 102–3
Cwm Clogwyn, 236
Cwm Dily, 222
Cwmdu, 27
Cwm Nant Coel, 102
Cwm Ogwen, 320
Cwrt Bryn y Beirdd, 57–8
Cwrt y Plâs, 73
Cybi, St., 268, 323, 325; his Well, 236
Cydawell, r., 342
Cymmel, 147–8, 150–2, 173, 268
Cymmer Abbey, 95, 118, 125; r. Maenan
Cymmytmaen, 328
Cynwal, Wm., 244
Cynwyl, St., 341, 343
Cynwyl Elved, 341–2
Cytinu'r Gwyddelod, 47–9, 214, 226, 252–3, 261, 268

Dafydd ap Gwilym, 268–72, 307
Dafydd ap Owen, Bp., 144

Dafydd Ddu o Hiraddug, 143
Dafydd Nanmor, 303, 327
Danes, 152, 217, 260, 263
Danyrallt, 70–2
David, St., 7
Davies, Grono, 280–1, 285
Davies, Dr. John, 87, 176, 267
Davies, Walter, 37–9
Dee, r., 91–2, 116–17
Deganwy Castle, 198–9, 307
Deiniolen, St., 217, 321, 323
Denbigh, 138–9, 142, 153–5, 157; Castle, 351; Friary, 154–5; Green, 142
Denio, 46
Derllys, 3, 65
Derwydd, 57, 59, 65
Deudraeth, 44
Devil's Bridge, 128
Dinas Brân, 134–6
Dinas Corddin, 119
Dinas Dinlle, 324
Dinas Emrys, 221, 328
Dinas Mawddwy, 88
Dindryfal, 308
Dinllaen, 328
Dinmore, 30
Dinner at three, 91
Dinorwig, 216–18
Din Sylwy, 332
Divine Cage, 147, 153
Diwlais, r., 339
Dolau Cothi, 13, 76
Dolbadarn Castle, 247–8, 322
Dolbenmaen, 228
Dolgelley, 94, 106, 114–15, 118
Dolwcheogryd, 94
Dolwyddelan Castle, 167, 170, 185, 188–9
Dol y cae, 112–13
Dolmelynllyn, 117
Domus Leprosorum, 242
Dore Abbey, 28–9
Dove House, N. Wales model, 249
Dovey, r., 83–6, 88
Drwsynant, 91–2
Du Buisson, Mr., 60
Dutch clover, 125; inscription, 72
Dwgan, Bedd, 230
Dwygyfylchi, 203
Dwynwen, St., 269–70
Dyfnog's Well, St., 157
Dyfrdwy, r., 116
Dyfry, r., 15
Dynevor, 2, 61–2; Lord, 268
Dysynni, r., 52–3, 108–10, 112, 120

Eagles on turrets at Carnarvon, 321
Echo at Dynevor, 62
Ednyfed Fychan, 201, 243, 245, 311
Edward I, 165–6, 232–3; at Carnarvon, 218, 321
Edwards, old Robert, the guide, 106–7
Edwinsford, 54, 56, 71
Eglwys Abbot du, 350
Eglwyseg, 134
Eglwysfach, 164
Eglwys Rhos, 198, 271, 307–8
Egrin, 108–9, 119–20
Egwad, St., 77
Egypt, 55
Eifionydd, 169
Eifl, Yr, 225, 229, 325
Einion ap Gwalchmai, 306
Eisteddfa Egwad, 77
Elaeth, St., 323, 332
Eleanor, Queen, 78, 194
Elernion, 253
Elian, St., 332; grant to, 309–10; his Well, 311
Eliseg, Pillar of, 134, 137
Elizabeth, Queen, 176
Ellis, Hugh, harper, 53
Elwy, r., 153
Eneinfa, in the Annell, 343
Erwgaer, 178–9
Ethelbert's Well, St., 30
Eure, Lord, 174
Evan the Fisherman, 129
Evan ap Robert ap Thomas, 169
Evans, Daniel, the Sequestrator, 12
Ewenny, 348
Ewyas Harold, 29
Ewybr Nant, 192
Excavations:—
Caio, carneddau on way to, 75–6
Crickhowel, cromlech near, 25–6
Cunnington, Mr., and, 9
Llanfynydd, 55–6
Rhos y Gâd, 265
Talgarth, 23
Van of Llansadwrn, 71
Ystradffin, 68

Farming, English, 9
Fast Day, 24
Fellowes, Captain, 142
Fferws, r., 337
Ffinan, St., 332
Ffordd Elen, 44
Ffrwd Water, 3
Ffynnon Cegin Arthur, 320
,, Druidion, 65
,, Elen, 189
,, Fair (Cefn), 147
,, Gattwg, 346
,, Geitho, 11
,, Gybi, 268
,, Ivan, 348
,, Pen Syr Rhys, 352
,, Seiriol, 268
,, Tabitha (Dybïe), 60
,, y Green, 347
Fish, tithe of, 335
Fishery season, prayers at, 316
Fishguard, 93, 316
Fitz-Alans, the, 64
Flintshire, 175, 198
Foelallt, 7
Foley, Admiral, 54, 62–3, 70, 72
Font at Bedd Gelert, 223
Forest yr Esgob, 66
Fosterage, 166, 169–70
Francis, St., and Franciscans, 304–5
Froissart, 200, 244
Frowde, Mr., Vicar of Bishop's Castle, 33, 36, 38
Funerals, handbell at, 72–3

Gaer, station, 23–4
Galltfaenan, 147, 153
Garn Bica, 336–7, 346
Garth Allt Maenan, 147
Garth Angharad, 105
Garth Maelog, 175
Gavelkind, 118
Geirn, 333
Gell, Admiral, 26–7
Gelligaer, 346
Gelli'r Mynach, 319
Geoffrey of Monmouth, 200
George, St., 152
Geraint ap Erbin, 272
Gesailgyfarch, 169
Gibson's "Camden," 32, 205
Gildas, 308
Giler, 161
Gileston, 348
Giraldus, 34, 47–8
Glain neidr, 141
Glan Bala, 248
Glanbrân, 16
Glan Llugwy, 185
Glansevin, 71, 73–4
Glan Tanat, 81
Glasallt, 73
Glascoed (Carn.), 249
Glasewm, 21
Glaslyn, r., 221
Glisseg (Glwyseg) Rocks, 134, 136–7
Gloddaeth, 198, 200, 243–5, 257, 311, 318
Glyn (Angl.), 266–7; (Mer.), 126–7
Glynllifon, 232, 252, 323–4
Goats, 92; sculptured, 63, 73
Goblin's Tower, 139
Gogarth, 197, 199, 244–5
Gogovau, 67, 76, 343
Gold, ornaments, 68; mines and ornaments at Pumsant, 76; chain, 141; ingot, 41, 233; rings, 242; torque at Gloddaeth, 200, 244
Golden Grove, 3, 57; Mile, 348
Goodman, Godfrey, 247
Gorddinog, 207, 302
Goredgit, at Garth, 327
Gorffrydau Caswennan, 329
Gorlan (Girlan) Diboeth, 250
Gorsedd, 154, 181, 262
Govan's Stone, St., 238
Grant, Moses, 114
Greek inscription, 124
Green Castle, 1
Gresham, Sir Thos., 141–2
Griffith, Piers, 216, 242, 315
Griffith, Sir Wm., 209
Griffiths, Hugh and Mrs., of Caerhun, 177–8, 202
Gruffydd ap Adda, 121
Gruffydd ap Cynan, 169, 320
Gruffydd ap Dafydd Goch, 193
Gruffydd, Owen, bard, 325
Grwyne Feehan, r., 25
Gunpowder Plot, 177
Gwaenynog, 153
Gwaredog, 274, 323

Gwenffrwd, r., 66
Gwenlais, r., 60–1, 337
Gwenninog uch Cerdin, 9
Gwernyfed Park, 22
Gwerydd ap Rhys Goch, 261, 288, 350
Gwili, r., 338, 342; Fawr, a giant, 336
Gwilym Ddu, 252
Gwyddelan, St., 189
Gwyddelod, meaning of, 49
Gwyddfân, r., 337
Gwyddfarch, St., 37
Gwydir, 161–5, 168, 171–6, 185, 189; Upper, 165, 168, 173; Chapel, 162–4; Lord, 172, 188
Gwynfai, 75
Gwynfryn, 46, 129, 224, 227–8, 234, 251–4
Gwynfynydd, 37
Gwynionydd, 9
Gwynne, Mr., of Glanbrân, 63.
Gwyrfai, r., 221

Hafod Celyn, 206; Lwyfog, 223–3, 327; y Maidd, 335; Yspytty, 124
Hafotty, 107, 223
Harlech, 50, 103–5, 129, 200, 326
Harper Morris, 59
Harpsichord, 126
Haverfordwest, St. Mary's, 195
Hawarden, 352
Hay, The, 21–2
Heatons, the, 148
Helig ap Glanog, 258, 301–2, 313–14
Henblas, 267
Hendre, 46, 52; Bodfan, 313; Forion, 118; Rhys Gethin, 185, 189, 200; Scethin, 184
Henffordd, 208
Hengwm, 118–19
Hengwrt, and its MSS., 93–5, 125
Henllan (Denb.), 153
Henllys, 288
Henry VII, 3
Herbert of Cherbury, Lord, 280
Hereford, 29–30; Customs of, 303
High Mead, 10
Hilary (= Elian), St., 309–11
Hirfaen Gwyddog, 343
Hirlas at Penrhyn, 315; of Owen Cyfeiliog, *ib.*
Hoare, Sir Richard Colt, his views expressed, 27, 29, 32, 90–1, 137, 158, 190, 197
Holland, 142
Holmes, Randolph, 259
Holywell, 61
Hookes of Conway, 195–6
Hopton Castle, 33
Horace, 275, 284
Houses, not lofted, 218; old, enlarging of, 67
Howel ap Einion Llygliw, 136
Howel ap Evan, outlaw, 185, 189
Howel Dda, inn, 92
Howell, James, 64
Hugh Lupus, 209–10, 256
Hughes, David, founder of Beaumaris School, 306
Huw Belisa, 322
Huweyn Sion y Canu, 322
Hweh, r., 247
Hweh ddu gwta, 331
Hwyaid Niwbwrch, 270
Hydrophobia, 67
Hywel ap Owen Gwynedd, 272
Hywel Selef, 127
Hywel y Fwyall, Sir, 326

Iarddur, 314
Idio Wyllt, 344
Idwal, of Cwm Idwal, 318
Idwal Iwreh, 175
Iestyn, St., 263
Ilex, large, 121
Inscription, Church, 99
Inscriptions at:—
Builth, 19
Cefn Amwlch (now), 329
Ceilwart (Llanaber), 327
Dore Abbey, 28
Llanddewi Brefi, 7
Llanfair ar y Bryn, 14, 62
Llanfihangel Eroth, 10
Llanio, 6
Llanwrthwl, 13
Maentwrog, 45
Tregaron, 6–7
Tycoch, 214–5
Tyddyn Holland, 198

Inscriptions, Latinization of Welsh names in, 115
Iorwerth ap Iarddur, 314
Iorwerth Drwyndwn, 78, 188
Irvon, r., 17
Isgaer, 250
Ishaw, St., 26
Ithon, station on, 18–19

Jansen, 251
Jesse window, 155
Jews, 303, 352
Joan, Princess, 256, 276, 305
John, King, 205
John o' Neal's Castle, 348
Johnes of Dolau Cothi, 76
Johnes of Hafod, 6
Jones, Inigo, 162, 166–7
Jones, Theo, 22–7
Jones, Sir Wm., 251, 273
Julitta, St., 319
Junot, surrender of, 146, 155

Kenchester, 29
Kerry, 34–5
Kidwelly, 1
Kilpeck, 28–9
Kinmel, *v.* Cymmel
Kirkwall, Lord, 139–40, 197
Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, 160

Lac Lunæ, 67
Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, 138, 165
Lady of the Van Lake, 74
Laleston, 355
Lamb, figure of, 2
Lampeter, 6–7, 10–12
Lancaster, House of, 169
Las Ynys, 99
Lavan Sands 314, 326
"Lazarillo de Torms," Eng. trans. of, 306
Legio Secunda, 2, 14, 24
Leicester, Earl of, 138–9, 155
Leland, 59, 186
Lenterden (Leintwardine), 30–2
Leominster, 30
Lhuyd, Edward, 55, 60–1, 63, 70, 132, 204, 231, 265, 350
"Lhuydiana," 332–49
Lintern, 7
London, its pavement, 234
Loughor (Leucarum), 1
Loughor, r., and its source, 57, 59–60, 337
Love-in-Idleness, 21
Loventium, 6, 8, 76
Lucy, Bp., 23
Ludlow, 30–1; L. vach, 16
Lunaticks Club, 92
Lymore Park, 34
Lysons, Mr., 43, 178
Lyttelton, George, Lord, 250
Llafar, r., 130
Llam y Carw, 309; yr Iwrch, 82
Llanaber, 51, 96
Llanaelhaiarn, 230, 325
Llanallgo, 263–4
Llanarthney, 354
Llanbeblig, 220, 321
Llanbedr (Brec.), 24–8; (Mer.) 98–9, 102
Llanbedr Goch, 261, 265–6, 349
Llanbedrog, 331
Llanberis, 247, 351
Llandaff, Book of, 93, 95
Llandanwg, 98–100
Llanddeiniolen, 216–7, 249, 321
Llanddeusant (Angl.), 273; (Carm.), 73, 353
Llanddewi Brefi, 7
Llanddoged, 335
Llanddona, 260, 271–2
Llanddwyn-wen, 269–70
Llanddwywe, 51, 96–7, 100–2
Llanddyfnan, 262
Llandebie, 56, 59–61, 336–7
Llandeewyn, 50
Llandegai, 208, 214, 238, 242–3, 256, 276, 317
Llandegfan, 276, 281
Llandeilo (Fawr), 1, 4
Llandingad, 14–15, 345
Llandocho, 347
Llandovery, 13–16
Llandrillo (yn Rhos), 201, 245
Llandrindod Wells, 19, 90
Llandudno, 197–8
Llandudwg, 348
Llandwrog, 323, 351
Llandyfaen, 60, 337

Llandyfeisant, 2
Llandyfrydog, 265, 268
Llandyri, 339
Llandyssul, 9
Llanedwen, 332
Llanegryn, 108
Llanegwad, 61
Llanegwest, 136–7
Llaneilian, 309, 332
Llanelaeth, 332
Llanelian, 272, 335
Llanelltyd, 95, 123–4
Llanelly, 338–9
Llanelwedd, 20
Llanenddwyn, 97, 100
Llanerchymedd, 273
Llanfachraith, 125
Llanfaes (Angl.), 209, 216, 256, 258–9, 271, 276, 304–5; (Glam.), 347
Llanfaglan, 323
Llanfair (Harlech), 51
Llanfair ar y Bryn, 2, 14–16, 62
Llanfair Bettws Geraint, 272
Llanfair Caereinion, 37
Llanfair Clydogau, 7
Llanfairfechan, 311
Llanfairisgaer, 250–1, 255
Llanfallen, 64
Llanfihangel Eroth (Iorwerth), 10, 341
Llanfihangel y Corn, 346
Llanfihangel ym Mhenrhos, 272
Llanfrynach, 352
Llanfyllin, 38
Llanfynydd, 55, 77
Llangadog, 70–5, 344
Llangadwaladr, 333
Llangaffo, 271
Llangathen, 207
Llangattwg, 354
Llangedwyn, 81
Llangefni, 332
Llangoed, 305
Llangollen, 134–6
Llangwyfan, 274
Llangybi, 236, 325
Llangyndeyrn, 3–4
Llangynog, 40–1, 78–9
Llangystennin, 201–2
Llanidan, 271
Llaniestyn (Angl.), 263, 304; (Carn.), 334
Llanio, 6–8
Llanllwchaiarn, 36
Llanllwni, 346
Llanllyfni, 324
Llannefydd, 335
Llannerch Park, 143
Llannerch y Morwynion, 343
Llannon, 338
Llan Pumsant, 342
Llanrhaiadr Dyffryn Clwyd, 155–7; Ll. ym Mochnant, 79–80
Llanrug, 247, 250, 322
Llanrwst, 161–7, 195, 305, 313, 352
Llansadwrn (Angl.), 266; (Carm.), 68, 70–3, 344, 353
Llansannan, 351
Llansantffraid Glyn Ceiriog, 134
Llansawel, 54, 343
Llanstephan Castle, 1
Llantwit Major, 347–8
Llanuwchllyn, 42, 129–30
Llanwnda, 323
Llanwnen, 8
Llanwrda, 69, 73, 344, 353
Llanwrin, 86
Llanwrthwl, 13, 342
Llanwrtyd, 17
Llanybyddar, 345
Llanycil, 42–3, 130
Llanycrwys, 13–14, 343–4
Llanymawddwy, 88
Llanystumdwy, 46, 50, 325
Llawrudd, 169
Llech Edris, 43
Llech Gynfarwy, 332–3
Llech y Filast, 342
Llech y Gwyr, 320
Lleidr Llandyfrydog, 268
Lletty Fadog, 197
Llewelyn ap Gruffydd (the Last Prince), 18, 20, 141
Llewelyn ap Gwilym ap Llewelyn, 343
Llewelyn ap Iorwerth (the Great), 163, 165, 205, 305, 314
Lleweni, 139–40, 142, 153, 200
Llewesog, 156
Lleyn, 328
Llienog, 256–7
Llith faen, 67

Lliw, r., 91, 130
Llocc Afallon, 251
Lloyd, Admiral, 71
Lloyd, Sir Evan, of Bodidrist, 101
Lloyd, Evan, of Corsygedol, 101
Lloyd, Evan, author of "The Power of the Pen," 42–3, 92
Lloyd (Llwyd), Morgan, 301
Lloyd, Morris, the thresher, 275
Llugwy, 186, 190–1, 264
Llwchwr, *v.* Loughor
Llwybr Elen, 131–2
Llwyd, Edward, *v.* Lhuyd
Llwyd, Sir Griffith, 217–18, 243
Llwyd, Hugh, of Cynwal, 124
Llwyd, Humphrey, 116
Llwyn, 38–9
Llwyngwair, 65
Llwyn y brain, 14
Llwyn y ffortun, 2, 4
Llwyn y wermwd, 73–4
Llwynau Brys, 335
Llwyth Forgan, 344
"Llyfr Du o Gaerfyrddin," 95
Llygad y Byd, 57
Llyn Badarn, 345
Llyn Berwyn, 67
Llyn Cae, 93–4, 112–13
Llyn Dinas, 221
Llyn Dulyn, 98
Llyn Gwernant, 94
Llyn Gwynen, 222, 327, 331
Llyn Irddin, 97–8
Llyn Llech Owen, 61, 340
Llyn Llocdd, 84
Llyn Tecwyn, 50, 126–7
Llyn Tegid, *v.* Bala
Llyn y Cwn, 318
Llyn y Gader, 94
Llyn y Goron, 274
Llys Bradwen, 107
Llys Brychan, 2, 68–9, 72
Llys Caswallon, 273, 309
Llys Dinorwig, 217
Llys Helig, 313–14
Llys Osbwrn, 100

"Mabinogion," the, 267
Machynlleth, 83–5
Maddocks, Mr., and his Embankment, 45, 49, 117–18, 224
Madoc ap Iarddur, 314
Madoc ap Iorwerth ap Gwrgeneu, 164
Madoc ap Owen Gwynedd, 222
Madoc Gloddaeth, 243–4
Madryn, 48–9, 226, 235
Maelgwn Gwynedd, 201, 271, 307
Maelog Crwm, 175
Maenan, 163–6, 168; *v.* Cymmer Abbey
Maen Cilan, 70
Maendu yr Arddu, 322
Maen Gorsedd, 226–7
Maen Levan, 64
Maen Melyn yn Lleyn, 329
Maen Morddwyd, 271
Maen Sigl, 197–8
Maentwrog, 43, 45
Maenwyn, 323
Maen y Campiau, 205
Maen y Prenfol, 343
Maen yr Heusor, 351
Maes Llanwrthwl, 68
Maes Mawr, 36
Maes Mynan, 140–1
Maes Seifion, 266
Maes y Llan, 82
Maes y Llechau, 64
Maes y Neuadd, 50, 104
Magnæ, 29
Mainwaring, Bp., 23
Mallwyd, 86–8
Mansel, Sir Edward, 339, 347
Map of Cardiganshire, new, 14
Marble of Anglesey, 213
Marches, Court of, 16
Margam, 355
Mark's Day, St., 270
Marlais, r., 336–7
Masonry, 94, 129
Mathafarn, 84, 86; Eithaf, 272; Wion, 349
Mathrafal, 37
Maud Walby, 22
Maw, Mawddach, r., 95, 128
May Eve, 331
Meddygon Myddfai, 64, 73–4
Mediolanum, 38–40, 80–1
Meidrym, 65, 341
Meifod, 37–8
Meredydd ap Evan, 160, 162–3, 167, 169–70, 176, 185, 188–9

Merioneth, architecture, and characteristic, 107, 129
Merlin, 221
Merthyr, 65; Mawr, 349; Tydvael 346
Meugan's, St., Chapel, and Hill, 276
Meyricks, the, of Bodorgan, 266, 274
Michael's Chapel, St., on the Skirrid, 29; Well at Caerwys, 141
Middleton, Sir Thomas, 172
Middleton Hall, 56, 354
Mile, Welsh, 8
Millfield, 11–3
Milliaries, 49, 69, 214
Milltir Fain, 2; Gerrig, 40, 78
Mineral Wells, Builth, 20; Llandrindod, 18; Llanwrtyd, 17
Mochros, 100
Moel Carn Giwch, 228; Eilio, 221; Orthrwm, 127; Siabod, 186, 190–1; y Park, 140–1
Monmouth, Duke of, 251
Monuments, value of, 156
Mordeyrn, St., 336
Morfa Dinlle, 324; Nevin, 334
Morfydd, 268, 270
Morgan ap Cradoc ap Iestyn, 354
Morlais, r., 338–9
Morris Brothers, the, 272–3
Mostyn, 200, 244
MSS., Welsh, 94–5, 176, 200, 244, 251, 310
Muriau Gwilym Ddu, 252
Mussels, Conway, 176
Myddfai, 64, 73, 345
Myddynfych, 336
Myfanwy Fychan, 136
Mynydd Allt Goch, 11; Coesau Cawr, 339; Mawr, 336–7

Nangle, 3
Nanhwynen, 221–2
Nannau, 94, 115, 127–8, 131
Nantanog, 306
Nant Conwy, 352; Ffrancon, 319
Nantglyn, 336
Nant Gwrtheyrn, 48, 228–9; Mill, 220–1
Nantlle, 252; Llyniau N., 232–3, 236
Nant y Bai, 68; y Piod, 34; yr Haiarn, 185
Narberth 90
Neath, and Abbey, 354–5
Nevin, 47–8, 229
Newborough, 270, 350; Lord, 47, 166, 325, 330
Newton in Roos, 3; Nottage, 348
Newtown (Mont.), 33–6; Hall, 35; (Dynevor), 62
Nicholas, St., Chapels and Well, 276, 340
Nile, r., 117, 174
Nonjuror, 77

Oakley, Mr., of Tanybwlch, 43–4, 50, 95 (Mrs. O.)
Oakley Park, 31
Offa's Dyke, 34
Ogo Filan, 328
Ogwen, River, 187, 210–11, 215, 237–9, 242; Lake, 210; Chapel, 209, 215–16, 315–16
Oldcastle Chapel, 347
Olwen, 11
Olwent, Olwyn, 8, 11
Orford, Lord, 162–3; 166
Organ, hand, 195
Orielton, 252
Orme's Head, 197
Ormsby, Miss, 126, 129
Osbwrn Wyddel, 100, 118, 126
Ostorius, 31
Ousely, Sir Wm., 26–7
Owen, George, 172
Owen, Gronwy, 251
Owen, Sir John, 228, 351
Owen, John, the epigrammatist, 253
Owen, Bp. Morgan, 73
Owen, Nicholas, 260–2, 267
Owen, Wm. (Dr. W. O. Pughe), 118–20, 138–9, 153–4
Owen Glyndwr, 83, 127, 168, 320, 322, 343, 353
Owen Goch, 248
Owen Gwynedd, 152, 163, 168, 212, 226, 320
Owen Lawgoch, 61

Pabo Post Prydain, 350
Painceforts, the, 26

Palaces, Welsh Royal, 218
Palé, 123
Pant y Brodyr, 66
Pant y cendy, 64–5
Pant ysgraphiau, 250, 255, 260
Pant y Wyddan, 336
Panton, Paul, 146, 152, 166
Paris Mountain and Mines, 264–5, 292
Park y Meirch, 152
Parkiau, 263
Patricio, 26, 164
Patrick, St., 323
Payne, Mr., Rector of Llanbedr (Brec.), 23–8, 265
Pearls, in Conway, 176; at Meidrym, 341
Pembroke, 3; -shire, 329
Penanmaen, 167, 170, 188–9
Penboyr, 10
Penbre, 339–40
Pencader, 4–5, 342
Pencaer Helen, 182
Pencarreg, 4–5, 345
Pencelli Castle, 24
Penerwn, 297
Pen Domen, 81
Pengwern, 145–6, 149
Peniarth, 108, 111–2, 121
Penmachno, 192
Penmaen (Mer.), 103
Penmaen Bach, 202–3, 301–2, 313; Mawr, 203–5, 301–2, 313, 325, 334
Penmon, 256–8
Penmorfa, 45
Penmynydd, 209, 256, 260, 262, 276
Pennal, 6, 85
Pennant, Thomas, 35–6, 38, 91, 97, 124, 136, 141, 146, 148, 156–7, 163, 194, 197, 199, 209, 217, 221, 230, 260
Pennant Melangell, 41, 78
Pennoyre, 24
Penpits, 42
Penrhos, 350
Penrhyn, and Quarries, 208–11, 213–16, 237–42, 2762 96–8, 314–16; Lady, 237–42, 246
Penrhyn, in Creuddyn, 201, 311
Pentowyn, 66
Pentraeth, 272
Pentre Cwn, 63; Meurig, 69; rianallt, 272
Pen y Ceir-eu, -i, 341–2
Pen y Gaer, 182
Penylan, 77, -wen, 342
Pen y Palmant, 153; yr allt, 84; yr heol, 4
Pen y street, 39, 43, 131–2
Perambulation of Beaumaris, 304
Perfeddnant, 111
Peterston, 42
Peterwell, 11
Petrual, 335
"Philosopher," the, 148
Pieeyn, Y, 273
Pilgrims, 216
Pimble Mere, 130
Pint, Beddgelert, 223
Piozzi, Mrs., 142–3
Pistyll (Carn.), 228, 230; Rhaiadr, 79, 81–2
Plas coch (Angl.), 255, 273; du, 253; gwyn, 260–1, 267
Plas Iolyn, 158–9, 161
Plas Mawr (Conway), 196–7, 199, 219
Plas Newydd (Angl.), 255, 271; (Denb.), 148, 153
Plas y beddau, 11
Plymouth, Lord, 141
Pont Aberglaslyn, 254
Pont Cym, 253
Pont Ffrydan, 93–4, 106
Pont Orewyn, 20
Pontruffydd, 153
Pont y Bala (Carn.), 248; y Fotty-gwyn, 175; y Gwaith, 346; y Pair, 183–4
Porius stone, 43, 132
Porthamal, 22, 261
Porthdinlleyn, 48, 225
Porth yr Adar, 195
Porth y Rhyd, 64, 73
Post Office, the, 251
Potatoes, the first in Lleyn, 331
Pounderling, Sir R., 143
Powell, Vavasor, 299
Powis, Princes of, 37; Earl of, 33–4
Pownall, General, 205
Preseb y fuwch, 335
Price, Baron, 161
Price, Dr. Ellis, 184, 200
Price, Thomas, of Plas Iolyn, 184, 2

Prichard, Vicar, 73
Priestholm, 258, 302, 307; John, Prior of, 242
Pryce, of Hendre Rhys Gethin, 185, 189, 193
Pryces, of Newtown Hall, 35
Prys, Edmund, 44, 269
Pughs, of Mathafarn, 86
Puleston, Roger de, 321
Pulpit, stone, 4
Pumsant, 76
Pwllheli, 46–9, 224–5, 234–5
Pwll Uffern 67–8
Pyle, 355

Querns in Cytiau, 268
Quick and Dead, 347

Raspe, the mineralogist, 76
Ravens, the three, 15
Restitutus, Bp., 165
Reubens, 251
Reynold's Church, 348
Rhaiadr y Ceunant Mawr, 247–8; yr Abad, 66; y Wennol, 172, 184–5, 190
Rhedyw, St., 324
Rhiwlas, 116, 251
Rhos Ddiarbed, 35; Fair, 350; Fawr, 265, 272; Hir, 270; y Gâd, 262, 265–6
Rhuddlan, 145-6, 149–50, 152
Rhun ap Maelgwn Gwynedd, 177, 179
Rhyd Llanfair, 161
Rhyd Mary benwen, 273; y Genfigen, 262
Rhyd y Gors Castle, 1, 3
Rhyferthwy Coch Mawr, and R. yr Adar, 333
Rhys ap Tewdwr, 18, 352
Rhys ap Thomas, Sir, 270
Rhys Fawr ap Meredydd, 158–9, 161
Rhys Gethin, 185, 189
Rhys Goch o Eryri, 168, 317, 328
Richards, Counsellor, 120
Robert ap Rhys Fawr, 159
Robert ap Thomas ap Rhodri, 168–9
Robin Ddu, 328
Rodney's Pillar, 134
Roman Catholics, 29
Romans at Gogofau, 76; invade Anglesey, 250, 255
Rood Lofts, 26, 31, 35
Roses, Wars of, 169
Rowland, David, trans. of "Lazarillo de Tormes," 306
Rowlands, Henry, 261
Ruthin, 138; Volunteers, 42

Salisbury, 256
Salthouse, Mr. Cox's, 349
Sanctuary for Cattle, 82
Sanders's Cross, 346
Sarn, a paved road, Roman, 1, 51
Sarn Badrig, 98, 100
Sarn Helen (Elen), 13, 126, 188–9, 208
Sarn Holland, 198
Sawdde, r., 75, 353
Scethin, r., 97–8
School, endowed, at Llanfynydd, 77; at Llanwrda, 69–70
Scythes placed in chimneys, 67
Segontium, 250–1
Seint, r., 246–8
Seiriol, St., Ynys, and Chapel, 268, 302
Selden, 95
Sian y Blawd Ceirch, 273
Sirigi, 308
Sitsyllts, the, 28
Skirrid, the, 29
Sleekerated, 109
Smith, Speaker, 317
Smith, Mr. Ashton, 248–9
Smuggling, 230
Snowdon, 190, 236–7, 327
Somerset, Duke of, 338–9
Spa Fields, 90
Spain, King of, 122
Speculæ, 1, 12
Spread Eagles, family bearing, 87
Spur, old, at St. George, 152
St. Asaph, 143–6, 151; Bp. of, 34
St. Athan's, 347
St. Clears, 4, 65
St. David's, 248; Bp. of, 34
St. George, 150–3
St. Tudwal's, 229, 330, 334

Stalls, grotesque carving on, 84
Statius's "Thebaid," 244
Steele, Sir Richard and Lady, 3
Stepney, Sir J. and Lady, 57, 59
Stillyard, 49
Stockings, great merchant of, 123; sale of, at Llanrwst, 313
Stone, holed, 70
Stonehenge, 265
Strata Florida, 8, 165
Submerged town under Llyn Tecwyn, 50
Swan Pool, 340
Symmons, Dr., 63–4

Tacitus, 32–3, 213
Taihirion Rhos, 8
Tailor, a, ninth part of a man, 82
Talar y Twysog, 274
Talgarth (Mont.), 85
Talhenbont, 100
Taliaris, 54–5, 102
Taliessin, 308, 311–13
Talley (Tal y Llychau) and Abbey, 54, 71–2, 339, 344, 353
Talycafn, 153, 177, 245
Talyllyn, 112–13, 120, 125
Tanat, r., 79, 81
Tanybwlch, 43, 50, 129
Tarpeian Rock, 229
Tegai, St. 208, 243, 317
Teilo, St., 95
Teisen Aberffraw, 274
Tenby pickled oysters, 10
Thelwall, Mr., 254
Thimbleby, Sir R., 99
Thomas, David (Dafydd Ddu Eryri), 251–2
Thomas, Sir Wm., 207
Three Grains Lake, 120, 125
Thwaytes, Wm., 279
Tomen Rhyd Owen, 9
Tomen y Mur, 43–4, 93, 124, 131
Tournament at Nevin, 47
Tower, licence to build, 241–2
Towy Castle, 1
Towyn, 52–3, 110, 121–2
Traeth Mawr, 45, 233–4, 303
Trawsfyndd, 43, 117, 254
Trecastell (Angl.), 257
Tref Bannau, 64
Tref coch yn Neheubarth, 68
Trefdraeth, 306
Trefeilir, 306
Tref Goch = Llanfair ar y Bryn, 15
Tref Maelgwn Gwynedd, 177
Trefriw, 174–6
Tref y Caeran, 28
Tregaian, 99
Tregaron, 6–7
Trelech, 342
Tremadock, and embankment, 123, 223–4, 233–4, 254
Tremeirchion, 140, 143
Trenewydd (Dynevor), 62
Tre'r Cawri (=Ceiri), 228, 230
Tretower Castle, 27
Trevor (Angl.), 262–3: Sir Davydd, 321
Trichrug, 344
Trillo's Chapel and Well, St., 201, 243
Trimsarn, 40, 78, 339
Trout in Talyllyn Lake, 120
Tryfan, 186–7, 319
Tucker, Dean, 108
Tudor ap Gronw, 212, 257
Turf, and harvest of, 77–8
Twm Sion Catty's Cave, 66, 68
Twrog, St., and Maen, 45, 323
Tycoch, 214–16
Tydu, 247
Tyddyn du, 44; Holland, 198; Madoc Goch, 227; Tudur, 252
Tygwyn, 106
Ty Mawr (Conway), *v.* Plas Mawr
Tyn Sylwy, 266
Tyn y dail, 336
Tyssilio, St., 37
Tythegston, 348

Uchtryd, Castle of, 95, 125
Uxbridge, Earl of, 329

Vachddeiliog, 40–2, 78, 90–1, 130, 158
Vaenol, 109, 149, 317
Valle Crucis, 136–7
Van, of Llansadwrn, 70–1; Lake of, 57, 74

Vanner Abbey, *v.* Cymmer Abbey
Varis, 140-1, 153–4, 178
Vaughan, Sir Harry, 59–60, 65
Vaughan, Sir John, 57, 65
Vaughan, Sir Robert, 92–3, 113, 127, 244, 352
Vaughan, Robert, the antiquary, 94, 164, 200
Vaughans, of Caergai, 41; of Corsygedol, 100–2
Vêg fawr, at Dinas Mawddwy, 88
Velenrhyd, 50
Via Flandrica, 10
View of Frank Pledge, 27
Voelas, 335
Vortigern, 9, 221, 299–30

Walcot Park, 33
Watling Street, 32
Waun Ifor, 10; Llefeni, 132
Wern Graig, 113; y Maewy, 9
Whitchurch, 155
Whitland, 4
Wickwear, 147–8
Wigmore Abbey, 32
Wilcock Mawddwy, old, 88
Williams, Sir David, of Gwernyfed, 22
Williams, Eliezer, 8–12
Williams, Sir James, 4
Williams, Archbp. John, 195, 208, 241–3, 296–8, 315, 318
Williams, Sir John, of Bodelwyddan, 144, 146–9
Williams, Dr. Thomas, 176–7
Williams, Sir Wm., of Vaenol, 317
Williams, Wm., of Llandegai, 215, 220; his MSS., 269–75: 307–31
Wilson, Richard, painter, 232
Wiltshire, 110
Wiston Castle, 5
Wolsey, Cardinal, 159
Worthington, Dr., 80; Mr., 239, 245–6
Wyatt, Mr., 237–8, 240, 246–7
Wygfair, 147–8
Wylfa, Yr, 302
Wynn, Sir John, 159–60, 162–3, 166–8, 171–4, 176–7, 185, 199
Wynn, Morris, 171
Wynn, Nanney, 53
Wynn, Sir Richard, 163, 172
Wynn, Sir W. W., 81, 83–4, 86–7, 172
Wynne, Ellis, 99–100
Wynnstay, 116, 172

Yew trees, why planted, 281
Ynys Cyftor, 50; Gwrtheyrn, 100
Ynys y Maengwyn, 52, 109, 112, 120–1, 125
Yorath, 10
York, House of, 169
Ysbur, 227–8
Yspytty Ifan, 158–61
Ystrad, 2, 14, 221
Ystradffin, and Chapel, 66–8
Ystrad Marchell, 83
Ystum Cegid, 227–8, 253; Colwyn, 123

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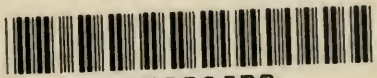

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